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THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

MARCH, 1907

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The C. B. Brown Portrait

The annual dinner of the Franklin Inn Club of Philadelphia, in honour of Franklin's birthday, was given January 5th at the clubhouse in Chancellor Street. At the conclusion of the meal Dr. R. Tait McKenzie, the sculptor, presented to the club a bronze portrait plaque, in profile, of Charles Brockden Brown. This is a handsome example of Dr. McKenzie's art which he recently exhibited in Boston, where it attracted much attention. It was specially made for the Franklin Inn, and is intended as a memorial to the "first American novelist." Although a definite landmark in the history of American literature, the scenes of this Philadelphian of the early years of the century have not hitherto been enumerated. The location of his grave was not known until the subject was investigated by Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer for his *Literary History of Philadelphia.* He was buried in "Grave 16, Row 18 in the Southern District" of the Arch Street Meeting House yard, in a spot unmarked from that day to this. The Committee of Friends in charge of this property thought it would be an innovation to place a stone or tablet at or near the spot, since this would contravene the rules and customs of the Society, and it was thereupon determined to place a suitable testimonial in the Franklin Inn. In the absence of the president, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the vice-president, Francis Howard Williams, occupied the chair. Remarks appreciative and critical of Brown were made by Mr. Williams, Harrison S. Morris and Charles Heber Clark (Max Adeler). A set of Brown's works was subsequently presented to the club by George W. Jacobs, and the members then went upstairs to witness a production of an old burlesque.

Charles Brockden Brown

Charles Brockden Brown is properly described as having been the first American novelist. Mrs. Rowson, whose sentimental story, *Charlotte Temple,* antedated Brown's earliest work, was not an American but an Englishwoman. Brown's contemporary, Royal Tyler, never mastered the art of fiction well enough to produce a book that deserved anything more than the name of narrative. But Brown, with all his limitations and in spite of his unfavourable environment, showed qualities that make his novels instructive to the student of American literature to-day; while some passages in them are well worth anybody's reading. Though he practically had no public, the profession of letters called him clearly; and after he had left Philadelphia for New York, he produced his first novel, *Alcuin.* Brown had studied law, and the traces of his legal training are visible in this fiction, of which the subject, curiously enough, is one which to-day is being widely mooted. That theme was the injustice of making marriage an indissoluble tie—a theme which he treated al-

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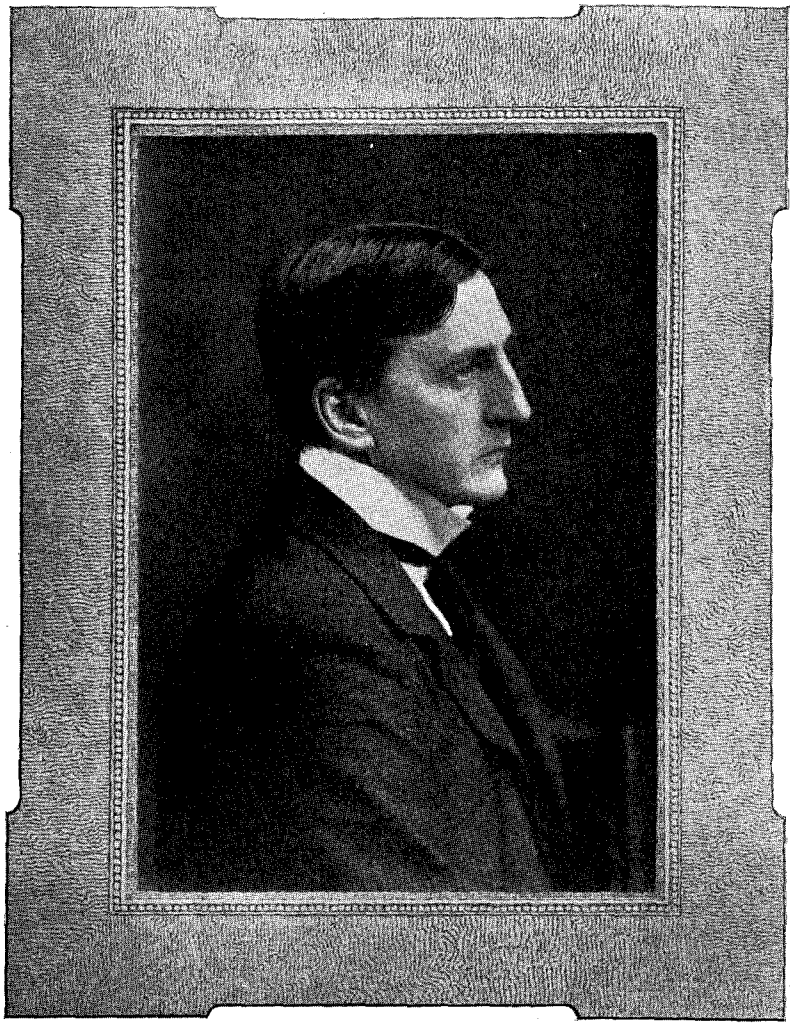

A. E. W. MASON—A NEW PORTRAIT

most wholly from the woman's standpoint. In *Ormond,* which he wrote in 1799, he shows a touch of realism, in that he gives a description of his native town while it was scourged by yellow fever. The vivid way in which he wrote these pages recalls Defoe, although his conscious model for the book was the story of *Caleb Williams* by the English writer Godwin.

Brown loved to produce those effects which spring from mystery; and in *Wieland* and in *Arthur Mervyn* there are some passages wherein he succeeds in exciting to a high degree a feeling of horror and of fearful expectation. Professor Trent has acutely pointed out that Brown possessed something of the courage of genius in laying the scene of his romances in the America of his own time—"to give [them] a homely setting in which strong effects could be produced only by a vigorous imagination." To this extent his books possess originality. If he is sentimental, it is because the time at which he wrote and the people

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among whom he lived craved sentiment verging upon sentimentality. And this was true of England as of America in his day; for the popular English writers of the period were "Monk" Lewis and Mrs. Radcliffe. Given that particular literary taste, and we can understand how several of Brown's novels were republished in England and how they were admired by Scott and Shelley. Brown is not a great name in the history of literature; yet one can see in what he wrote a choice of themes and some positive tendencies which were afterward to reappear in Cooper, in Hawthorne, and in Poe.

The greater part of *The Mystery,* which is reviewed elsewhere in this number, was

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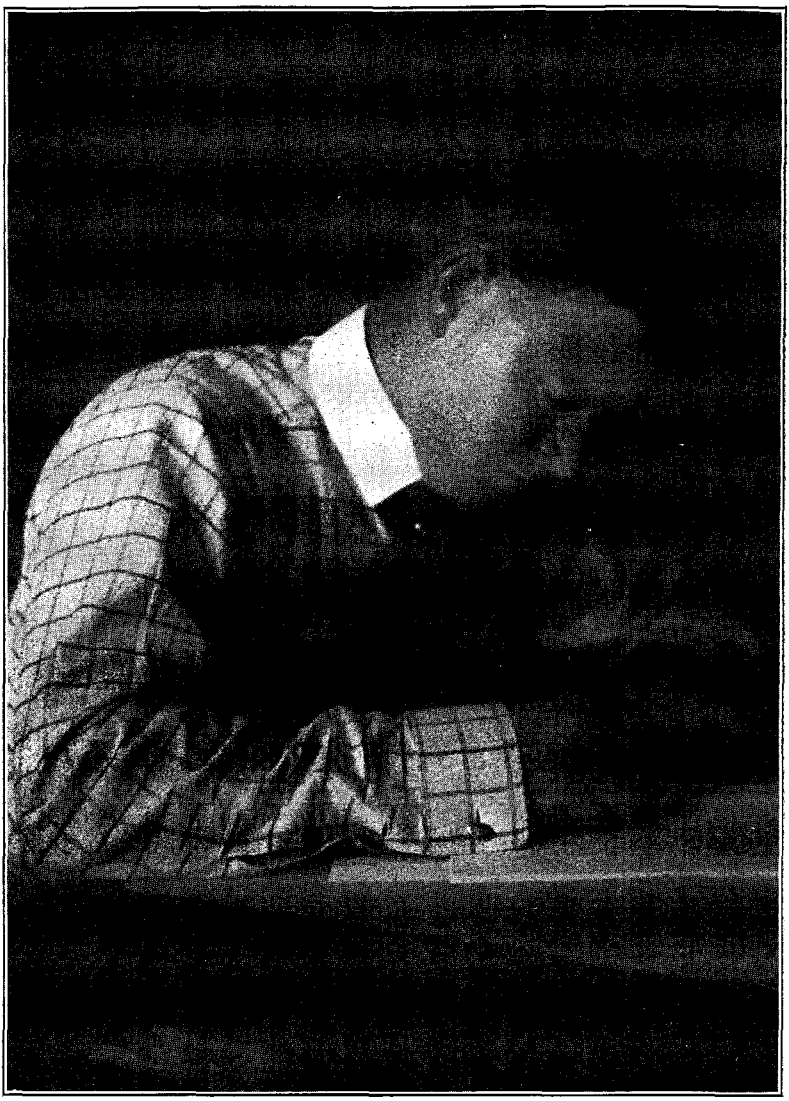

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

written at Mr. White's California home, "The Jumping-Off Place" in Santa Barbara. When Mr. Adams came East he left behind him what Mr. White describes viciously as "one rat-tailed shaving brush," upon which he must have put great store, since its loss was the burden of the greater part of his subsequent correspondence, until finally Mr. White in disgust attached a tag to the brush and mailed it without other cover. Here is Mr. Adams's acknowledgment:

A Sherlock Holmes Understudy

DEAR STEWART: In the matter of one high-grade, best in the United States shaving brush; many thanks. It came safely and relieved my mind of the growing suspicion that you were going to start a barber shop on the premises. I'm quite aware that it would be more fitting for me to apologise for my delay in acknowledging its receipt, than to be casting asparagus at you for not having restored

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ARTHUR SCHNITZLER

it earlier to my aching arms; but I always did prefer jumping on the other fellow to confessing my own shortcomings.

Well, as I said, it arrived safely, tag and all. Examining it with my Sherlock Holmes patent magnifying glass, and my knitted brow, I made several discoveries. First: a red-headed, cross-eyed, knock-kneed, left-handed brakeman on the Southern Pacific shaved with it somewhere between Needles, California, and Tucson, Arizona, using a low grade of Barren Island soap. This is shown by the small red sprinklings, intermixed with desert and a last-rose-of-summer fragrance, while the physical peculiarities of the shaver are sufficiently obvious ("My dear Holmes, you surprise me," here broke in Watson), by the irregular streaking of the bristles, though to be sure, he may only have been drunk. A little beyond Yuma, while the engine stopped for water, the mail-clerk threw the brush at a prairie dog. To the trained eye this is perfectly clear, as the marks of the outraged animal's teeth are not to be mistaken, while the location is indicated by the thorn of a cactus which grows only in that locality. (How do I know that the train was stopping for water at the time? My dee-ar Watson. Do collect yourself. What would you expect it to be stopping for? Beer?) At Denver, Colorado, it helped put a new coat of stove blacking on the engine. At Two Kicks, Kansas, the conductor cleaned his pipe with it. At Chicago, Illinois, the porter took a turn at it and added lustre to several pairs of patent leather shoes therewith. Coming through Buffalo it must have been left in the sleeper, for (I don't want to accuse any one unjustly, but the fact remains) there are to be found on it convincing relics of Dr. Lyon's tooth powder. When it first reached me, I didn't at first recognise these obvious inferences (here Watson may be supposed to butt-in again with one of his asinine antiphonies), and so I used it to shave with. For days thereafter I resembled the Painted Lady. The investigation followed, and if I mistake not, Watson, the villains will be behind the bars of justice before night. Ha! A knock on the door. Probably the prairie dog.

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Despite the columns for foreign news in the literary magazines, and the notes of foreign personals in the newspapers,

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Arthur Schnitzler

the barrier of an alien tongue is crossed more slowly than we imagine even in this century of international friendliness. So it would seem, at least, from the slowness with which the name even, to say nothing of the work, of Arthur Schnitzler has become known in American literary circles. In Germany this young Viennese ranks as playwright with the two great matadors of the German stage, Sudermann and Hauptmann; as novelist he is considered worthy of much more than a passing mention. Although only forty-five years of age, Schnitzler can already look back on eight or nine big plays, four volumes of one-act plays, three or four novels and several volumes of short stories which are published over his signature. His plays hold a place in the repertoire of all German theatres very little behind the works of Ibsen, Sudermann and Hauptmann; a Schnitzler first night is one of the events of the literary season in the larger cities. His plays when published in book form fall in line, in point of sales, with the published plays of his great rivals.

It is only for the past ten years, however, that the name of Arthur Schnitzler has become a familiar one to German theatre-goers. And throughout these ten years Schnitzler has managed to keep his personality very much in the background, and to appeal to the public only through his works. Little is known about him personally by the general public except the fact that he is a physician of Vienna, a man of means and social position. The first of the Schnitzler plays to attract attention was *Liebelei,* now being given in New York for the first time in English. In the original the play is a favourite one with the audiences at the various German theatres throughout the country. This play and the little one-act satire entitled *The Farewell Supper* (which New Yorkers saw given in French during the engagement of Mme. Charlotte Wiehe two years ago) brought Schnitzler into prominence. It is characteristic of the man that these two plays are totally different in character, and that he strikes out on a new path in every successive drama. The mere fact that one play makes a success cannot induce him to endeavour to repeat this triumph by repeating the style of the play. When one subject has interested him sufficiently to grow itself into a drama, he is done with it and passes on to something else. German critics claim that the most notable quality of Schnitzler's work, both as dramatist and novelist, is his remarkable knowledge of feminine psychology. Possibly his profession has something to do with this. A physician has more opportunities to study the heart and mind of woman at close range than have most other men. If a physician is a poet as well, he may be expected to handle the subject as one who knows.

The rather sensational success that attended the first Berlin performances of Schnitzler's play *Freiwild,* about seven years back, had its birth in a lucky coincidence such as seldom falls to the lot of a writer. The play in question grew out of Schnitzler's opinions on the subject of militarism, particularly in regard to the influence of military ethics on the personal character and the lives of the officers. In his play he tells the story of an officer who brutally murders a civilian because the latter refuses to fight a duel with him. The officer's desire for the duel was called forth by the fact that the civilian had slapped his antagonist's face in reproof of an insult offered by the lieutenant to a defenceless woman. The civilian refuses to fight, as he does not consider that the officer has any right to demand it. "I chastised a brute who insulted the name of a defenceless woman. The matter is closed as far as I am concerned." But the officer knows that his career is ruined if he is not granted the duel, and in his exasperation he shoots the civilian dead. "To avenge his honour" is the only reason he can assign for the deed. This play has been accepted by a leading Berlin theatre and the actors were studying their parts when the celebrated Karlsruhe restaurant affair occurred, that threw all Germany into a fever of excitement. This was the deliberate killing of a young civil engineer

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THE LATE JOSIAH FLYNT

by Lieutenant von Brüsewitz simply because the former had jostled the officer's chair in passing, and, angered by the lieutenant's brusque tone, refused the formal apology the other demanded for a wholly unintentional slight. "My honour is avenged" was all the excuse the uniformed murderer vouchsafed for his deed. No playwright could dare to treat any case in so flagrantly brutal a manner. Schnitzler brought in the "woman in the case" to make the story at all possible as fiction. But the unexpected event that proved he was right in his conclusion as to what military ethics could lead to naturally gave the play, which was hurried on at once, a tremendous advertisement. So much so that one of the well-known German comic magazines summed up the matter in an amusing cartoon portraying Manager Brahm, of the Deutsches Theatre, seated at his desk paying royalties to Sudermann, Hauptmann and Schnitzler, who had furnished the leading successes of the season at his house, when the door opens and Lieutenant von Brüsewitz walks in with the remark, "I've come for my share of the royalties on *Freiwild*."

The Late Josiah Flynt

When a man of under forty years of age has written a dozen chapters of his autobiography, and this uncompleted work has a definite market value from the point of view of publishing houses and magazine offices, it may reasonably be inferred that the man in question has cut something of a figure in the world. This was the case of the late Josiah Flynt Willard, whose death took place in Chi-

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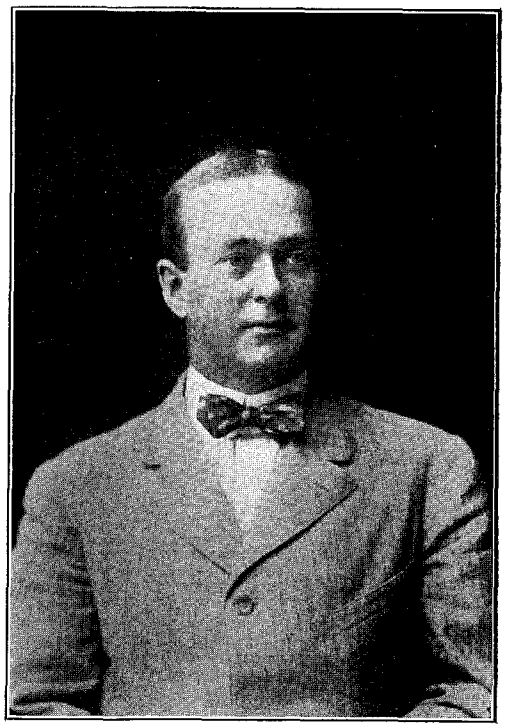
CAROLINE ABBOT STANLEY
Author of *Order No. 11*

cago in the latter part of January. He was thirty-eight, and had been for almost ten years a personage in the fields of letters and sociological investigation; he was recognised as having been one of the first, if not the very first, to write about the "under world" from personal knowledge; he had been a tramp in the fullest sense of the term on three continents; he had to his credit five or six books that had attracted wide attention; and he had enjoyed the distinction of defying a New York police commissioner and being for a few days a first-page story in the newspapers. In addition, it may be said of him that he wrote very well indeed, and possessed to an unusual degree the gifts of observation and vivid description.

There is to-day, as perhaps there has always been, much talk of Grub Street, and the term "Bohemian" is habitually associated with persons who write for a living. The existence of a literary Bohemia, where poets and prose writers foregather to speak and comport themselves with perfect ease and naturalness and somewhat in defiance of accepted conventions, is a pleasant and perhaps harmless tradition. In a strict sense it is nothing more than a tradition. That there are corners in New York and other great American cities where the long-haired and the professionally eccentric meet and recite their own poems is not to be questioned. But nobody who understands actual conditions ever takes these matters seriously. Most persons who write what is considered worth printing and paying for possess at least an average sense of the ridiculous. No class of people is quicker to detect the pose and more intolerant of the poseur. And yet while the literary Bohemia is largely a myth, you will find from time to time among writing men genuine Bohemians in the fullest accepted sense, who live a little differently from most people, not for the purpose of self-exploitation, but perhaps because of a certain ineradicable timidity; who not only feel the "Wanderlust," but feel it so strongly that they yield



HENRY WILMER RIDEOUT
Author of *The Siamese Cat*

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MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE

to it to the exclusion of material comfort and worldly interest. Such a Bohemian was Josiah Flynt. He knew the open road, and the fever of it was always in his veins. He had lived as a tramp among tramps, undergoing from time to time the thirty days' incarceration usually inflicted for vagrancy; his enforced knowledge of the insides of prisons extended to prisons in England, Germany and Russia; he had stoked his way across the Atlantic in the bowels of a German liner, and it was not until the last ten or twelve years of his life that he sought adventure and unusual experiences with a definite eye to "copy."

While he was always regarded as exclusively a writer of sociological fact and fiction, a chronicler of the doings of the "Under World," the "World of Graft," of the "Powers that Rule" and the "Powers that Prey," he possessed an equipment and a grasp that would have well fitted him for literary criticism and interpretation. In his Autobiography there are chapters describing visits to Tolstoy and Ibsen which are delightful in their freshness and unconventionality. Often in discussion over books and writers he would seize upon some apparently trivial line or attitude or episode and insist upon it as indicating an entire philosophy of life. For example, the last line of the *Envoi* of Kipling's *Story of the Gadsbys* is, "He travels the fastest who travels alone." In this line Josiah Flynt professed to see the keynote of Kipling's work—the summing up of the man. To him it was the most complete and significant expression of the imperious genius who was as unwilling to bow to literary convention as he was to truckle to old ladies or to fawn upon fools in order to court popularity.

A novelist who has been making her way quietly but steadily into considerable popularity in England is Mrs. Henry de la Pasture, whose new novel, *The*

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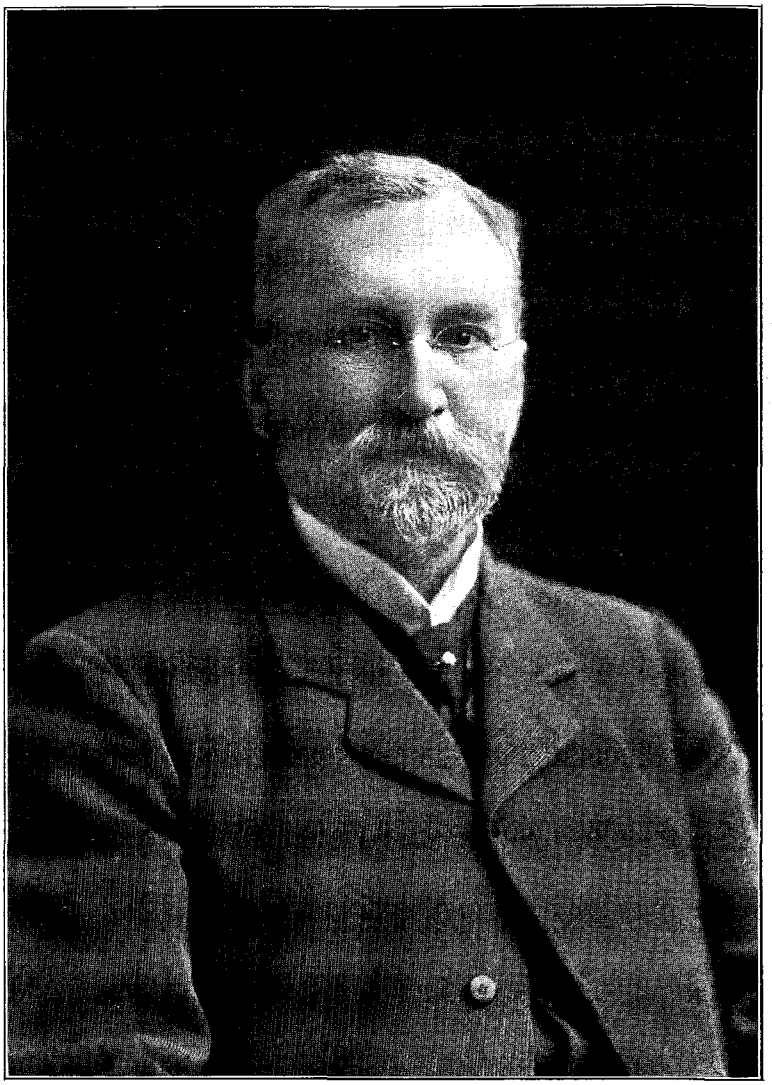

DR. GEORGE M. GOULD

Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square, is reviewed elsewhere in this number. In America her success has been only a moderate one, although *Peter's Mother,* which appeared a year or so ago, found many appreciative readers. Apart from her literary work, Mrs. de la Pasture's career has been an unusual one. She was born in Naples, where her grandfather was the British Consul. Her father, Mr. Edward Burnham, was at one time the British Consul at Calais. At an early age she began to write and contributed a number of poems and stories to the magazines. Her first books, *The Toy Tragedy* and *The Little Squire,* were tales for children and were published at her own expense. At the age of twenty-one she was married to Henry Phillip Ducurel de la Pasture, a younger son of the Marquis de la Pasture of the 18th Hussars.

Mrs. de la Pasture

Some years after her marriage Mrs. de la Pasture again turned her atten-

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tion to literary work, but not with immediate success. The manuscript of her first novel, *Deborah of Tod's,* was rejected in terms so crushing that it was laid aside until some one told her of the existence of the literary agent. The agent to whom the book was entrusted scored a quick success and *Deborah of Tod's* has since gone into many editions. Later books have been *Adam Grigson, Catherine of Calais, Cornelius, The Man from America* and *Peter's Mother,* the dramatic version of which ran for one hundred and fifty nights in London.

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It is Mrs. de la Pasture's habit to sketch the first drafts of her novels in the form of plays, and to this may in a measure be attributed the crispness of her dialogue and the intensity of her dramatic situations. Her inclination for the stage is a strong one and her natural ability for dramatic construction is very genuine. This, however, was not generally known until recently, and thereby hangs a more or less amusing incident. Mrs. de la Pasture wrote a little comedy which, early in 1905, was given by amateurs for a fashionable charity, and owing to her social position the London newspaper critics were almost all in attendance. In cases like this it is the custom for the critics to express themselves in polite nothings or in veiled satire. With this play, however, there was a striking exception, and the next morning the public was informed that by some miracle a society amateur charity comedy had been presented that was positively worth seeing. The play, entitled *The Lonely Millionaires,* was stage-managed by the author, who took one of the leading rôles. The cast was headed by the Earl of Altamont. The success of the production led to a number of offers from London managers for a new play.

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It would be interesting to have a list of books of large sale which never figure in the booksellers' lists presented each month in THE BOOKMAN. Such books, as a rule, belong to the under world, or at least the byways, of literature. There are school books and technical works which have been printed in vast numbers, though their titles and authors are unfamiliar to the world of those who buy the latest novel. The name of Dr. George M. Gould is somewhat less widely known than that of Mr. Ralph Connor, or Mr. Churchill, or Mr. Davis, or Mr. McCutcheon, yet the sales of his series of medical dictionaries have run into figures that might well inspire a certain amount of envy in these gentlemen. Dr. Gould's literary reputation, however, does not rest on these "best sellers" in a technical field, for he has to his credit a considerable body of work of interest to the general reader. Some years ago he produced a book with the rather formidable title, *The Meaning and the Method of Life,* a philosophical essay on the relation of religion to biology. His *Curiosities of Medicine* is balanced by a volume of poems, while his *Borderland Studies* represent both the professional and the general aspects of his work. But his most important writings are undoubtedly found in his *Biographic Clinics,* in which he has studied the lives of a number of literary workers for the purpose of ascertaining the causes of their ill-health and its effects on their work. The authors already included in this series are De Quincey, Carlyle, Darwin, Huxley, Browning, George Eliot, Lewes, Wagner, Parkman, Mrs. Carlyle, Spencer, Whittier, Ossoli, Nietzsche, Symonds, Taine, Balzac, Tschaikowsky, Flaubert, Hearn, and Berlioz—the last five in a volume just issued. The fact that these clinical studies have all been made with reference to a particular theory—viz., the influence of visual function upon health—in nowise lessens their suggestiveness as a new method in biography. Dr. Gould has not only made it necessary for the future biographer of these men and women to take account of his conclusions, but he has also pointed out to all writers of biography the necessity for a scientific investigation of the physical conditions which so often influence the work of genius. In spite of their professional tendency, these *Biographic Clinics* are inter-

Dr. G. M. Gould

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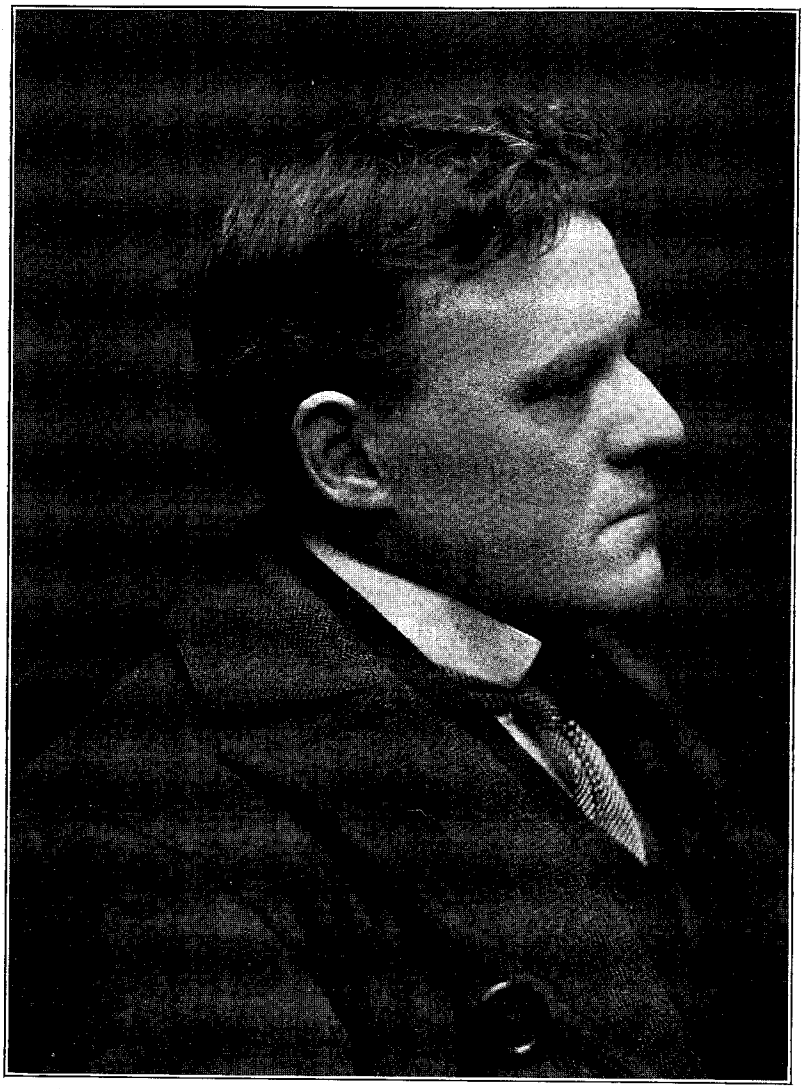

HILAIRE BELLOC

esting reading for the layman. They are vigorously controversial, and the impartial onlooker may suspect that underneath the author's enthusiastic defence of his beliefs is a healthy relish of a fight for its own sake. Dr. Gould is a man of imposing physique and boundless energy. His literary work, considerable as it is, has been accomplished in the intervals of a busy professional life, for he is one of the leading oculists of Philadelphia and the editor of an important medical journal. In his moments of leisure he is a student of Old and Middle English literature, and he follows the publications of the Early English Text Society with as much attention as he gives to the current writings of his profession.

A rather unusual case of dual nationality is that of a member of the British Parliament, a writer of more than ordinary prominence. He is the son of a French barrister; his mother is an English woman, and there is an added

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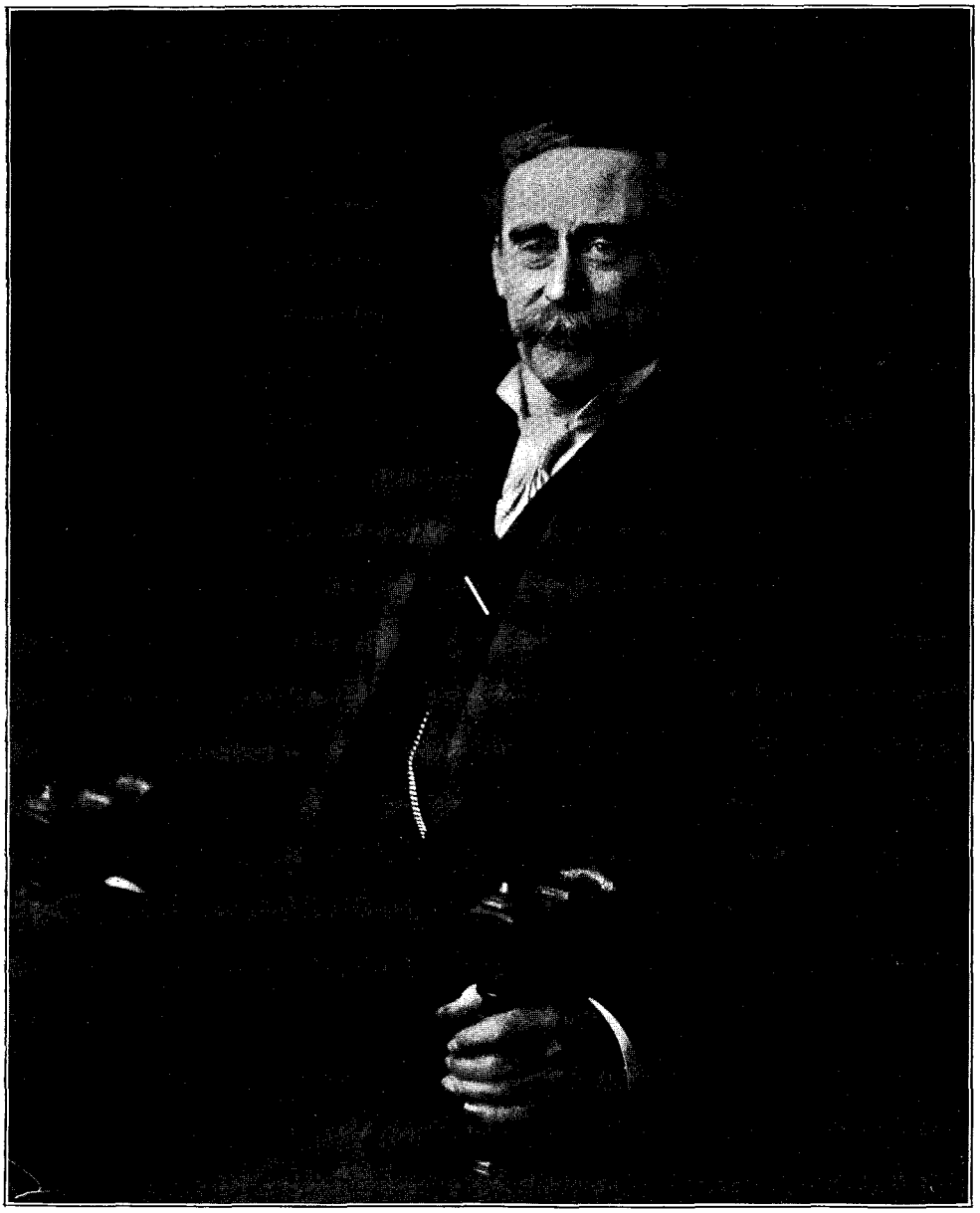

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF ROBERT E. PEARY

Hilaire Belloc

complication in the fact that he married ten years ago an American girl from California. After completing the preparatory part of his education, he went to France and served his time as a driver in the Eighth Regiment of French Artillery. Returning to England after he had finished his years of service, he entered Balliol College, Oxford, where he achieved high scholastic honours, became president of the Union, and inspired a renascence of Oxford Liberalism. Soon after leaving the University he began writing in earnest, and the list of his publications now includes *The Bad Child's Book of Beasts, More Beasts for Worse*

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JAMES CAREW ELLEN TERRY RUDGE HARDING

G. BERNARD SHAW'S "CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND'S CONVERSION"

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Children, The Modern Traveller, The Moral Alphabet, Danton, Lambkin's Remains, Paris, Robespierre, The Path to Rome, Caliban's Guide to Letters, Avril, Mr. Burden, The Old Road and *Hills and the Sea.* Mr. Belloc has tramped over many parts of the world on foot and alone. A few years ago he gave a number of lectures in this country.

"Captain Brassbound's Conversion"

The pleasure of seeing Ellen Terry after many years could not subdue the disquieting thought that after all it does not make much difference how some of Mr. Shaw's plays are presented or whether they are presented at all. Personally we would rather read them than see them. There is a good deal of Mr. Shaw's fun (you cannot call it either wit or humour) which no more requires a stage setting than an amusing talker needs a stereopticon. *Captain Brassbound's Conversion,* like half a dozen of his other plays, has nobody in it but Mr. Shaw. It happens to be better than Mr. Klein's plays, or the *Great Divide,* or a Belasco pageant, or *Caught in the Rain,* or the Hippodrome; but it leaves nothing for the actors to do—it is so much a matter of merely verbal piquancy. The few intelligent persons who are willing to discuss Mr. Shaw (he is discussed mainly by the unintelligent) find themselves in this predicament: If they own that they find him flippant and tiresome, they are straightway reminded of the awful vacuity of the present stage and their conscience smites them. Is not Pinero one of the best? And below Pinero are there not Joneses and Thomases and Fitches and Sidney Grundys? And the curse of Shaw becomes an unwilling benediction.

Thackeray Originals

Even persons who have long considered themselves thoroughly familiar with Thackerayana will find some new information about the English novelist in a recent paper Lewis Melville has in *Chambers's Journal.* That many of the incidents of the career of Arthur Pendennis were based on similar incidents in Thackeray's own life, that Foker was drawn from Andrew Archdekne, Lord Steyne of *Vanity Fair* and *The Newcomes* from the Marquis of Hertford, Amelia Sedley from three or four women dear to Thackeray, Doctor Portman from Doctor Cornish, and young Grubstreet of *The Virginians* from Edmund Yates have always been matters of common knowledge. Mr. Melville goes much farther in his attempts to identify the characters. For example, Becky Sharp. When *Vanity Fair* was a new book there was an absurd story to the effect that Becky had been drawn from Currer Bell, who in revenge had portrayed Thackeray as the Edward Rochester of *Jane Eyre.* Mr. Melville's theory is that the real original of the little adventuress was the companion of a rich and selfish old woman in the neighbourhood of Kensington Square, who ran away with her employer's nephew. Sir Pitt Crawley, according to Mr. Melville, was Lord Rolle; Miss Fotheringay, Miss O'Neill, who became Lady Becher; Ethel Newcome, Lucy Baxter, of New York; Mr. Wagg, Theodore Hook; and the publisher Bungay, Colburn, of *The New Monthly Magazine.*

In tracing the resemblance between the careers of Pendennis and his creator, Mr. Melville points out that both went to the Grey Friar's School, the Charterhouse of reality, where Doctor Swishtail was as severe in his treatment of the fictitious character as Doctor Russell had been of the novelist. Fairoaks is identified as Larkbeare, the residence of Thackeray's mother and stepfather.

Pendennis sent poems to *The County Chronicle* and *Chatteris Champion,* Thackeray to *The Western Luminary.* Pendennis made friends with the vicar, Doctor Portman, who is no doubt drawn from Thackeray's friend, the Rev. Dr. Cornish. Pendennis went to the Chatteris Theatre, as we may be sure Thackeray visited the Exeter Theatre. The latter was always a lover of the theatre. It is recorded that he asked a friend if he loved "the play," and was answered, "Ye-es, I like a good play"; whereupon he retorted, "Oh, get out! I said the play. You don't even understand what I mean."

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ARTHUR STRINGER

Author of *The Wire Tappers* and *Phantom Wires*

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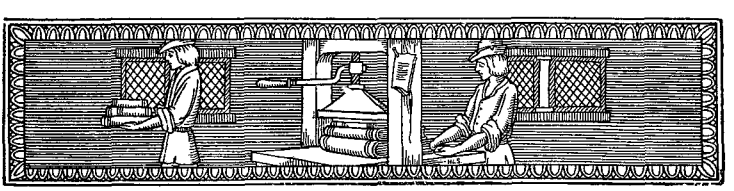
"Phantom Wires"

As a rule we take a rather pessimistic view of sequels, but one to which many people will turn with what is at least genuine curiosity is *Phantom Wires,* by Mr. Arthur Stringer, which is announced for early publication and which is to narrate the further adventures of the characters that were introduced in *The Wire Tappers* of two or three years ago. While *The Wire Tappers* invited the charge of sensationalism, it made an undeniable impression. The theme was a fresh one, the plot exceedingly clever, and there was an absolute absence of padding. Indeed, paradoxical though the statement sounds, this last quality rather impaired the book as a whole. There was so much action, the tale jumped with such swiftness from one climax to the next that it was quite impossible to catch one's breath, and the appetites of many readers became thoroughly sated with excitement.

A New Novel by Frenssen

Twice since he achieved world fame in his evolutionary novel, *Jörn Uhl,* published in 1901, has Gustav Frenssen added to his works anything of note: first in 1905, when he gave out the artistic *Hilligenlei,* and lately when he wrote of *Peter Moors Fahrt nach Südwest.* This is the tale of a young German volunteer sent to the scene of the native uprising in German Southwest Africa, and so terrible is each chapter of the narrative that one is reminded of the opening sentence in Frenssen's Holstein story: "In this book we shall speak about labour and hardship." Set down on a barren coast, travelling for days without seeing a living being other than themselves, and lost amid acres of burned crops, reeking carcasses and unburied slain, Moor and his comrades fall into ambushes of the savages, mistake their own sentries for the enemy and shoot them dead, or, nearly expiring from thirst, due to the absence of fresh water, or any water at all, take their fill at last from typhoid-infested pools. There is no reflection on the soldier-like qualities of either officers or men, for Frenssen penned the stirring battle picture of *Gravelotte;* but it is clear that he regards the hordes of guerilla fighters, the frightful topography of their country, the deadly climate and dearth of water, grain and cattle as conditions too adverse for the plans and energy thus far displayed by the German Government. The novel is, then, a protest against the present campaigning, which is costing so much precious German blood, and the book bids fair to become as popular as *Jörn Uhl,* notwithstanding the same digressiveness which marks, and sometimes mars, all of Frenssen's stories.



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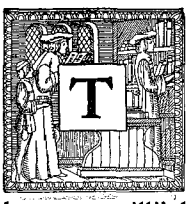
THE STOOPING LADY*

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

CHAPTER VII

WHICH PRESENTS THE VIEW OF MISS HARRIET MOON



THAT dinner-party had been in the second week of February, at which time also we must place that crying letter of Miss Chambre's to Mary Fox—the "Love me, Mary, love me still" letter—as I suspect; and that other which records the disgraceful truth. Why, being the girl we know her, she did not "have it out" with the old Lady Morfa has now to be explained. She had already had a passage of arms with her, the reader will recollect, over the cowering form of Miss Harriet Moon, and had been victorious in that encounter. Here she had a stronger case, and was herself the stronger for victory; and yet she contented herself with outpourings to a Mary Fox!

Well, first of all, she had to make sure of her ground; she had to find out the whole of the story as we know it now. She must interrogate Jacob Jacobs, Progers, a housemaid who had seen the tragedy from an attic window; she must learn that his lordship had been tipsy, and that his language was "very free." She must find out from Bob Ranald what he had at first withheld, that David Vernour was an exceptional butcher—a politician who was welcome at Wimbledon, a strong speaker, a superior young man. He had taught himself French, to read Rousseau, Latin, "to break his teeth on Livy." The Government was said to have an eye on him, and this case of his imprisonment was interesting Cobbett. A "man called Hazlitt" was said to be foaming at the mouth on his account at Winterslow, in Wilts, and Lord Sandgate, a vehement nobleman, was prepared to use him as a flail for the Westminster threshing-floor, if he could get no better. Ranald had communicated with the prisoner, had seen him twice, and had heard from him. He showed Miss Chambre a letter from him, excellently turned, firm in tone and full of spirit. She saw, in her mind's eye, the young man writing that—saw the stiff set of his head, the proud eyes of him which "look through you and see that you are nothing." She was intensely interested, full of passion for justice—and yet she did nothing. She did less than nothing: she was even civil to Uncle Morfa, believing him a sorry little knave, and meek to her grandmamma, who, she was sure, was a wicked old woman. She went about as usual from ball to ball, gathering tributes and dispensing smiles. Dinners to Princes of Wales, signal honours of an alcove, dubious honours of Mr. Sheridan's black eyes, duchesses' routs, compliments to her beauty, men of fashion, wits, dandies, macaronis in circles or half circles about her chair, boxes at the opera, hats off in the park, queen's kisses, princesses' kisses—all done under the approving eyes of an old wolfish grandmamma who—and she knew it now—had hated her father, scorned her mother, bullied a thin Harriet, and was now deliberately keeping an injured man untried in gaol, and intended to keep him there! There were hours of the day, hours in the night, when Miss Chambre felt her cheeks on fire, and suffered such tumult at the heart that she knew not where to turn. How was this to be explained? Why did her heart beat, and why did she say nothing? The explanation is a simple one, and I am coming to it.

First of all, it had become certain that Vernour was to be kept in gaol, and not brought to trial until Caryll House chose. She gathered this beyond doubt by overhearing grandmamma in talk with Uncle Morfa. It was in the library, a long room of many bays. She had come in for a book. Lord Morfa stood with his back to the fire; her ladyship, crutch in hand, was upright in a chair.

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"Do nothing, Roddy."—This was the lady.—"Leave the matter in my hands. The man must be punished in the proper way."

"Very well, ma'am—only, mind you, I've told you what's going on. The Radicals have taken it up. Cobbett's at it, and Sandgate's asking questions in the House."

"That is excellent. Then Ministers must answer them. No doubt the man's a Jacobin."

"No doubt at all," said Lord Morfa. "I happen to know he is."

"If anything more is said in the House, I'll see that Mr. Percival is properly instructed. You are ill—Lord Edlogan's ill: nothing can be done. Bail is out of the question."

"Well, I don't know, ma'am. Upon my honour——"

"Pardon me, Roddy, but I know perfectly well. I have been accustomed all my life to deal with persons of the sort."

Miss Hermia Mary left the library bookless, and in a tempest of feeling. Nothing she had ever heard of—not Lord Edward's death in Newgate—equalled the purposed tyranny of this. What would Captain Ranald say to it? What, alas! could he do but impotently rage and appeal to a pitiless Heaven? She paced the long corridors of Caryll House, ranged the suite of drawing-rooms, those famous yellow silk-damask rooms, mirrored, gilt-chaired, glassy-floored: she felt like a panther in a cage. Had her eye roamed that cedared garden and seen that gap in the wall of spikes it is not impossible that she would have fled the shameful scene. Luckily for herself she did not, but did, instead, a much more ordinary thing. She talked; girls must talk; and there was nobody but Harriet Moon. Talking to Harriet, she got a slap on the cheek—a tonic slap.

A thin and pale girl was this Harriet, with abundance of dark hair, a pathetic mouth, and the most pleading brown eyes you ever saw in your life. Bound hand and foot to Lady Morfa, she was a slave, who did her best to keep her soul alive in her body, but did it, as she was forced, in furtive ways of her own which did not always commend themselves to her new-found champion. But what little she had been able to win for herself she had won by waiting for it; she was cautious, because she was timid, and reticent in self-defence She was really grateful to Hermia, and fond of her as far as she could afford, but she would show neither gratitude nor affection until they were demanded of her. Although she allowed herself to be kissed, and liked kissing as much as anybody, she would never kiss back unless she was invited. Perhaps she thought to enhance the value of her kisses when they came by this means—but Miss Hermia found that sort of thing a bore. And so was it a great bore that Harriet could hardly be forced to speak her real mind. The more of a mind she had the less easily could she be forced. She uttered herself like the personages of modern novels, ending her sentences with dashes.

Interrogated, then, with passion upon the butcher's wrongs and rights, she had a very scared look in her brown eyes, and shrank visibly from committing herself upon them. But to direct questions of the Yes or No order she had to reply that it was all quite true. Her ladyship did intend that Vernour should stop in prison; bail was to be refused, and not a sixpence paid for the horse—for the present. How long could this go on? She really hardly knew. Her ladyship would decide when the young man was sufficiently punished. Punished! Yes, Miss Chambre might be assured that punishment was intended.

Miss Chambre found herself trembling in front of Harriet.

"Are you sure of this?"

"Yes, Miss Chambre, quite sure."

"But—oh, Heaven! What's to be done?"

"I really could not say, Miss Chambre."

Hermia stamped her foot. "You madden me with your 'Miss Chambres.' Why, the man's horse was killed—killed by Lord Morfa—*killed*, Harriet!"

Harriet's brown eyes were veiled by her fine, curved lashes. She coloured slightly—a suffusion under the skin: no more. "I have heard that it was so."

"And do you tell me now that nothing is to be said of that—no admission, no apology?"

"Apology! Oh, no, indeed—none."

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Harriet was now bold enough to look at her flaming friend. "Her ladyship is convinced of a plot—some political conspiracy against the family. I am sure she will do nothing now. Her ladyship is very angry that any fuss has been made—any notice taken at all. Those things — publicity, especially — always make her indignant."

Hermia shrugged her shoulders. "I think grandmamma must be out of her senses. I really do, Harriet. She appears to believe that she can treat people worse than cattle. I shall tell her so. I shall! Oh, Harriet, what can I do?"

Harriet made very free. "If you please —if you will excuse me——"

"Yes, yes, of course. Say anything."

"I do hope that you will say nothing, do nothing at all. Great harm would come of it. Her ladyship is peculiar, and expresses herself—occasionally—" She succumbed in confusion. Hermia opened her eyes wide.

"Expresses herself—! Why should she not? Do you mean against me? Why not? What could she say, but call me a little Jacobin, or tell me not to talk rubbish? Do you think I should mind that?"

No—it evidently was not that; it was worse, much worse. Harriet really could not bring herself to say what it was; but of this she was sure, Miss Chambre would rue the day when she spoke to her ladyship about Vernour's horse. If she had wished to be bayed like a hunted stag, she had her desire; for now she was made to speak.

Holding her bosom, staring with her big eyes, she stammered out her reading of Lady Morfa's mind. "Her ladyship would say—oh, how can I tell you? I have no right—I ought not! But I wish to save you—you have been so good to me—Hermia! I may call you that!" She was now in tears, so plainly distressed that it seemed cruel to go on; but Hermia was unrelenting, though kind about it.

"Please tell me what you mean, Harriet—and don't suppose that I shall misunderstand you. I am sure you mean me a service."

Miss Moon called heaven to witness the purity of her intentions, and with sobs proceeded. "Her ladyship would say—dear Hermia, forgive your friend —that the man was quite a common person, but that, of course, he was very handsome—and that you—that you had remarked upon that—and—that it was all very evident—" and hereupon she dissolved into a heap on the carpet.

Miss Chambre's most baffling quality was her simplicity. It was real simplicity; she read things as they were spelt. To this uncomfortable avowal of Harriet's, then, she replied with a fit of pondering, and the disconcerting admission, "Well, but he was handsome, remarkably so, I thought. And what, pray—?" but there she stopped in answer to a look from Harriet's eyes, directed at her from the floor—a look which she had never seen in any eyes before, an educated, experienced look—which she could read without any spelling at all, by the instinct which young women have and don't need to learn. And as she received this look, she started as if she had been whipped over the face—started and stared, and stood wondering, while the hot colour slowly tided over her, from the neck upwards to the roots of her hair. And then to her fierceness succeeded mildness; and then she turned and slowly left the room.

As for Harriet Moon, it is to be observed of her that she rose from the carpet, and for some time after her friend had left her walked the room in great agitation, with her arms crossed over her bosom, as if to hug her thought. Her sobbing had ceased, her eyes were bright, but not with tears. Occasionally she lifted them to heaven, or, let me say, the ceiling; and at such times her face wore the sort of expression one would look for in that of a virgin martyr.

CHAPTER VIII

IN WHICH MISS CHAMBRE VEILS HER BLUSHES

A YOUNG, ardent, and pretty lady may decide that her grandmamma is a vulgar-minded old woman and rather horrible, and yet almost in the same flash of indignation clearly see that the less scope she offers to that vulgar mind the better for all concerned. Love of justice, to be sure, is a very fine thing, for the which one should gladly go through fire and water;

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but how when the fire is in the cheeks? How when the eyes are to be drowned? It is a curious thing that the noblest passion of women is the one which they can least bear to have imputed.

When Miss Hermia Mary decided—as she did without knowing it—that the victim must languish in his chains so far as she was concerned, it cannot be denied that she was right. Burning cheeks, flames of indignation, are a credit to a lady, and most becoming; but she must be sure that the fires are vestal; she cannot afford a hint against their honesty. Indeed, the moment that hint is possible they cease to become honest; a hard saying, but so it is in this world. Now, at Harriet's interpretation of her grandmamma's mind, Miss Chambre had been first amazed, then scornful, then indignant; but at the discovery of her educated look, that piercing look of an intelligence beyond her own, she had blushed and been mild. She had come into conflict with something unsurmised, and it had quelled her. A seed of doubt had been sown in the garden-plot of her mind. Like Eve in another garden long ago, she could no longer be as she had been now that she knew herself. Like Eve in that garden of long ago, she ran sheltering into the brake and made herself an apron of leaves.

I can't pretend to interpret what does not exist. How can I say what her private mind was when the wild young creature, panic-struck, was cowering in covert? I don't suppose she dared think at all; but this much I know, that she was very conscious of changed relations with some of her little world; that, for once, she went in awe of her grandmother; that she was no longer anxious to hear Captain Ranald upon the superiority of Vernour; that she wished Lord Rodono to talk about himself; and that, on the other hand, she was drawn nearer to Miss Harriet Moon—to become friend rather than patroness. She did what she had never done in her life before—even with Mary Fox—she talked with Harriet of Lord Rodono's attentions, which were becoming marked, and of other allied topics. Love affairs had been abstractions to her hitherto, the conventions of novelists and poets, about as pertinent to life as the blue roses and blood-red leaves upon the chintzes of your bed. But now you talked of them under your breath, and best in the twilight under the kindly flicker of the fire; now you became curiously interested; you wondered, you paused to wonder, and with a sigh gave over. And Harriet proved to be an expert; so Harriet grew. The change in Harriet herself, too, was very subtle; a little more decision, a good deal more ease. She was more demonstrative, she kissed more; sometimes she touched Hermia's cheek, a little stroking movement; and sometimes her arm would steal round Hermia's waist and she would whisper. She was very discreet; there was no question of involving her friend in a common guilty secret; the change in her was very subtle, but it was there.

All this time not a word to Mary Fox in Kilbride of the wrongs of Vernour and his murdered horse. But there was more than enough of it in London.

If the private sanctities of the most exalted persons are to be outraged, if peers are to be flouted at their own gates, where is the British Constitution, and how is that to stand? You attack the Throne, you attack the House of Lords; is there not a danger here? Do you not dislocate the Fabric? These were the questions put to Miss Chambre by her early acquaintance, Mr. Aloysius Banks, poet and flail of poets.

Mr. Banks, hovering on the brink of the great affair, could not deny himself the privilege of instructing so lovely a being. Moreover, it had been at her intercession that a Norman house, one of the most guarded in London, had opened its great gates to him—not to dine, it's true, but to a party, to mingle familiarly with those who had dined. He felt a glow, and he exhaled it.

He pointed out that no number of private wrongs could justify a public wrong; that England was a great nation whose citadel had been reared by centuries of heroic suffering. The blood of the martyrs—let it flow, let it flow! Thus would the Constitution flourish. The body politic, that wondrous harmony of King—Lords—Commons, must endure throughout the ages, cost what it might in the blood of beasts—he meant the

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butcher's horse—or the groans of stricken men—he meant the butcher. The Constitution was a lighthouse on a rock at sea, upholding the ray above tumult and riot. Men might drown on their floating spars, a ship might founder, and homes be desolate; but they of the House must feed the flame—their duty first and last. Let the appointed vestals—he meant Lords Morfa and Edlogan—see to it. Public opinion would support them, though faction should snarl—he meant the butcher—and grudge them service—he meant the butcher's horse.

Miss Chambre neither flushed nor paled, having opinions of her own upon these matters, and being patrician enough to ignore those of a Mr. Banks if they did not coincide. I think that she was never so inveterate a Caryll as when she played Jacobin. She had no intention of entering debate with Mr. Banks, and when Lord Rodono came up with a bow and a kiss for her hand, she rose, took his arm and left the philosopher.

"Who's your mortified friend?" she was asked, and explained him as a critic who as good as owned to having slain a poet. Lord Rodono thought it very possible that he had also eaten him and found that he disagreed—and then he went on to speak of Vernour and his horse. That case was growing to be a scandal; here was March upon us, and no thought of a trial. It would end by making him a Radical, he said, and then he would move for a *Habeas Corpus*. "Cobbett at it now," he told her, "and is going to be nasty. I'll tell you how I know that. He's speaking the truth."

"Do you mean that that is not his practice?"

"This is what I mean. When Cobbett has a bad case, he's not above improving it. He'll drag in the Orders in Council, or the Six Acts, or Smut in the Hops, or the Pension Lists—anything. But here he feels that he has a good one—too good to touch. I'll show you the *Register*—pretty strong writing. He gives the bare facts in twenty lines of print, and no more. I tell you it looks bad. There's to be a shindy. I feel it in the air."

Miss Chambre no longer faced him as of late—like the young Diana, as he had been pleased to think, as tense as her bowstring. She looked down at her foot tracing patterns on the carpet, and with her head thus hung asked him what she ought to do.

The question flattered him, for he was falling in love; but he had nothing heroic to propose. "Whatever you do will do justice harm. You'll make it worse for the fellow; and you'll make the very mischief for yourself. Surely you see that. Motives will be imputed. Look at this infernal affair in the House. Do you see that man over there?" She looked in the direction intended, and saw a tall, thin, and pale gentleman with intensely black hair and eyes like Mr. Sheridan's, who stood talking to nobody in the middle of the room. "That's Sandgate," he told her. "That's the fellow who doesn't understand that the Rights of Man won't do here. If he gets to know that you are at loggerheads with your family in this, Sandgate'll make a handle of you without mercy. He's a fanatic—he's dangerous because he's no scruples. He says that if you are for cleaning up the British Constitution you can't afford to wear gloves."

She had heard of Lord Sandgate, whose conduct in a late affair had made scandal; she observed him with interest. He was bowing to a great lady at the moment, stooping over her hand. She remarked upon his air of breeding. Oh, Rodono would allow that he was a gentleman.

"What else can a man be?" said she.

"Well, he can be a regicide," said Rodono.

"And is Lord Sandgate a regicide?"

"Ah, I don't go so far as that. But I will affirm that if he could induce certain distinguished persons to *felo de se*, he would be satisfied with the day's work. He's perfectly sincere, mind you, and that is why he's dangerous. He truly believes that Castlereagh is a villain—which is nonsense; and is sure that the Wellesleys have England by the throat. He strangles in his own stock when he remembers it."

He returned to her own affairs, and the more readily because he found a new note in her which charmed him, a note of timidity, of maiden bashfulness, of softness. Beautiful as he had always found her, he had sometimes thought her over bold.

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There was nothing of the sort in her now.

"Don't upset yourself," he told her. "I'll do what I can. He must be got out, of course—and he shall be. But I'll muzzle old Cobbett and send Bob Ranald off to sea. I'll do everything—anything—for you." He felt very tender, and stopped himself there; but when she gave him her hand he held it for a moment.

"You are very kind to me," she said when she had recovered her hand. "I am grateful, indeed. I feel so much alone here. My people—even my brother—see things differently. I have no one to talk with of what papa and I were always full—I mean right things, noble things—justice and—equality. Oh!" she cried out, and her eyes filled; "this is a horrible place."

It was comical, he felt, though he was a good deal touched by it. A fellow the more in gaol—and a lovely girl in tears for him! What the devil was it all about? I think it shows how puzzled he was that he began to want to dispose of her somehow. He advised her to go down to Petersham, to his sister Grizel and her crocuses. She should go down and stay—Grizel would be proud. "Take yourself down there," he said, "and make yourself comfortable. It's a pretty place, and nobody in it but Grizel and the parent." The parent was the Earl of Drem.

Hermia thanked him. Yes, she would like that, if Lady Grizel would not mind and grandmamma would allow it. But grandmamma had ideas about young ladies' escorts. Did Lord Rodono think that Harriet Moon would do for chaperon? He thought she would do excellently. "I'll tell you what," he said, "I'll drive you down, if you'll come. Let's go and ask my lady."

Grandmamma was found to be in a good humour. Moon might go, certainly, she said, if Hermia wished it. She had no immediate use for Moon. But Lord Rodono's coachmanship was plainly declined.

So, in due time, Miss Hermia went down to Petersham, to hide and, she hoped, to bury her troubles—in the Caryll chariot, with Moth in the rumble; and found Lady Grizel among her crocuses, a sandy-haired, gentle lady of certain years and fixed views upon marriage. Lord Drem was "somewhere about," spudding daisies on a lawn.

CHAPTER IX

WHICH BRINGS LORD MORFA TO PETERSHAM

PEACEFUL days, balmy of spring, of crocuses, budding lilacs, bursting thorn, live green vistas, succeeded; days of rest, refreshment, and the readjustment of balances warped by London. The young novice in affairs recovered her tone, and with that her virgin acerbity; before the end of this chapter she will be found—*contacta nullis ante cupidinibus*—hectoring Harriet Moon, much as her prototype, the Huntress of Arcady, rated the too-fond Callisto. Politics were unknown at Petersham, for Lord Drem thought of nothing but shorthorns and Border antiquities, and to Lady Grizel horticulture was almost a guilty passion. She was, for the rest, an amiable lady, incurably placid, who apparently set no bounds to her philanthropy. She had Harriet Moon knitting comforters for orphans before she had been in the house four and twenty hours, and bade her guests good-night at ten o'clock to go and sit up until daylight with one of the maids, who had a quinsy and was feverish. But her influence was no mere sedative; it was corrective and tonic. If she had no predilections for politics, she had no prejudices either. The monumental inertia of the Whigs did not make her angry, the gusty strivings of the reformers after a new heaven and a new earth only made her smile. Silly folk! when the *ribes* was in flower and the bees hung about it. She was some years older than her brother Rodono, and assured Hermia that she had known a great deal more of Lord Edward than he ever had. "I knew him well enough to love him," she said, "and to see that he was a perfect little goose. He had his flowers at Frascati, and his Pamela, and his devoted, dear, foolish mamma—what more could the man want?" For all that, she was pleased to know that Rodono had joined the Reformers. Hermia had not known it, but such was the fact. There had been

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a dinner at Sir Francis', in Piccadilly, and a meeting at the Crown and Anchor, where Rodono, introduced by Mr. Ranald, had spoken—quite well. "It seems that this is your doing, my dear," she continued, "and honestly I'm much obliged to you. It will give the dear fellow something to do and keep him out of mischief. Since he left the army he's thought of little but horses. I've been uneasy about him."

Miss Chambre had been confused at this revelation of her influence, but Lady Grizel seemed to have no doubts. "Tom thinks very highly of you, Hermia, and I cannot see why you should not be told. It is a great thing to make him serious, and no real harm can come to him. He's not like Mr. Ranald at all—not the kind whom they send to the Tower. He's very amusing, but that is because everything amuses him—even politics. I'm sure it's a very good thing, since he has to be in Parliament. It wouldn't amuse me at all—at least, it hasn't hitherto. But if Rodono is to be a Reformer, I suppose I must see what I can do."

This was all very wholesome and tonic. It reduced murdered horses to normal proportions, and bareheaded young heroes too. When Lord Rodono paid the ladies a visit, he found that he could make himself welcome without fresh details of tyranny; and as he had nothing to report, he was glad to be spared the pains of invention. He rowed them on the river and talked nonsense—a much better plan.

But another visitor—shot suddenly out of the blue, in a dog-cart of a bright red colour, with two skittish chestnuts driven tandem—caused a great commotion among the Petersham crocuses. This was Lord Morfa's, not to be accounted for by avuncular interest in Miss Chambre, nor by esteem for Lady Grizel's virtues. However, he came, he descended from his cart wonderfully arrayed, was exceedingly affable to the ladies, and full of explanations. He had brought, he said, letters for Hermy and various messages from her grandmother; he hoped that Lady Grizel would forgive the scant ceremony which he had shown her. But town was monstrously dull, upon his word of honour, and he owned that he had jumped at the chance of doing Hermy a service, principally because it would serve his own purpose exactly. The country was his passion, it would seem; he was never so happy as when he was at Wrensham or Morfa, or some of his places. Flowers now! No one could help liking flowers. Lady Grizel must give him some wrinkles; she must, indeed—and he would take notes. He dared not trust his memory.

He really did his best to be agreeable, and was so happy that he became so. Hermia had never liked him so well; he was turned into a frolicsome youth in place of the withered, young-old dandy he showed to be in London. He took the two girls out in the tandem-cart, ate curds and whey at Richmond, patted the shorthorns, admired the crocuses, and listened for three-quarters of an hour to Lord Drem's account of his researches into the Raid of the Reidswire, which Ritson had so needlessly obscured. When, in the course of the afternoon, Miss Chambre retired to read her letters, she left him under this learned torment, bearing it like a little gentleman. (He called Lord Drem "sir," and she had thought that admirable.) But when she paused presently in her writing, and looked out of the window, there he was disappearing up the long grass walk with Harriet Moon. It was then that Hermia remembered the tell-tale brown eyes. What did this mean?

Lord Morfa stayed to dinner, sat after it with his host, drank tea with the ladies, heard Harriet sing and Lady Grizel play the harp, and did not take himself away until near ten o'clock. They heard his post-horn after that as far as Richmond Hill. Harriet sat in her friend's room, plainly listening for it—tense and bright by the open window—until Hermia drove her to bed in order that she might get into her own. But there, though she lay snug enough, she was by no means able to sleep. She had seen much in the course of that evening; Uncle Morfa's attentions were not to be mistaken; nor, if uneasy fingers, downcast eyes, and sidelong looks at the company were any evidence, was it possible to doubt that Harriet was flattered. Poor, foolish Harriet—but really, what was to be done? Oh,

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nothing, nothing! "I can't tilt at all Uncle Morfa's windmills," she groaned, restless in her bed. "The little wretch sets them up like mushrooms." Well, but was a poor brown-eyed Harriet, who had barely snatched her soul from the talons of a grandmamma, now to place it, a trembling gift, into the paws of an Uncle Morfa, of a crony of the Prince's? Very doubtful tales were whispered about this young man—she knew just that much and no more. She remembered now again his conduct—above all, his appearance—in the Vernour affair. Atrocious! Did it not stamp him finally?

And yet he had been charming that afternoon—for all the world like a boy home for the holidays. If that, after all, were the real Morfa? No—there had been a reason for that. He could stoop to please when he wanted something—all his kind could. He wanted Harriet, it appeared; did not that prove him a monster? Harriet—a little amanuensis—who cried in corridors and had experience behind her eyes. There was another Lord Morfa, wicked, tipsy, passionate. She grew hot all over as the initial scene of her entry into London came back to her. Too surely that was the real Morfa—that swearing, over-dressed lad, swung like a rag-doll by David Vernour—a man, he, if ever there was a man. Start that young man bare in the lists, and he would give an account of himself above all the Morfas, Crowlands, Rodonos of this world. Whereas—strip Uncle Morfa of his high-waisted coat and rolled collar, unwind his great stock, pull him down from his curricle, and what was there left but a little white-faced boy of unwholesome tastes? Such thoughts as these inflamed her and upset her crocus-rest.

In the morning Harriet, after much hesitation, and as if driven by a kind of fate, opened upon Lord Morfa's visit. . . . "I heard the horn at midnight, Hermy," she said—her face not to be seen. She was leaning on the ledge of the window looking out towards Richmond.

"Then you must have listened for it, my dear," she was briskly told.

"Oh, Hermy! indeed——"

"Why should you be hurt? But I think you are a goose, for all that. Why should he blow horns at midnight? And he drives like the wind. It is the one thing he can do."

"Oh, Hermy, you are unfair. But—you think he drove directly to town? I could not help fancying. . . . Do you think he did?"

"I don't think about him at all. Why should I?"

"No, no—of course not. Why should you?"

"Harriet, do you?"

The girl turned a blenched face from the window where she sat. "Oh, never, never, Hermy, I vow to you—oh, never, never, never! How could I dare to lift up my eyes? He is most kind to me—all that is kind. I think of him with gratitude and respect. To me—to such as I am—he must ever be noble—and splendid. Oh, what must you think of me?"

She was vehemently on the defensive—too vehemently. She looked fierce and tragic—fierce and tragic about Lord Morfa! And what on earth did she mean by her "noble and splendid"? Hermia's lip curved in scorn.

"Noble! Splendid! I don't think you can know what those words mean. Is it possible that you believe him noble and splendid?"

Harriet quailed. "You mean about—I know what you mean now. I don't understand how you take such an interest in—— But, of course, in your position, —— May I say that you are severe?"

"I don't think that you may. Mr. Vernour has been in gaol for six weeks. And Lord Morfa disports himself here!"

Harriet could be bold on occasion, it seemed. She defended Lord Morfa. "It was because of the indignity; he could not suffer it. A scuffle—within his own gates!" And now Miss Chambre stared—her Dian look.

"You use very strange words, I think. Indignity! How can there be indignity done to what has no dignity?" Harriet was driven to her last trench; but she tried a shift or two.

"You press me hard—not very kindly. I can't answer you, and I ought not. Lord Morfa is your relative—you may say what you please of him; but he is the

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son of my benefactress, of my patroness —I will ask you to remember that."

Miss Chambre thawed at once. "You dear creature, I'm a wretch—and you're very loyal. That's what I try to be. We see things differently. Forgive me." Harriet was allowed to cry upon her bosom—but Hermia had no more to say to her of Lord Morfa, or of anybody else.

CHAPTER X

IN WHICH WE SEE FAMILY MAGNANIMOUS

THE memory of Jane, Countess of Morfa, will undoubtedly endure in the minds of all those to whom the Regency day appeals, either as the end of the old or the beginning of the new English order, and substantial justice will be done to her if she is recorded as a stronghold of Privilege, one of the flanking towers of that Bastile, built in 1688, shaken in 1789, and condemned as unsafe in 1832. A tower she was, one of the last to yield to time and the age, and yielding, when she must, inch by inch. We shall have to see her at it. But as I desire to remind the reader that she was a human being, as well as an Institution, I must declare that she was by no means without some natural emotions. She loved her children and her children's children, and would have fought for them as keenly as any woman born. She had real benevolence, too, for other inhabitants of our globe—her cousin, Sefton; her friend, Lord Crowland; her county neighbour, the Duke; and her brother, the Marquis of Badlesmere. If she stopped there, more or less—and she did—it was not because she had exhausted the world of objects of interest, but because you can't love people in masses unless you are a philanthropist or a clergyman. She was neither. The world, no doubt, did contain so many millions of souls; souls, indeed, resident in persons whom one met in society or heard of in the House of Lords; she had no reason to dispute that, and no concern. But these were hirelings, after all—and one does not precisely love one's housemaids. These millions were of the sort whom, in one way or another, one paid to do things for one. A Secretary of State? Well, one pays him. Sir Arthur Wellesley? He is for hire. A king, a king's son, an archbishop, a Chancellor? "My dear lord," she would say in her scissor-tones, "there is no difference in kind between the Prince of Wales and my mantua-maker. In degree there is much, and highly in favour of Madame Pelerine. She is not nearly so extravagant, and does her work cheerfully."

This being so, and I do but state it as I find it, it may be conceived how her philosophy had been disturbed of late, since she had been forced to recognise the existence of a person—a tradesman and a butcher—in grief for his son, and of such a man's son in gaol, awaiting his trial. The lion in the fowler's net is a good enough parallel. She ran through a swelling series of shocks; she had been surprised, amused, amazed, interested, incredulous, bored by turns. Then presently she grew angry, and at last all her phases of feeling, churning in her bile, drove in upon her nature, and she felt nothing but a deep-set resentment at the infamy which dared to threaten her. She was goaded into action. Disgusted at every step, she ordered the Caryll host; and her disgust, far from paralysing her efforts, gave them vehemency and persistence. Her way was made unexpectedly easy by the news that Vernour was of the Reform party; this had but to be known in the right quarter. She never, in so many words, gave Justice the nod; no direct message was ever sent to any one; she did her business much too well for that. It got to be understood that young Vernour was a seditious rogue, better in the Marshalsea—and there young Vernour lay from January until the middle of March.

She was not vindictive—vengeance upon a tradesman, absurd!—but she was very angry, and sure that she did well. Mr. Aloysius Banks, of the Edinburgh *Review*, took leave to agree with her. Sharp examples were necessary if persons were to be taught their places in the scheme of polity, in these times above all when Clamour and Faction had combined against Order. If outcry was to be raised against kings, whom Families had established, how long, pray, before Families themselves were to be arraigned? That

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disgraceful affair of the Duke of York's, now! Of course, the man deserved what he got, but, of course, half the uproar had been aimed beyond him—to Windsor and to Brighton. That was to be understood, and she was not one to quarrel with it. No Radical on a tub could despise royalty more than that great lady. But she was forced to tell herself over and over again, as she beheld, not without some satisfaction of her extreme contempt, the flounderings, snortings, and bellowings of that harried Prince-Bishop of York and Osnaburgh, that there but for the grace of God floundered Roderick, Earl of Morfa. There, grace of God or none must he never flounder! A trial of Vernour, evidence against Vernour, were unthinkable; an Earl of Morfa in the witness-box! Forbid it, Heaven! Time after time, then, the young man was remanded, bail refused; and as the Press was too busy to heed him, and the Duke of York large in the mob's eye, it really seemed that Heaven had gone into partnership with an old dragon of a countess fighting for her order behind her spiked walls. She held on, and she won. March was all but over, Lord Castlereagh was now the unmasked villain of the hour, when Vernour the elder lost his nerve, drooped his insolent head, made his prayer of humble access at the tradesmen's gate one windy morning, and was admitted into the presence of an offended patron.

She had expected him, waited for him, and now she had him on his miserable knees. She was very capable of playing out the scene with the majesty of a Siddons; but she didn't play it at all. It was too real and too serious for histrionics; she sat holding her crutch, nodding, blinking her fierce eyes, working her lips—no longer angry, but deeply incensed. Vernour the elder, by the door, a fine, upright man, grey-haired and grey-whiskered, with a lined, dignified old face on him, bowed his head as he humbled himself—a person in the presence of Family. "My lady, I ask your pardon for my boy, I ask it on my knees. Indeed I do, my lady—in a bitter day for me. He forgot himself, my lady—my unfortunate son. He has a spirit—he is quick——"

A butcher with spirit! Quick! This was too much for Lady Morfa.

"Vernour, you are talking nonsense, and I cannot have it. It was not spirit, it was insolence. Such things are not to be borne. You see where they may lead—where they must lead."

He was very feeble now, admitting everything or anything.

"No, my lady, no, it is so. I know that he forgot himself—and dearly, dearly he's paid for it. Dearly—oh, dearly. Six weeks in gaol, with rips and street-walkers—my boy! My lady, he's my only son. . . . Why!"—he stared at his offended god—"why, my lady, 'tis enough to make a Radical of the lad. It is indeed."

"Man," said Lady Morfa, throwing back her head, "he *is* a Radical. Detestable."

Vernour shook his. "Ay, my lady, 'tis to be feared. I've known that to come of such a trial. I've known a young man go to gaol through no fault of his own, and come out after serving his time—and if he stop out thereafter 'twill be through no fault of his own. My lady, a man must speak up for his son—and such a son as he's been to me! A good lad, my lady, a clever, studious, spirited——"

Oh, unlucky word! "Vernour, I can't have it, and I will not. Spirited! Do you know what was done? Do you know that his lordship was — *touched? Touched* by your son—touched on the collar?" That was as near to the fact as she could get herself to go. "Do you know that Lord Edlogan was also touched—touched upon the—ah, *person?* Do you know what these things mean? They mean Revolution, man; they mean the breakdown of the Constitution. They must be dealt with—and they have been dwelt with. If persons act in this way, whole classes of persons may act so; and society, and decency, and proper order must cease to exist. You are a sensible man, Vernour, and must surely perceive it."

"Yes, my lady, yes, indeed," says broken old Vernour.

"Very well. Then don't come to me talking of *spirit,* because that tells me that you hope to justify what cannot and must not be justified."

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"It has ruined my son, my lady; it has gone near to ruin me. I've been in business now for forty years—nothing but the best families, my lady—and can scarce hold my head up again."

"Her ladyship was not impressed. "I think you have held it too high, Vernour, indeed I do. If you have been taught to hold it more becomingly for the future, this lesson will not have been without benefit. And your most unhappy son—let him be encouraged by this to learn how to keep his station in life. Latin! French! I never heard such nonsense. How can you be surprised that he's a Radical? Why, he might be—a pickpocket on these terms. But I have no wish to be harsh, now that you have come to your senses—none at all. I will speak to his lordship, use my influence with Lord Edlogan, with his Grace. I don't suppose that there is any desire to punish you for your son's offence; and I understand from you now that he is truly penitent, and not likely to indulge his wicked, most wicked feelings of disrespect again. Is that so?"

"Let me assure your ladyship——"

"Assure me by your actions, Vernour, and let your son assure me. That is all I have to say upon this distressing affair. No doubt the young man will now be set at liberty—and may resume his—ah, duties, here and elsewhere. I have no wish, I say, to be harsh. And I will speak with his lordship about the horse. Possibly, under the circumstances, he may be willing to consider what might be done."

"A blood horse—cost me thirty guineas—" old Vernour was understood to murmur. Up went Lady Morfa's head again, like the royal standard on a birthday.

"Thirty guineas! Oh, ridiculous! A person—that walk of life—a thirty guinea horse! Why, my grandson, Mr. Chambre, gave no more than sixty for his hackney. I am quite at a loss— Oh, ridiculous!"

"Very good, my lady," says poor Vernour. Lady Morfa was now sick of him.

"I will speak to his lordship—can make no promise, of course. That is all, I think, Vernour."

But he had to crawl a little nearer; business was business still. Her ladyship's patronage and custom—? Her ladyship reassured him; he could call as usual. She cut short his gratitude, waved him out, and went away to wash her hands. A very hateful, distressing affair.

And there, so far as she was concerned, the incident ended; yet just there, in a sense, it may be said to have begun. Family, or Franchise (according to Mr. Aloysius Banks), is a living thing, with a spirit as well as a body to it, which bloweth where it listeth. We have now to see it take a flight as high as strange. But Vernour the younger was brought up before the magistrate for the seventh time, and as no evidence was offered against him, he was bound over and set at liberty. A few mornings later his horse might have been seen tethered to the Caryll House railings, and himself, bareheaded, in blue frock and apron, at the tradesmen's door, awaiting custom or ridding his tray. And had his lordship passed out or in, not a doubt but that the young man would have touched his forelock—for, business being business, only insensate rage can obscure a lord from British eyes. Mr. Cobbett, it is true, did give a line or two to the thing in the ensuing *Register;* but the front page was occupied by Lord Castlereagh and the Reding job. Mutterings, foamings from a man Hazli'ttat Winterslow were nothing. No; there was an end of it, certainly, so far as Lady Morfa was concerned.

(To be continued.)

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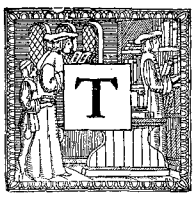
THE ETHICS OF ADVERTISING



HE recent production of Richard Strauss's gruesome opera, *Salome,* has raised questions other than that immediately involved in the outcry made against it. One of these questions has to do with the ethics of newspaper advertising; and, without meaning to criticise especially the particular newspaper which brought on the discussion, the facts should be stated briefly in order that the point at issue may be clearly understood.

The New York *Evening Post,* on its editorial page of January 28th, spoke of *Salome* as "a spectacle so foul in its open manifestations and secret purpose that the gorge of every healthy man must rise at the thought of it." Again the *Post* declared that "stage traffic in the abnormalities of criminal and diseased fancy should be stopped peremptorily." In another issue of the same journal the theme of the opera was called "one of the foulest conceptions ever formed in the brain of a creature who was a by-word even among degenerates." This and other very strong language called forth the following letter addressed to the editor of the *Post:*

NEW YORK, January 28.

SIR: On the page opposite your recent editorial denunciations of *Salome* have appeared the advertisements of its production. Would it not have added point to the editorials if the business office had refused the advertisements?

CONSISTENCY.

The editor made answer in these words:

There is no suggestion of impropriety of any kind in the advertisement; and if it is a question of making editorial opinion independent of the counting-room, we think that "Consistency's" argument could be turned square against him.

ED. EVENING POST.

This editorial reply is very far from satisfying the honest mind. Because there was no impropriety in the wording of the advertisement, therefore, it was entirely proper to publish it. Would the *Post,* however, accept advertisements of pool-rooms, gambling houses and other places of evil resort, if only there was nothing in the advertisers' language to shock the innocent? To be sure, these places are illegal; but morally, according to the *Post's* own description of it, the opera *Salome* is infinitely worse, even though the law had not specifically condemned it. The *Post* has editorially criticised other newspapers for advertising wild-cat mining schemes. Might not the publishers of those papers make answer that there was no impropriety in those advertisements?

About a year ago Mr. Norman Hapgood, in *Collier's Weekly,* in a very amusing and at the same time a very caustic exposure of Mr. Hearst's various journals, made a particularly strong point when he showed that while their editorial columns denounced horse racing and race-track gamblers, their news pages published full reports of all the races, and even made a specialty of giving tips to all their readers as to the odds upon the different horses. Mr. Hearst might have answered, as the *Evening Post* has done, that his editorial opinion is independent of the counting-room. But, of course, it is equally obvious that the counting-room is no less independent of editorial opinion. Is it consistent with ordinary ethics that a newspaper should be sharply divided into the editorial department on the one hand and the business office on the other, each acting independently? Is it proper that the editor should figure as the good partner and the business manager as the wicked partner—that one should be Dr. Jekyll and the other Mr. Hyde? Of course, in reality there is no such strange divorcement, for some one individual is responsible for both, and the readers of the paper may very well be startled at finding him, as it were, penning with his right hand maledictions upon "the vile *Salome* legend," while his left hand is stretched out for the dollars which come to him from advertising it.

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There can scarcely be two opinions about this thing; and yet the position of a newspaper is sometimes very difficult. It cannot investigate all the enterprises which seek its advertising columns for publicity. At the same time, when its editors discover that a mining company is a fraud or that an opera is revolting to all decent minds, surely it would seem as though the effects of this discovery ought to be observable throughout the entire paper. Only a doubtful standard of morality can justify the advertisement on one page of what is scarified upon another. Until Mr. Pulitzer's new School of Journalism shall have been established, this subject cannot be threshed out from any professorial chair; but I should like to see it honestly discussed in the columns of any newspaper which prides itself upon its moral principles.

Richard W. Kemp.

THE MUSIC OF TO-MORROW*

NE encouraging sign for the critical oldsters who believe that music will continue to move and have its being after their death is the discovery that some young writers think the same not very original thought. If the idea of evolution and revolution could be driven into the heads of the younger generation in America we might produce an art or literature worth while, instead of sedulously patterning after academic models. Inertia is the enemy of art. And inertia in this smiling land of ours is superinduced not by native mental indolence, but by the critical hunters winding their timid horns on a false trail. The trick—an old one in art, literature and religion—is to cry aloud to the heavens that *Salome*—or Swinburne, or Walt Whitman, or a Tschaikowsky symphony—is immoral. At once the pack is at the heels of the unfortunate quarry. If it be a Bernard Shaw, he makes capital out of the advertisement; if a Gorki, he sulks or abuses America. But the animal is run to earth. It is all very magnificent, this confounding of intellectual substances, but what has it to do with art? Let us on our own *foyer* confess that we are wonderful in ethics, but rather weak in æsthetics. Once Ibsen was called by every vile name in the dictionaries, yet he is found a trifle overtrained morally by our younger generation; too much of Calvin and not enough of Sardou. Does this betray decadence on the part of our boys and girls? Oh, no! merely a lack of critical tact—and truthfulness!—on the part of certain critics who manufactured a horrid bugaboo and called it "the demoraliser of youth, Henrik Ibsen." When his plays were at last adequately interpreted, the bugaboo vanished, though not two of these critics.

So it was with *Salome,* an adequate guide to which Mr. Gilman has compiled. Those who saw the work have since wondered at the moral hullaballoo. As a matter of strict fact and not poetic fancy, *Salome* is not so sultry-sensual, so brutally murderous as *Carmen.* The second and fourth acts of *Carmen* are voluptuously seductive and morbidly horrible. That chase around the boards of a woman by a soldier mad with lust, can all this be good for the morals or nerves? But we are accustomed to it; that makes the difference.

The above was suggested by reading Mr. Gilman's Chapter V. in his *The Music of To-Morrow.* It is rather dangerous to pass judgment on a new art work, even after hearing it several times; but to pronounce sentence upon it from a piano score is nigh unto rashness. Yet this Mr. Gilman has done. The one point

*The Music of To-Morrow, and Other Studies. By Lawrence Gilman, John Lane, Bodley Head. "Strauss' Salome," a Guide to the Opera. By Lawrence Gilman, John Lane, Bodley Head.

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which he predicted, *i.e.*, the effectiveness of *Salome*, turned out to be the reverse of his statement. *Salome*, above all else, is tremendously effective, no matter what one thinks of it as an enduring art work. It is so overwhelmingly effective in its assault upon the nerves, that it rather militates against a cool criticism; this over-coloured, highly spiced, clangorous orchestra is absolutely effective, setting aside all consideration of the Wilde text.

The best written and conceived essay in Mr. Gilman's interesting little volume is that devoted to Claude Debussy, the poet and dreamer. The American critic is of the temperament called mystic; he thinks that music should be a "still more intimate, luminous and eloquent means of restoring to us that sense of the invisible." But he will be disappointed if he expects this mystic music to be "free from sensuousness." Music is the child of sex; music without the sex-element is inconceivable. Sex nestles in the soberest old hymn tunes; it is sex that gives them their salt. Mysticism itself is seldom divorced from sex. Debussy does not write sexless music; it is because of his poetic power that he is able to transpose so delicately the sex element in *Pelléas et Mélesande*—the happiest example I know of the welding of poetry and music. Mr. Gilman's appreciation of Debussy betrays him as one of the young men who is both evolutionary and revolutionary. He is individual enough to say what he believes and not to await orders for the march. I do not care much for his Liszt essay. It does not dig enough into the subject. Liszt is not dead, and Liszt left artistic progeny. Why is the Paris version of the Bacchanale a "Neglected Page of Wagner's"? Bless you, Mr. Gilman, when Seidl introduced it into *Tannhäuser* there were reams written about the change—which is not an epochal one, say what you will. Mr. Finck also utters the heretical wish that Wagner had rescored *Tannhäuser*. Now it precisely is the reminiscences of *Tristan* colouring in the later version that annoys the lover of the clear, free-from-morbidity music of the earlier opera. There is a primal morning freshness, despite its crudities, in *Tannhäuser* which is absent from the musky, erotic atmosphere of *Tristan and Isolde*.

But Mr. Gilman's book is interesting, at times gracefully written, and strives to understand the music of to-day. This latter quality is in itself a critical feat, for in critic-land we usually face the setting sun. As to the future of Richard Strauss, that is a matter best left to himself. If he lives he will solve the problem. He has the fortune of personally making more enemies in a year than Liszt did in a lifetime. Everything, therefore, looks favourable for his future—that future of which it was predicted that "he had gone as far as the madhouse doors." Any one who knows Strauss and his rather philistine habits of drinking beer, smoking and discussing music will laugh at the picture. Ernest Newman, who has thus far written the most sympathetic essay on Strauss, has also, unfortunately, penned a sentence to the effect that Strauss, the Strauss of the *Symphonia Domestica*, was "the work of an enormously clever man, who was a man of genius." This is epigrammatic, but not fair to the Strauss of the *Don Quixote*. Besides, can genius be turned on and off like a tap? The *Domestica* is a cyclopean jest. But unfortunately the phrase has been bandied from Jersey to Jericho. Let us cap it by declaring that *Salome* is the work of an enormous genius, who was once a clever musician. And yet is this only a half truth. We hope that Mr. Gilman in his next volume will devote more space to the essential Strauss.

James Huneker.

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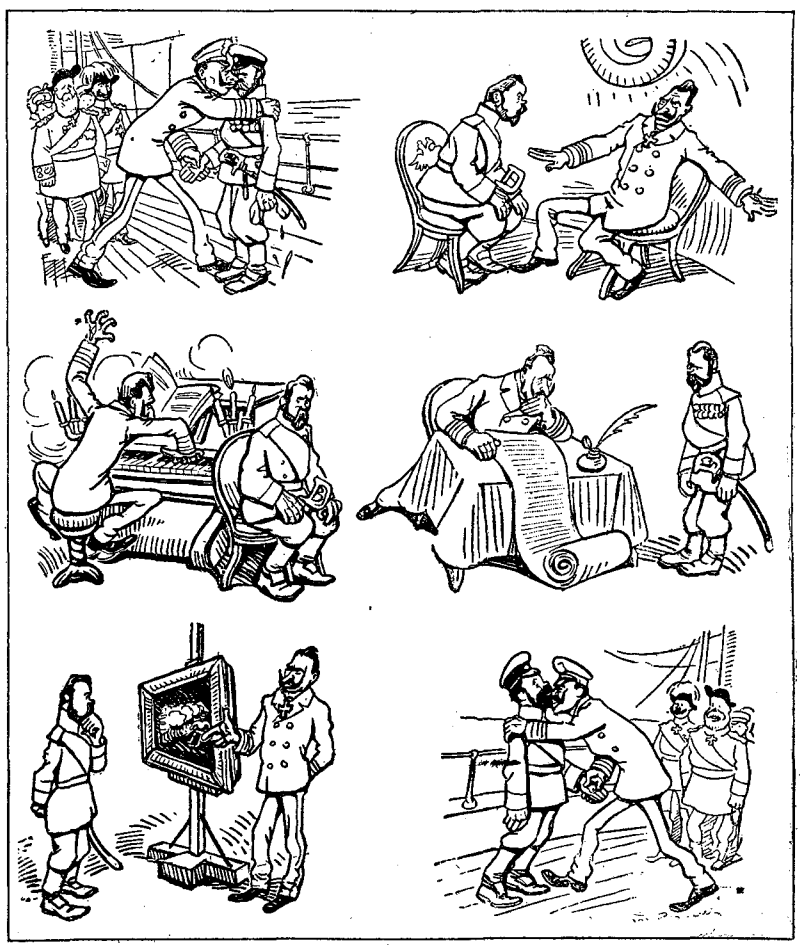
THE EMPEROR OF THE KNOUT*

IT is in no respect the fault of M. Jean Grand Carteret that this book—the third in a series† that has had an unusual success in Continental Europe—lacks much of the humour and many of the points of human appeal that were to be found in *Lui* and to a greater extent in *L'Oncle de l'Europe*. In the last-named book the predominating note was one of irreverent but thoroughly good-natured banter. In

*Nicholas Ange de la Paix: Empereur du Knout. Par John Grand Carteret. Paris: Louis Michaud.

†To this series has been given the general title "Collections des Célébrités vues par l'Image." Announcements have been made of forthcoming books to treat of the King of the Belgians and of Alfonso XIII.; the first to be called "Cleopold," an allusion to the attentions paid by Leopold to the French actress, Cléo de Mérode, and the second "Le Jeune Premier de l'Europe."



THE INTERVIEW OF THE EMPERORS

A skit on the activities of the German Kaiser: 1. He receives Nicholas. 2. He declaims. 3. He plays his own compositions on the piano. 4. He reads one of his own poems. 5. He exhibits his own paintings. 6. He says farewell.
(Drawn by Radiguet in *Le Rire*, Paris)

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HOW QUITE NATURALLY, THE EMPEROR OF THE KNOUT BECOMES THE ANGEL OF PEACE.

GREAT CZAR, A NEW MISFORTUNE! THE VIBORG REGIMENT IS IN REVOLT! WHAT CAN I DO? INFORM THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY THAT HE IS THE CHIEF OF THAT REGIMENT.

WHETHER THE LOYAL TROOPS OR THE INSURRECTIONISTS GAIN THE DAY, IT IS BOUND TO BE A RUSSIAN VICTORY.

THE DEFENDERS OF THRONE AND ALTAR.

Nicholas appears as a Lilliputian among the Grand Dukes, Witte and the Ministers, the Procureur of the Holy Synod, Pobedonostzeff, Father John, Trepoff and the others of the reactionary Court party. (Zritelle, St. Petersburg)

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ORDER REIGNS IN RUSSIA

ABDUL HAMID: My Dear Nicholas, I am indeed happy to have in Europe a colleague who is more of a Turk than I am.

THE THANKS OF NICHOLAS

I thank you, great Cossack. You are the only one who has not deserted me and who has always been ready at your Sovereign's call.

(Pasquino, Turin)

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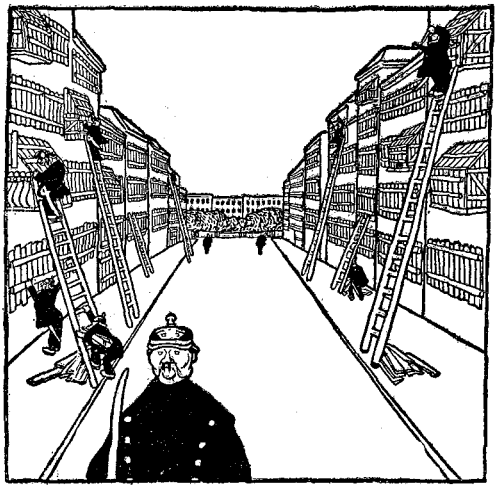
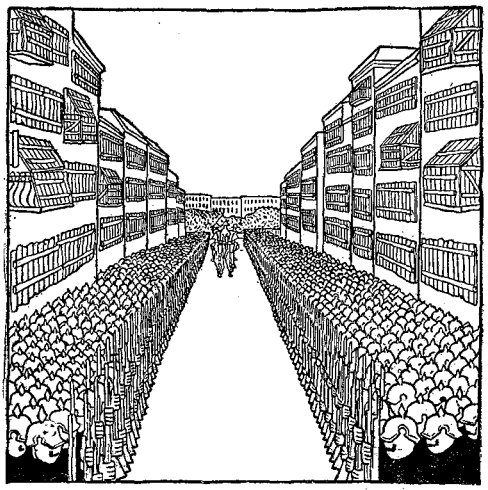


THE CZAR AT WIESBADEN—I

Considerable agitation prevailed in the streets through which the procession was to pass. The last preparations for the reception were carried out with feverish activity.

(Simplicissimus, Munich)



THE CZAR AT WIESBADEN—II

A great crowd received the illustrious guest with all the characteristic signs of awe and respect. The Czar seemed particularly satisfied and almost at ease at the sight of the animated and sympathetic house decorations.

(Simplicissimus, Munich)

ZEMSZTVO: Majesty, one word from you will make Russia happy. Utter the "yes" so long awaited.
NICHOLAS (*playing the young ingenue*): Ask mamma.
(Bolond Istock, Budapest)

THE CZAR: I hope this is not another of Kuropatkin's victories.

(Bolond Istock, Budapest)

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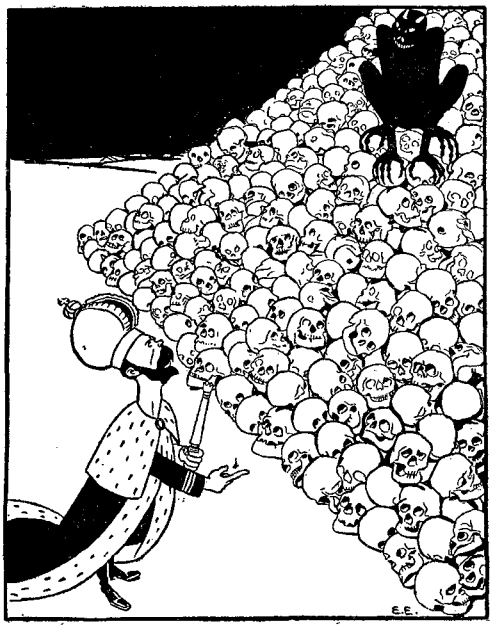
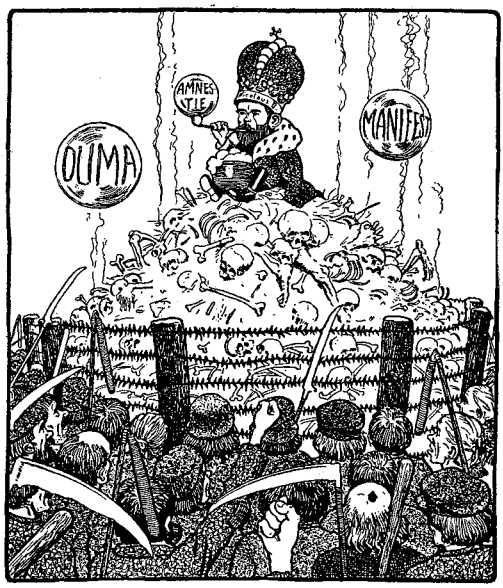


DAHOMEY IN RUSSIA

NICHOLAS: A fine pyramid—to the glory of my deeds. This time I have well outdone my colleague Behanzin.

(Der Wahre Jacob, Stuttgart)



NICHOLAS AND HIS PEOPLE

THE COMEDY OF HULL

"All's well that ends well"

(Kladderadatsch, Berlin)

THE PAINTER OF PEACE

NICHOLAS: If you wish me to end my work, let me have plenty of blood. (Pasquino, Turin.)

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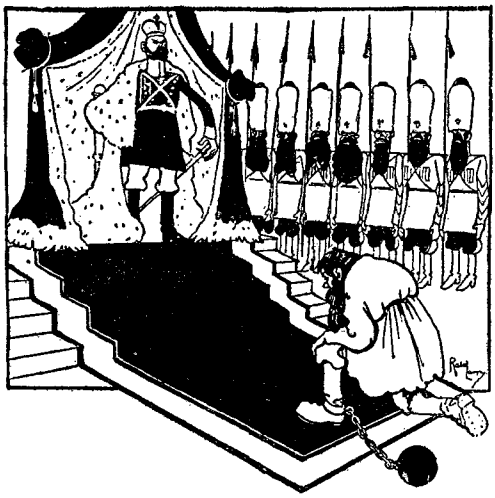

THE CZAR: You may, henceforth, appear before me with only one leg chained.
(Der Wahre Jacob, Stuttgart)

portraying the Uncle of Europe, the Continental caricaturist has always subordinated H. M. the King of Great Britain and Ireland and H. I. M. the Emperor of India to the *viveur,* the *"tres bon garçon"* of the *entente cordiale,* the Prince des Galles of earlier years, the Uncle Aedi of German and Austrian comic art—in a word, the sovereign has ever been forgotten in the man.

In the treatment of Edward VII. the pen of the European cartoonist has frequently been inspired by malice; but it has invariably been the malice that is born of wit and of personal ambition, and no more of any deep-rooted hatred of conviction than has been the European caricature directed at Presidents Roosevelt, Loubet or Fallières. With the Emperor William the case has not been quite the same. That impetuous personality, that intolerance of opposition, that incessant insistence upon the "Right Divine," have not been likely to breed the spirit of concilation. In France, in Italy, in Austria, in America, perhaps in England and Germany above all, many of the pencils that have assailed him have been moved by a deep sense of personal and political embitterment. But even there it has been to a marked degree the man or the individual sovereign, rather than his office. There has always been apparent the search for the point of malicious observation; for the pose, for the gesture, for the expression, for something that may be distorted or magnified to appeal to the sense of the ridiculous.

With Nicholas II. nothing of the kind. In dealing with Edward VII. the cartoonist delights in the exaggeration of the protuberant paunch; with the German Emperor in giving an extra rigidity to the upturned moustaches. With the Czar the minor peculiarities of the man are lost sight of in view of the great, sombre tragedy of his reign, the poignant sufferings of his people. To caricature he has become the Emperor of the Knout, a symbol of Russian tyranny and the useless and awful diffusion of innocent blood.

There was a brief time in his reign, however, when the portraiture of Nicholas II. was far more kindly; when he was depicted as a well-looking, rather sad-faced gentleman of noble, if perhaps visionary, aspirations. That was Nicholas, the "Angel of Peace," the Nicholas of the Hague Conference. But this amiable figure soon faded away amid the growing shadows of foreign war and domestic revolution. The note of caricature became one of warning, of menace; expressing itself in dreams, in nightmares, in apparitions. It recalled to the Czar the fate of Louis XVI. Before him were passed in review, carrying in their hands their severed and dripping heads, all the royal victims of revolutionary justice—Charles I. of England, the unfortunate Louis and Marie Antoinette. Whether the images came from England, or France, or Holland, or Italy, or Spain, the purport of these admonitions were always the same. "Take care, my brother!" "Nicholas, do not wait until it is too late." "Sire, place yourself at the side of your people, while there still remains time!" "See, think, and profit by meditating and seeing!"

J. E. Rousillon.

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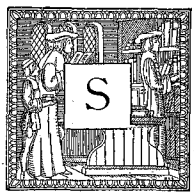
THE SYMBOLISM OF RUSSIAN REVOLUTION



SINCE the manifesto of October 17, 1905, was published, when his Majesty proclaimed his inflexible will to grant to the Russian people all the civic liberties, freedom of the press and speech included, only five hundred and ninety-seven newspapers and periodicals have been suppressed and about eight hundred editors arrested. The illustrated weeklies containing political cartoons have enjoyed the most short-lived existence. True, occasionally the police officials quickly sell for a trifle the confiscated edition to some dealer. In such cases the result is that a periodical or a pamphlet after having been effectively seized and theoretically destroyed by the police is offered to the public for half of the original price. But such cases are exceptions and not the rule.

Usually papers containing political cartoons have been confiscated as soon as published, or immediately afterward. In general the cartoons are neither clever nor witty. How could they be? They deal with a situation that cannot be taken lightly. The cartoons are, in fact, intensely serious attempts to sum up, express pictorially, symbolise the Russian drama.

These pictorial expressions of the Russian revolution may strike the American as exaggerations. Strange, for it is the feeling of every Russian that our words have failed, that neither with our brush nor with our pen can we do justice to Russia's terrible realities of life. Set beside these realities, Dante's deadliest visions, to quote Swinburne's Ode on Russia, seem pale and pure and painless as a virgin's dream.

America has had its revolution. Let us remember one of its early incidents. Let us recall for a moment the so-called Boston massacre; think of the impression it made; think of the expression it found. Such a massacre would either pass in Russia entirely unnoticed, or it would receive a line or two in the local news column. Such a massacre would arouse no indignation. No women were outraged, no men tortured. Why, such a massacre would have done credit to our Russian Government!

Not such massacres did Shebueff have in mind when he published the Czar's manifesto with the imprint of a bloody hand and the short inscription, "To this Major-General Trepoff laid his hand." This cartoon has become a famous historical document. Shebueff, of course, was locked up, his paper seized and destroyed. But it contained no insinuation that was not afterward proven by documentary evidence.

As the reader knows, immediately after the manifesto was published many tens of thousands of Jews, Armenians and Russians were killed in one hundred and thirty-two Russian towns. All these massacres began and ended in the same way. They were all led by disguised policemen. Who organised them? In the memorable session of the Imperial Duma of June 21, 1906, Prince Urusoff, formerly a member of Count Witte's Cabinet, made his famous revelations, which were recently supplemented by conclusive documentary evidence given out by M. Lapukhin, formerly the head of the Department of Police of the Empire. Both Lapukhin's and Prince Urusoff's revelations show us how the double organisation of the government worked. The frightened inhabitants of the provincial towns saw how the police prepared massacres. They besieged the central government with telegrams; telegrams from the central government ordered local governors to secure peace and tranquillity; but the local police and the troops quite honestly supposed that these measures were taken simply for show, for decency, while that the real intentions of the government were quite different intentions they perfectly understood. The local authorities read between the lines and thought that they heard, be-

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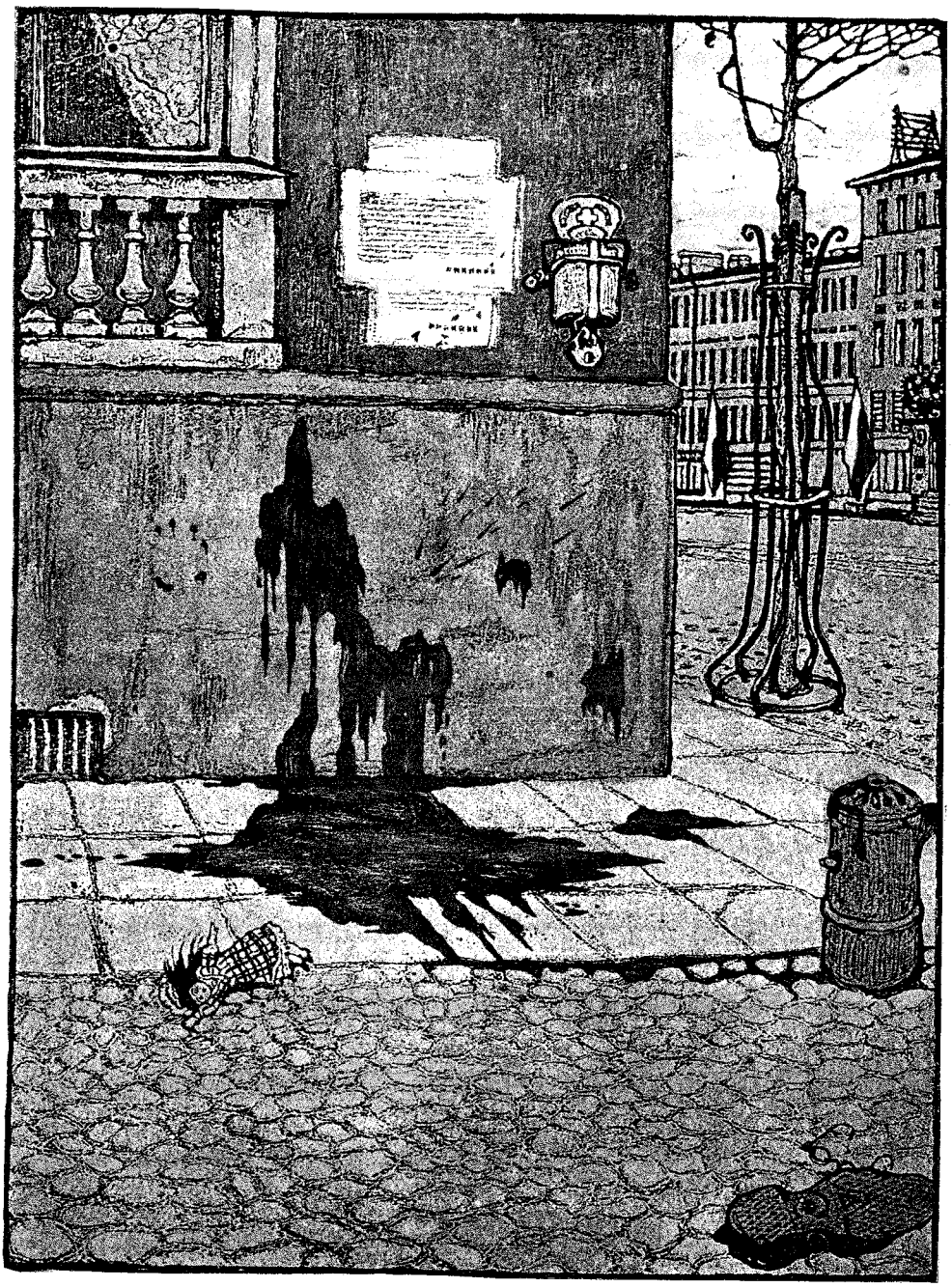

THE OCTOBER IDYLL

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ВЫСОЧАЙШІЙ МАНИФЕСТЪ.

БОЖІЕЮ МИЛОСТІЮ,

МЫ, НИКОЛАЙ ВТОРЫЙ,

ИМПЕРАТОРЪ И САМОДЕРЖЕЦЪ ВСЕРОССІЙСКІЙ,

ЦАРЬ ПОЛЬСКІЙ, ВЕЛИКІЙ КНЯЗЬ ФИНЛЯНДСКІЙ,

и прочая, и прочая, и прочая.

Смуты и волненія въ столицахъ и во многихъ мѣстностяхъ Имперіи Нашей великою и тяжкою скорбью преисполняютъ сердце Наше. Благо Россійскаго Государя неразрывно съ благомъ народнымъ, и печаль народная—Его печаль. Отъ волненій, нынѣ возникшихъ, можетъ явиться глубокое нестроеніе народное и угроза [illegible] и единству Державы Нашей.

Великій обѣтъ Царскаго служенія повелѣваетъ Намъ всѣми силами разума и власти Нашей стремиться къ скорѣйшему прекращенію столь опасной для Государства смуты. Повелѣваемъ подлежащимъ властямъ принять мѣры къ устраненію прямыхъ проявленій безпорядка, безчинствъ и насилій, въ охрану людей мирныхъ, стремящихся къ спокойному выполненію лежащаго на каждомъ долга, Мы, для успѣшнѣйшаго выполненія общихъ предначертаній Нами къ умиротворенію государственной жизни мѣръ, признали необходимымъ объединить дѣятельность высшаго Правительства.

На обязанность Правительства возлагаемъ Мы выполненіе непреклонной Нашей воли:

1. Даровать населенію незыблемыя основы гражданской свободы на началахъ дѣйствительной неприкосновенности личности, свободы совѣсти, слова, собраній и союзовъ.

2. Не останавливая предназначенныхъ выборовъ въ Государственную Думу, привлечь теперь же къ участію въ Думѣ, въ мѣрѣ возможности, соотвѣтствующей краткости остающагося до созыва Думы срока, тѣ классы населенія, которые нынѣ совсѣмъ лишены избирательныхъ правъ, предоставивъ, засимъ, дальнѣйшее развитіе начала общаго избирательнаго права вновь установленному законодательному порядку.

и 3. Установить, какъ незыблемое правило, чтобы никакой законъ не могъ воспріять силу безъ одобренія Государственной Думы и чтобы выборнымъ отъ народа обезпечена была возможность дѣйствительнаго участія въ надзорѣ за закономѣрностью дѣйствій поставленныхъ отъ Насъ властей.

Призываемъ всѣхъ вѣрныхъ сыновъ Россіи исполнить долгъ свой передъ Родиною, помочь прекращенію сей неслыханной смуты и вмѣстѣ съ Нами напрячь всѣ силы къ возстановленію тишины и мира на родной землѣ.

Данъ въ Петергофѣ, въ 17-й день октября въ лѣто отъ Рождества Христова тысяча девятьсотъ пятое, Царствованія же Нашего одиннадцатое.

На подлинномъ Собственною Его Императорскаго Величества рукою подписано:

„НИКОЛАЙ“.

Къ сему листу [illegible] Его Величества Генералъ-Маіоръ Треповъ руку приложилъ.

Н. Г. Шебуевъ принимаетъ ежедневно отъ 12 до 1 часу дня. Ковенскій, 14.

Продажа номеровъ производится въ дни выхода „Пулемета“ въ конторѣ типографіи Спб. Т-ва „Трудъ“. Фонтанка. 86.

Наложеннымъ платежемъ высылается не менѣе 10 экземпляровъ. Адресоваться Ковенскій 14. „Пулеметъ“. Сюда же обращаться и книжнымъ магазинамъ, желающимъ взять на себя распространеніе „Пулемета“.

Типографія С.-Петербургскаго Товарищества Печатнаго и Издательскаго Дѣла „Трудъ“ фонтанка, 86.

"AND TO THIS PROCLAMATION I HEREWITH SET MY HAND AND SEAL"

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yond the order of the governor, some voice from far off in which they had greater belief, and tens of thousands were slain.

Were the local authorities right or wrong in their interpretation of the real wishes and designs, not of the nominal central government, but of the real power behind the throne, perhaps of the throne itself? Let every reader answer the question for himself. But here are some facts, verified and established data, which may be helpful in forming an opinion.

The inciting appeals and orders to kill Jews, liberals and revolutionists were printed in a remote room of the headquarters of the Department of the Police of the Empire, at No. 16 Fontanka Street. The printing press was purchased for the purpose by the government with government money. In charge of the printing was an officer of the gendarmes—Commissaroff. When questioned, Prince Urusoff reports, about his doings, Commissaroff answered, "A massacre we can organise for you of any kind you please; if you like, for ten men; if you like, for ten thousand." When Count Witte received the information he summoned Commissaroff, who reported to him all he

THE TRILOGY OF MOSCOW

I. The Entrance

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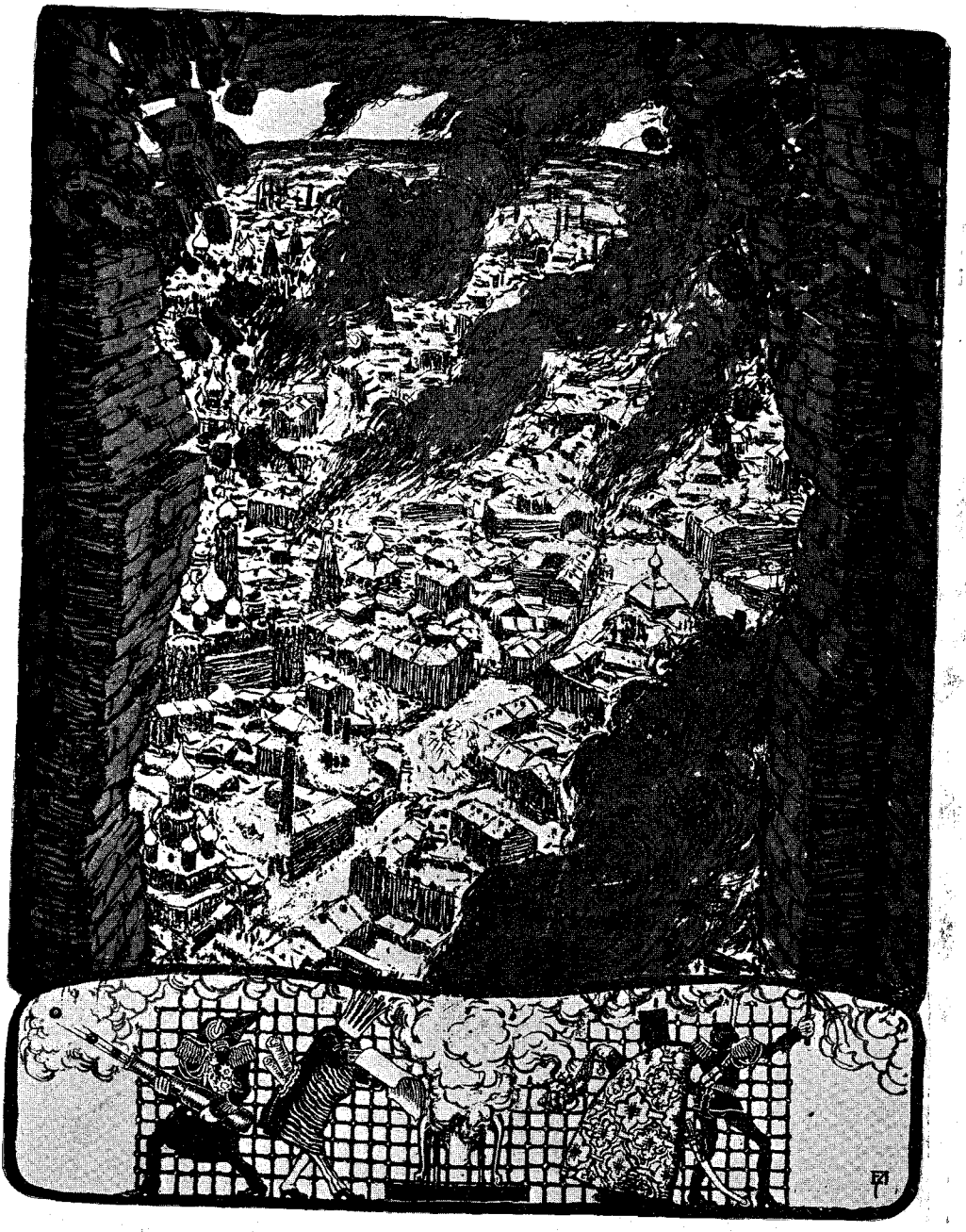

THE TRILOGY OF MOSCOW

II. The Battle

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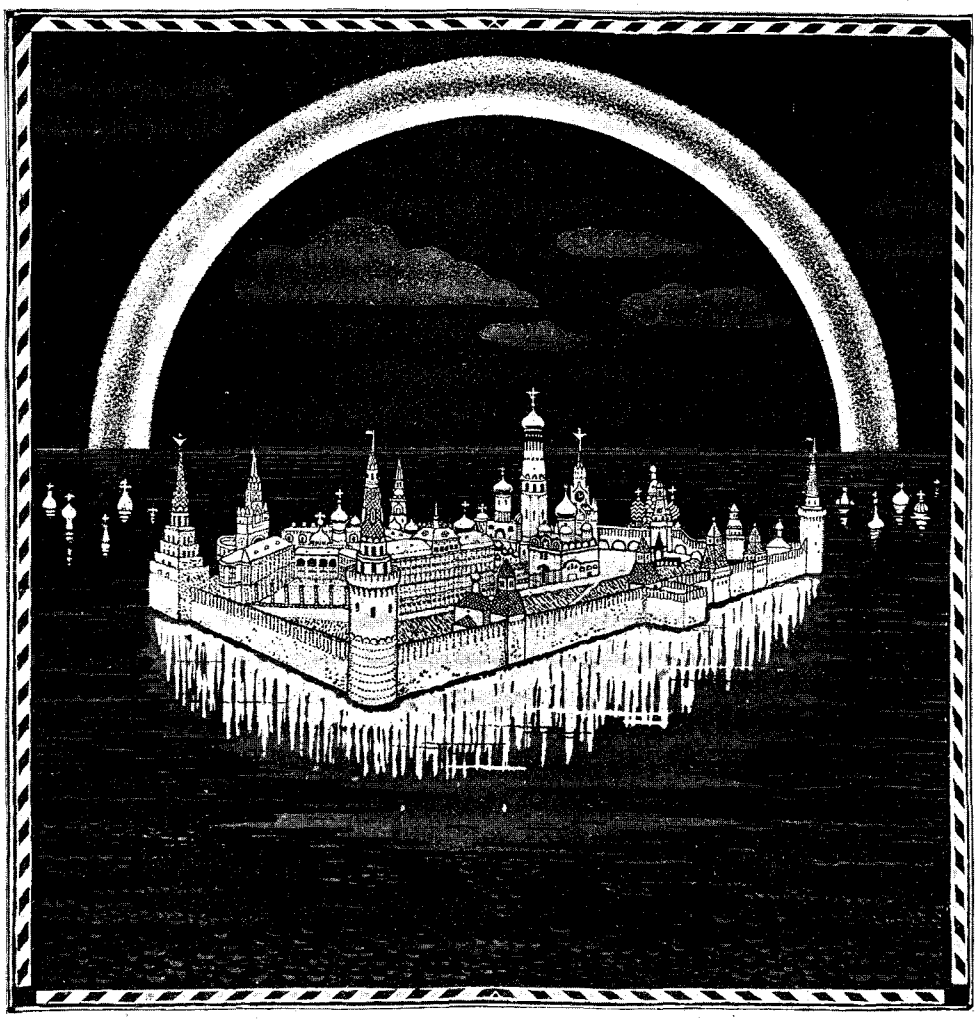
had done and presented to him the authorisations he had received. Count Witte dismissed Commissaroff.

But the dismissed Commissaroff was decorated by the Emperor for the faithful services rendered.

which was obviously organised by Odessa's chief of police, Neidhardt, Senator Kuzminski, who was sent by Witte to investigate the affair, recommended that Neidhardt he tried. But instead of a trial Neidhardt received an



THE TRILOGY OF MOSCOW

III. The Pacification. The Cremlin sinking in a sea of blood

It has been further substantiated by eye-witnesses that the manuscript copies from which Commissaroff printed his appeals and orders bore the autograph inscriptions, "Print it. Trepoff."

After the huge massacre in Odessa, extraordinary promotion. He was made by the Czar his Majesty's chamberlain. He was further given the post of vice-governor of Nizhny-Novgorod. Count Witte represented to his Majesty that such an appointment would be disastrous;

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it would undermine all confidence in the government. Count Witte's report was returned to him with the following autograph note of the Czar: "I know that public opinion is irritated against Neidhardt. But what of it (chto iz tovo)? I appoint him vice-governor of Nizhni-Novgorod." The state of feeling in Nizhni-Novgorod, however, was such that his majesty was obliged to cancel this appointment.

Captain Budagovski, deputy chief of the gendarmes in the districts of Alexandrovsk and Pavlovsk, organised the local Black Hundred—bands to kill all revolutionists and Jews. He himself reported about his activity in this line to his superior officers in St. Petersburg. His reports were found in the department by an official named Makaroff. Captain Budagovski was decorated. An overwhelming amount of evidence showed that a certain Rachkovski was Trepoff's right hand and in charge of the massacre

RUSSIA

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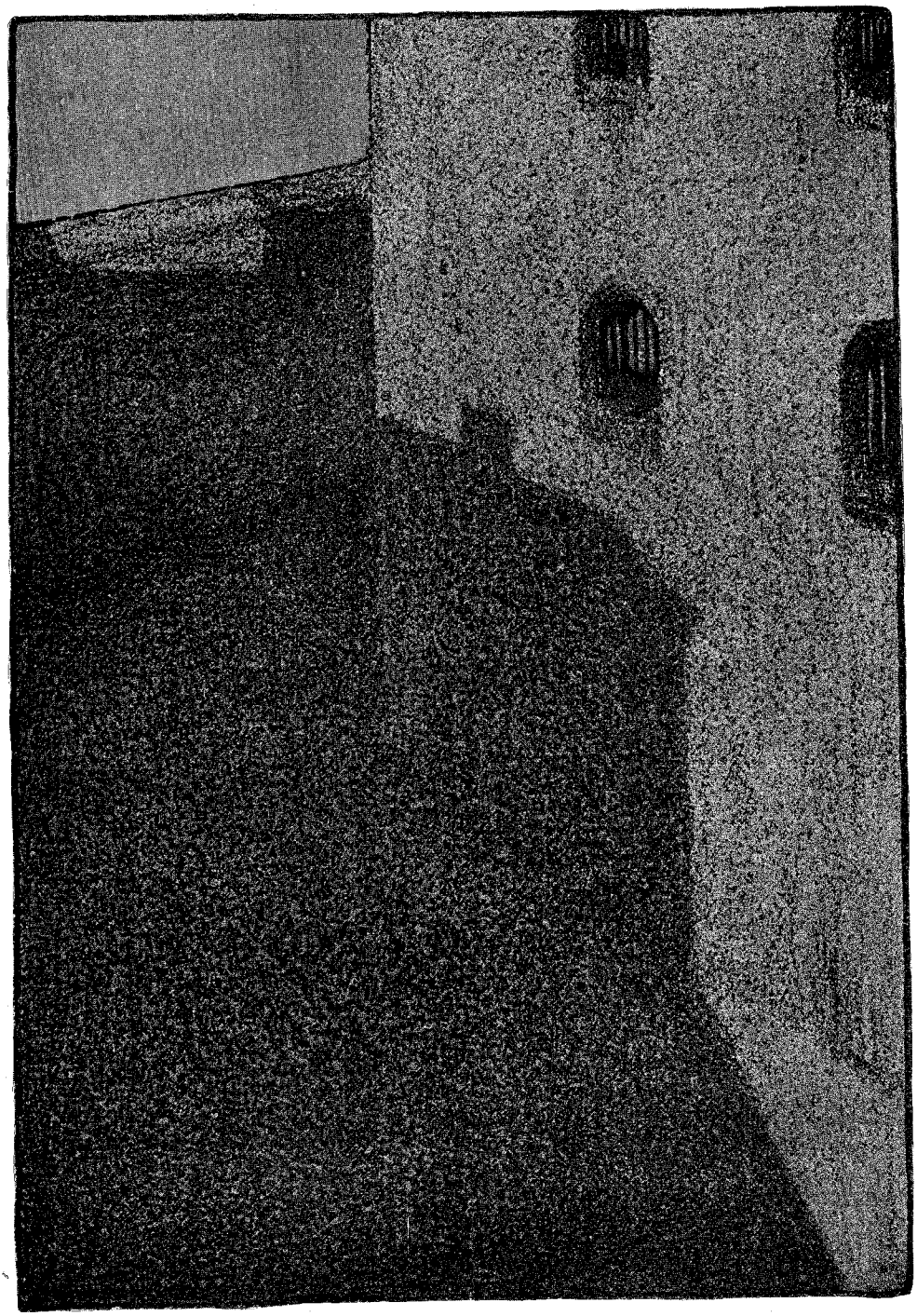

COMPLETE AMNESTY

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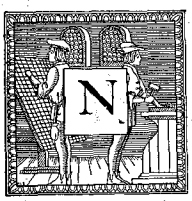
business. This gentleman received by his Majesty's special order the extraordinary reward of seventy-five thousand rubles for services rendered. Many more of such instances could be enumerated.

The cartoons which are here reproduced picture Russia to us as a river of blood running through frozen, snow-covered fields, over which death is marching; they picture the "October Idyll" as a pool of blood directly underneath the Czar's manifesto, which is pasted on the wall. The amnesty of political offenders, which was the first Duma's first thought and first demand, and which was the fervent prayer of the whole Russian people, finds expression in the cartooon showing the packed and overcrowded gaols.

Here also is a series of three cartoons which refer to the activity of Admiral Dubassoff and the Semenovski Regiment during the so-called barricade fights in Moscow, in December, 1905. Again death figures in our cartoon. It represents the entrance of the Semenovski Regiment into Moscow; the Cremlin of Moscow drowning in blood stands for the government's victory, for Moscow's pacification. This "pacification" of Russia still continues.

Vladimir G. Simkhovitch.

A NEW GERMAN ILLUSTRATOR



NOT since Aubrey Beardsley's bizarre fantasies set pace to modern illustrators with his remarkably weird drawings for Oscar Wilde's *Salome* has any illustrator entered the field with the same task so successfully as has Marcus Behmer, the young artist of Munich, whose work is the sensation of the hour in the Bavarian capital.

In the series of pictures he has just completed for a projected German edition of this curious drama he has not, perhaps, presented in them precisely the qualities of seductiveness that Beardsley maintained, qualities which Richard Strauss has uncovered in his opera, yet they are so solidly ingenious, one cannot but feel they belong to the order of a new interpretation of Wilde's intention.

It is Marcus Behmer's pet precept that in their powers of phrasing poets fully illustrate their written thought; that with such work there remains to the artist's province only the task of decorating it. He has chosen to put his theory into practice by decorating Salome, about which the Germans are so enthusiastic. One wonders if our ideas of the Teutonic temperament must not be reformed.

Behmer is a symbolist much of the time; much of the rest he may appear to be dangled by his imagination over and beyond the safe places of sanity, as one may observe in his drawing of "The Monster," which found its inspiration in the text of Balzac's *The Lady with the Golden Eyes,* a drawing reminiscent of antediluvian days, surely, and mentally representative of the elusively mysterious Snark, which one may hunt for with soap and nails, according to Lewis Carroll's charmingly irresponsible recipe.

Offsetting this trend in Behmer's art, the drawing of "The Mantel Clasp" (in reality the portrait of a young man) stands as a masterpiece of reposeful breadth in composition, into which the artist has not introduced a single unnecessary line or dot. Indeed this very reticence of line and planes marks all of Behmer's work. It is one of the points on which the German critics, Fr. Wichert especially, lay particular stress fondly. Even in the drawing to which has been given the title of "The Pupil and His Tutor," a drawing of well-filled and equally well-balanced parts, nothing has been added that is unnecessary to the picture, or which for a moment could be considered superfluous.

Behmer is both versatile and prolific,

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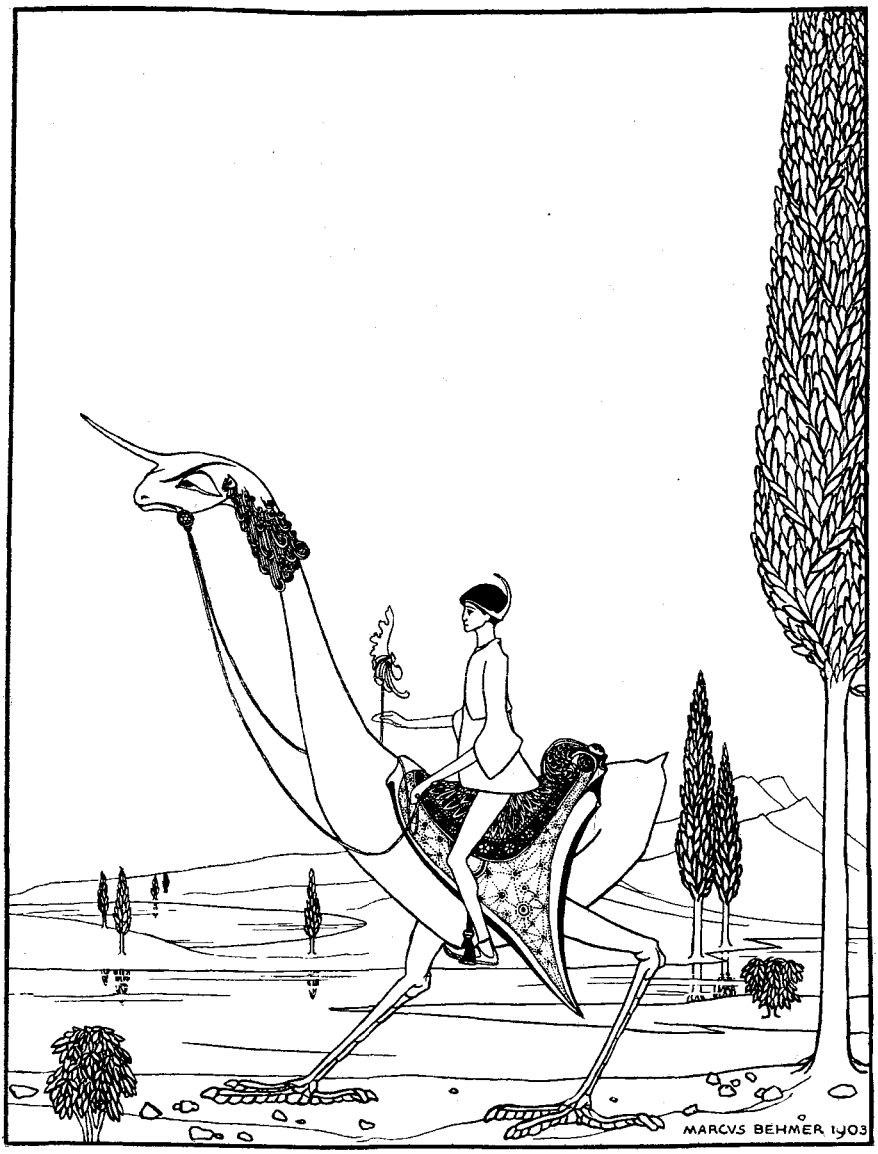

THE STOLEN ORCHID

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PUPIL AND TUTOR

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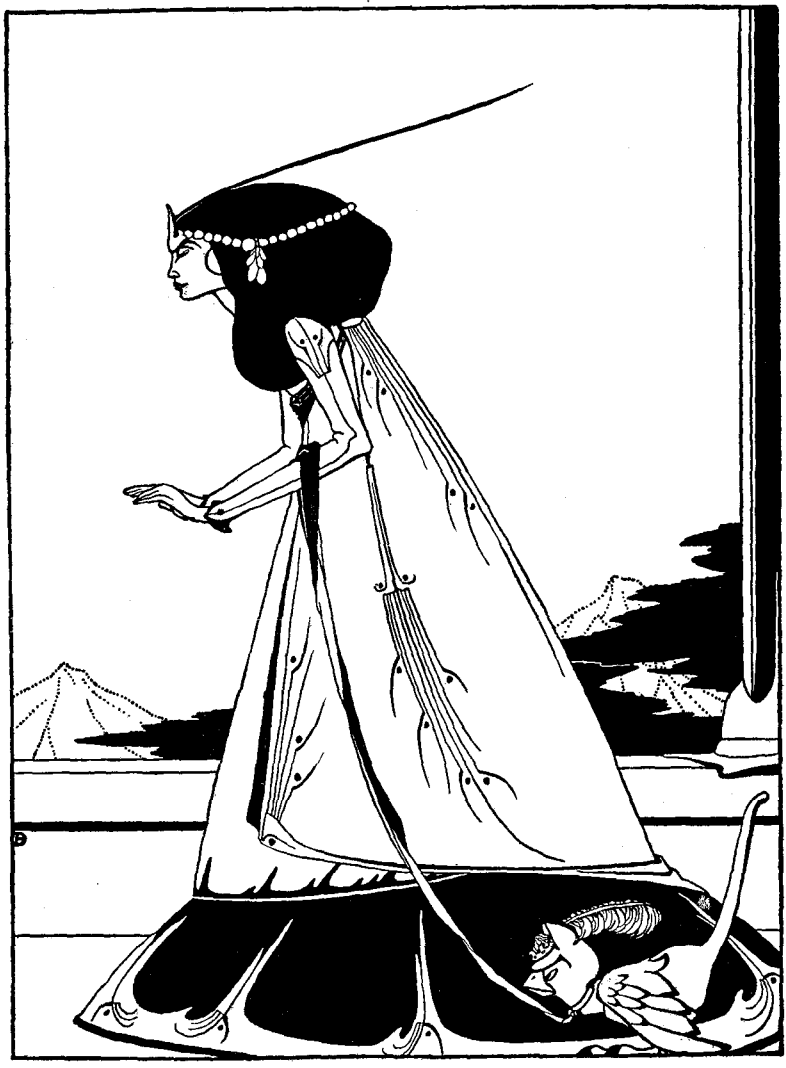

From *Salome*

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THE MONSTER

From Balzac's *The Girl with the Golden Eyes*

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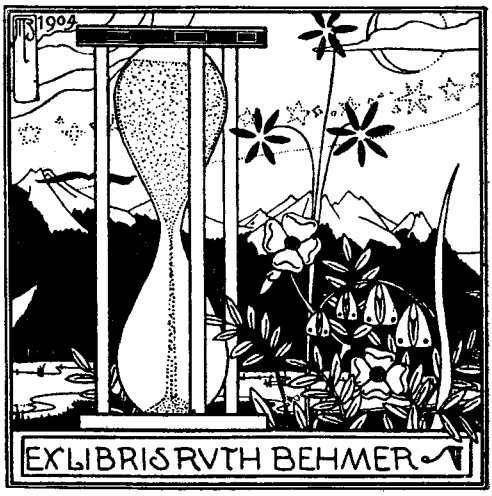
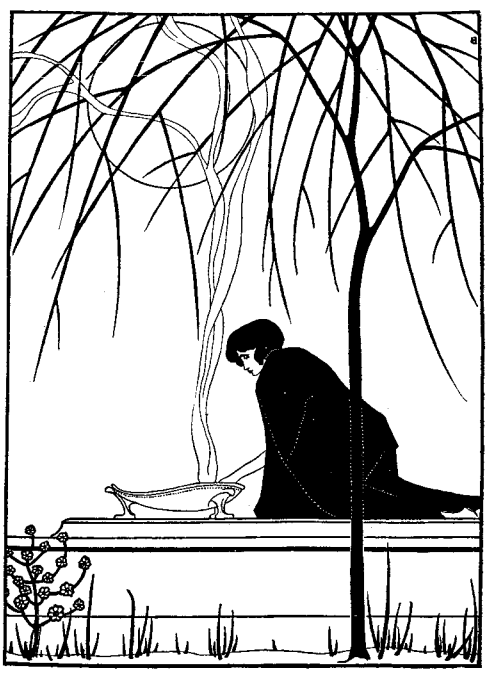
Bookplate of Dr. H. Möller



Bookplate of Fräulein Behmer

From *Salome*



From *Salome*

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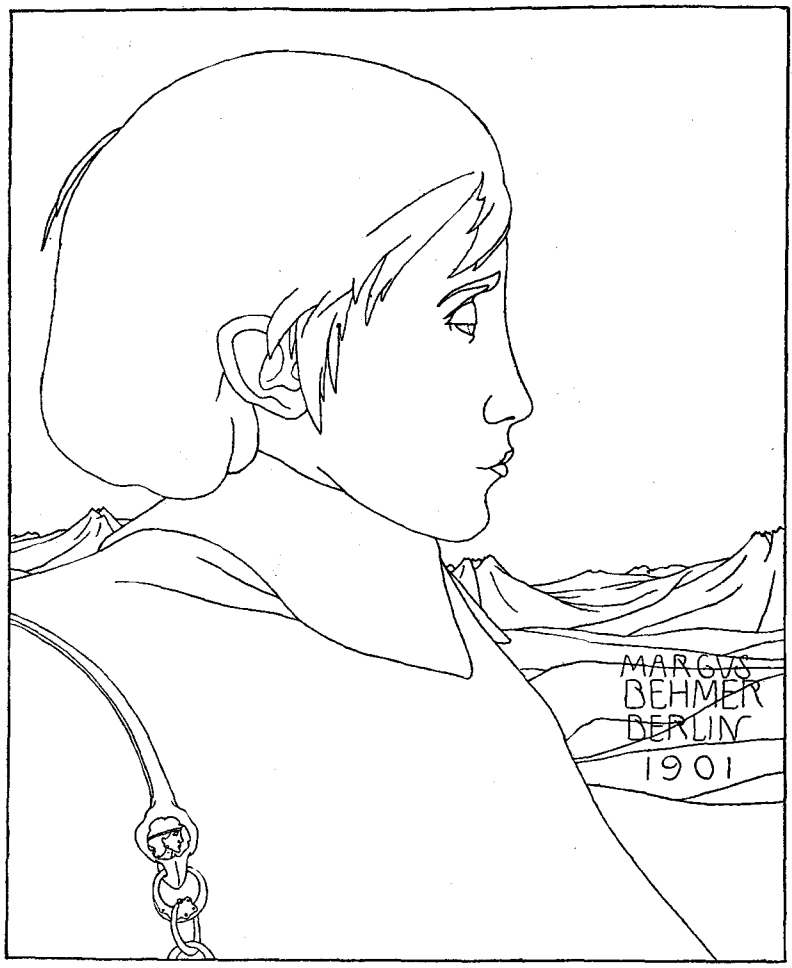

THE MANTEL CLASP. PORTRAIT

and this gift of talents and industry is too rare to pass without its rewards. Often in the same classes of work he goes to the very extremes—somewhat including sublimity and that which seems ridiculous, as one may see in his bookplates, two of which, recent ones, are here reproduced. Often his flights of fancy bring us into new worlds of the imagination; at least his drawing of "The Stolen Orchid" startles the lazy brain-cells up to a sense, perhaps, of double duty. Whatever may be said about Behmer's work up to the present time, there is reason to believe the future holds for him big things, and it remains to be seen to what realms his fancy and his accomplished technique will bring him in his maturity.

Gardner C. Teall.

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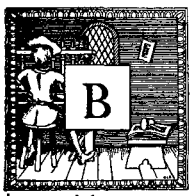
THE INSIDE LIFE OF THE STAGE

BY LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

IN TWO PARTS

PART II



Y the time a novice has secured her first theatrical engagement she knows, probably, that no one but a star, or, to be generous, a favourite comedian (if he is walking with a member of the firm) can pass through the "front of a house" to the stage. A playwright can pass through the "front of the house" as much as he likes, but let a player try it and the sandy-haired gentleman shoots his head out of the wicket and cries, "The back of the house, please," or, more tersely, "The back of the house," and retires to his cage licking his chops.

After this reproof the player asks her way of a small boy (all small boys know all stage doors), and eventually brings up at an aperture in a high wall over which hangs a solitary electric light. At this small door stands a griffin. He is an elderly griffin and a disappointed one, for it is the failures in life who guard the entrances to the theatres. To a novice who states her business in a shaking voice he is a dreadful person, but as time advances she finds him a very ordinary creature indeed, employing double negatives with the ease of their hired man back home and almost tremulously eager to secure her laundry. Farther along in the season he will leave his post to get her a sandwich, and she may share this with him on his return while he tells her of his "folks." But so invested is all that pertains to the stage in an atmosphere of unreality that at first even the power of the doorman assumes a paralysing vastness.

The passing of the griffin is not the last of the ordeal. At the end of a long hall containing an old upholstered sofa, upon which the night watchman is presumed not to sleep, is a great open space, cleared of scenery, dim and quiet now, with a nobility in its height and a dignity in its breadth and width which may well suggest to the beginner that the stage is not for her to elevate; rather for her a life-long climb to reach it.

Down by the footlights is a table and two chairs, both of them more comfortable than the stiff-backed affairs half circling this central group. A cluster of electric lights on an iron pole, known as a "bunch light," illumines the scene, and at the table stands a man with a worried air—he is the assistant stage manager—sorting out parts. He peers at her through the darkness, raises his hat, and presents her with a few pieces of typed manuscript the size of half a sheet of foolscap, each leaf being known as a "side," and bound in pale blue paper.

Two or three members of the company are already standing about with their backs to the light looking through their parts.

"What did they hand you, Hal?" one of the actors asks another.

"Looks like a lemon," announces Hal with jocular gloom, as he flips over the pages.

"Oh, you can't tell," responds the first actor. "Those bits often work up splendidly." The first actor was caressing a very thick part as he thus consoled.

It occurs to the young lady of the Elite Dramatic Club to follow their example, and she opens her part, scanning eagerly the text. At first it seems like a very good part, judging by lines. There are a number preceded by a series of dots, almost as many more in brackets, and at least five in the first act without any further embellishment than a capital letter at the beginning. Although she has played many parts before, she is not entirely at ease, for she always studied from the complete play in the *E. D. C.*, making little crosses in ink where her speeches were, and underlining the last few words of the lines preceding hers to take as a cue. Suddenly she wonders where *are* her cues if she has only her part and not the whole play, and she re-examines her

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rôle with awakening fears, which are verified, for all the speeches with dots before them are cues and all the matter in parentheses is the "business" of the play that she must follow, and in all the first act she has but five lines to speak!

By the time she has adjusted herself to this new order of things the company has assembled. Some, like herself, know no one, but they seat themselves with confidence, for they have been through it before. During the first day they do not speak at all, exchange nods on the second day, discover mutual friends on the third, and go out to lunch together arm in arm on the fourth—criticising the management.

A running commentary on people and things is not necessarily excluded until this fourth day, and more amusing "asides" can be gathered during a first rehearsal than are ever to be found in a comedy of the old school.

"Whom do you play opposite?" asks the heavy lady of the ingenue.

"I'm not sure," whispers the ingenue. "But if it's Charles H—— I shall lie down on the floor and scream. We played together three seasons ago, and he makes love looking straight at my forehead and never in my eyes."

"He is too young an actor for so old a trick," comments the heavy woman; "but you shouldn't worry over that. I hear all my scenes are with Marcus L—— in this play. He tore two trains off my back last year. I never knew such feet—why, Marcus, I'm delighted. You see, you have me on your hands for another season. How's the little wife?"

And the curious part of it all is, the villainess really *was* delighted, and so probably was Marcus, who had confided to a companion before he grasped her hands that "he could see what he was up against." No profession in the world is more free with their criticisms and more lavish in their friendships. It is the result, I believe, of the easy expenditure of the emotions to which I have previously referred—the result of the unguarded tongue and the unguarded heart.

The star lady, who now comes from the front of the house, feeling her way to the stage with the box-office gentleman guiding her footsteps through the dark, and the assistant stage manager yelling to the electrician for "house lights for Miss X"——this star lady has learned the necessity of watching that unruly member, her tongue, and also of picking her friendships with unerring aim. Repression, diplomacy, instinctive judging of men and women are some of the unadmitted qualities that make a star. It is not all bursting genius and technical knowledge of the stage. She must be a diplomat and a business woman. If the company is small, as a rule all other members are presented to her. Many of them she may know, and she moves from one group to another, recalling old associations and laughing over old-time escapades. The head of a company is no snob. She may conduct herself before her people during the working hours with dignity and reserve, she may confer with the leading actors, showing them much deference, while with the smaller members she may have very little to do, but in her friendships she gives herself great leeway, and the girl with whom she is most intimate out of the theatre is more often than not a subordinate in her company.

When the reading of the play begins she sits by the side of the author at the table, the company fills the half-circle and a great quiet falls as the portfolio containing the manuscript is opened. A playwright will find no more critical audience than this first one. Each actor listens for the appearance of his own part in the play, and eagerly follows the development of the plot to see how deeply he is concerned in it.

Often a part that reads well of itself is found to have little value when it is contrasted with the other characters. If it is a comedy rôle, the neighbour at his right may be found to have a better one, thus weakening his own. Sometimes the best scenes for this comedian come in the first or second act; he may have so little to do in the last of the piece that the audience is apt to forget him; sometimes a part with very good lines in it has so little bearing on the plot that it could be entirely done away with and cause no change in the development of the drama, and this is very bad for the actor. So they sit quietly for an hour and a half,

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with their hearts lightening or growing heavier as they learn their probable fate. Truly, it is a great gamble, and one only just begun with the reading of the play.

When the last typed leaf has been read, and after a polite round of applause from his pleased or disgusted audience, while the playwright gasps for water, the star, if she is an energetic person, or the day is Thursday, may suggest the "breaking in" of the first act. It may be very positively stated that she is a woman of energy; physical strength, or, rather, endurance, is another attribute that helps to make her a leader among her own, for an audience pins unconscious faith to a woman of vitality. If the day is Thursday, the play is put into rehearsal that it may not have its formal commencement on Friday, for all players know the dire consequences of such an act. This is not an invariable superstition, but one to be admitted along with a horror of peacock feathers on the stage, even when woven in the rugs, and the evil results of whistling in the dressing room, which proceeding inevitably causes the discharge of the man nearest the door.

As the stage manager breaks up the circle of chairs and roughly sets the stage (two chairs for a sofa, one for a table, several more outlining the confines of the room), the novice stands apart from the others, very miserable indeed, and wondering what they are doing at home. But she is not so long. It is one of the kindly traits of the men and women of her chosen profession that they are quick to recognise a signal of distress, and nothing appeals more keenly to them than loneliness, for they have been lonely themselves, and will again be lonely before they have run their course.

"Got a good part?" inquires a jolly-looking girl casually.

"I'm afraid not," smiles back the novice bravely; "but I'm only a beginner."

There are those who will contend that this confession of amateur is a mistake. It lays her open to an avalanche of advice which may grow wearisome, but it also calls forth the protective quality dormant in us all. By her confession she becomes the charge of the jolly-looking girl. The actress does not tell her this; instead she says good-humouredly, "You'll be all right. Just remember to speak up," and passes on.

The novice is inclined to tell her of past rôles in the Elite Dramatic Club, but her name is called and she steps, quaking, on to the scene. The playwright thrusts a pencil into her hand:

"You must change your cue. You enter some time before you speak. Write it down, please. 'Here's a health to her' will bring you on. You stay up stage and water the flowers."

"Up stage," repeats the novice. "Is it a raised platform?"

"No, no," whispers her actress friend, loitering near. "Up stage means way at the back from the footlights. Now watch for your speaking cue."

The girl keeps her eyes glued to her part while a couple of young men loll over an invisible fireplace and develop the plot of the play with what seems to her unnecessary lung power. As she hears the cue, she speaks her line.

There is a pause, and the playwright turns to his script and then to her. "That's Molly; yes, that's you."

"I did speak," quavered the leading lady of the Elite Dramatic Club.

"Then come down stage as you do so. Your voice doesn't carry."

The novice tried again.

"We can't hear you. Again, please," says the author.

The girl spoke once more.

"Louder," repeats the author smilingly.

Louder! To the novice her voice is reverberating through the empty house like thunder in the mountains, but she makes another effort. The playwright smiles again. The young men politely gaze into vacancy. It seems to the girl that every one must be laughing at her *gaucherie,* although as a matter of fact no one except her new-found friend knows that she is in existence.

"It's all a trick, the throwing of the voice," explains the author. "And the more natural the reading, the greater necessity for projecting your tones so that the audience can get what you are saying. You'll catch it with practice."

Practice! To one who has played the Lady of Lyons! She goes on, however, wisely without argument, marking the

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business in her part as the others are doing—L when they go left, R when they go right, "dusting furniture" and other directions through certain speeches, and so forth, until her scene—the time she is on the stage in that act—is over, and, making her exit between two chairs that serve as a doorway, she collapses on one-half of a third proffered by her new acquaintance.

"You'll get a laugh on that exit line of yours," confides her friend.

"A laugh!" It seems to the novice just then, so poor is her present estimation of herself, that a cabbage will surely be her portion.

For three weeks, possibly longer, the play is rehearsed. The company comes at ten or eleven, and sometimes there is an hour for lunch, and sometimes the members send out for sandwiches, for there is no cessation until nightfall. There are days when the play seems good, there are days when it is appallingly bad, and the actors exclaim covertly over the bad judgment of the management. If it is a comedy, the situation is often depressing, for there is nothing so ghastly as funny lines without an audience to laugh at them; even the playwright weakly endeavouring to hide his smiles over his pet scenes is no encouragement to them.

Sometimes at the last moment the play is found to be "spotty" (weak in places). New scenes are written and hurriedly substituted, and the exquisite torture of forgetting old lines and learning new ones may continue until the very hour of the first performance. Memorising quickly is a gift that is not possessed by every actor of ability. Some of them must grind out their lines at home by repeatedly writing them over, or by walking the floor from deepening night to the dawn of morning. Others, with few requisites beyond that of memory, absorb their lines at rehearsal and give very little thought to their work outside of the theatre.

A rehearsal before the scenes are set up and the properties are in use might suggest a madhouse to a visiting Mr. Gradgrind who deals in facts. No sooner is the part out of an actor's hands than he begins to act, touching the imaginary articles with the same care he would employ were they really in his hands. He does this unconsciously, with no attempt at humour, and the playwright or whoever may be acting as stage manager sits in judgment on his movements.

An actress pours out an imaginary cup of tea for a caller, timing the operation and fussing with the imaginary tea things so that she may deliver the cup at a certain moment, possibly at the end of the speech, in order to emphasise her line. The caller leans forward and accepts the "pretend" tea cup, gravely stirs the sugar and sips from the imaginary spoon, fitting this all in with her speeches as she does so. She leans over once more to the imaginary table and takes an imaginary sandwich, proceeding to eat it, but here the stage manager stops her.

"I would take that sandwich a little later, Miss X——" he says. "You are eating it now, you see, and your mouth is full for your serious speech."

"I had thought," says Miss X——, "that I could get a laugh, perhaps, by delivering that last speech to her and then, turning quickly, take the sandwich. It will 'humour' the speech a little—give the audience time to get the point."

"That may be right," assents the author. "But lay it on your plate and eat it later." The which is gravely done, to the bewilderment of the Mr. Gradgrind, who has wandered into the madhouse.

His perplexity may deepen into horror should he discover a quietly dressed woman seated on the knee of a young man, or perhaps rising and reseating herself a dozen times while they discover the best way of following the "business" easily. "If they laugh, of course it's all off," says the stage manager, who stands over them. There is only one "they," and that is the audience, to the three in discussion.

After a few lines the young man gathers her close to him and kisses her, and this may be the exit of Mr. Gradgrind. Possibly the actor does not really kiss the actress. The kiss may never be done at all until the dress rehearsal, but if it is, it makes no difference to the quietly dressed woman. A stage kiss has

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about the value of a handshake to men and women of the theatre, except that it must be more delicately handled; and there is nothing more maddening to a player than the suggestion from an outsider that there could be any possible emotion in the stage embrace. A kiss is the medium of expressing love, as is the deepening of the voice, the drooping of the eyelids, but beyond that it is only a piece of "business," fraught with no more dire consequence than the fear of disfiguring the other's lips or cheeks with the imprint of one's rouged mouth.

There are rare instances when an actor has stepped out of his character as he has embraced a woman upon the stage. Sometimes this is done in a spirit of mischief, but it never fails to bring down the wrath of the actress upon his head. Immediately she recognises the personal side, and, deeply insulted, she demands an apology. One of our best-known actresses once played a girl that was murdered in the third act—as one naturally would be—and over whose body her lover nightly mourned. Amused at what he called her "prudity," he was apt to overdo his mourning as he held her to his breast, and, after fair warning, the murdered girl startled her audience one evening by boxing her lover's ears and walking off the stage. The rest of the play naturally went to pieces, but the actress was upheld by the management and the actor dismissed from the company.

In some organisations the properties (which embody all of the articles that are necessary in the action of the play) are used almost from the first rehearsal, and this is an excellent idea, and of particular assistance to the feeble-minded. Witness one occasion when a young woman, after jerking an imaginary bell rope for three weeks, did the same thing on the first night, although the real bell rope was waiting to be jangled well within her vision. The property man is the most constant of visitors, and, with pad in hand, stands by the proscenium arch and jots down what is needed as the play proceeds; the head stage carpenter confers with the playwright and scratches his head in despair over his ideas as to the swinging of the doors and the raising and lowering of "practical" windows; and the upholsterer comes in with the colours of the draperies, while the women cluster about him holding up samples of their gowns, to see if they harmonise.

The gowning of a part is an item that every actress must consider when she signs her contract, for the days of cotton-backed velvet have gone. Many of the best companies furnish even the modern gowns, and practically all firms supply the costumes that are not of this day. It is the star that first chooses her colours, and the leading or heavy woman who has second choice, taking great care that her gowns harmonise perfectly; the little ingenue comes next, and so on down the scale, until the scheme is arranged and the rainbow heavily taxed. The topic of clothes takes the same place during rehearsal as it does at an afternoon tea, enlivened occasionally by a free expression of opinion should one of the number confess to having changed the colour of her gown without warning.

There is more nervousness than anger in their reproaches, for the coming night is drawing near, and the entire company are beginning to feel the tension that will not give way until the asbestos curtain is lowered and the musicians are playing out the house. The nervousness begins with the dress rehearsals, even with the scenic rehearsals. While the properties may have been in use for a week, the scenes are not, as a rule, set up until three or four days before the first night, and here the hard vigils begin, when the actor apparently takes second place as he sits in the boxes and waits weary hours for the acts to be called, the air ringing with the sound of the hammer and the oaths of the stage hands.

There may be one, there may be two, there may be half a dozen dress rehearsals, but a play never seems quite ready for a production until the curtain rises on the first night. And then it passes off so easily to all of those in front that I often wonder if any of the audience realise the hours spent in the rehearsing such small details as electric sunrises, or the flooding of a room with light from the bringing in of a lamp.

I wonder if they ever picture the members of the company only the night be-

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fore—that very morning, rather—sitting about, wan eyed and haggard, at the last dress rehearsal as the manager, cigar gripped between his teeth, storms up and down the aisle. "A child could do it, a child could do it," storms the manager at the electrician, and the man at the switchboard does not reply—for in the morning is not the hour for back talk. They have all had their raking over—the stage carpenter for the creaking door, the property man for the wobbly lamp, the players for letting down the climax—at four in the morning. And every man holds his tongue, for the stage is the greatest school for discipline in all the world.

The company knows that the manager is also in the deadly grip of "stage fright," and they have a certain passionate sympathy for him. There is no disputing this nervousness and no explaining it. There is no definite reason why an actor should not be as nervous on the second night as on the first. He can know his lines no better on the second night, and be only a little more familiar with the handling of his part. It cannot be fear of the critics, for they are in attendance on the second and often on the third nights. Moreover, this deadly terror is not limited to the actors; it is shared by every living creature back on the stage, from the star, who, white lipped, covers her fear with rouge, to the old doorman, who with shaking fingers signs for the telegrams.

Back in the dressing rooms the silence is oppressive. The doorman goes from room to room bringing flowers, notes and countless telegrams of good luck from theatrical friends. Between dabs of make-up the actress tears open her missives. Some of them bring a smile to the lips, and all of them warm the cockles of her heart. "Half hour" has been called by the assistant stage manager. "Fifteen minutes" has been called, and then "Overture" sounds like a knell upon their ears, for the first chord of music on a "first night" is one of the terrible sensations in an actor's life.

The company assemble in the wings for their various entrances. The young lady of the Elite Dramatic Club, who has been made up by her friend and is looking extremely well, is asking herself why she should be so scared over her eight lines when she has played the Lady of Lyons; the old comedian is complaining of nausea and wondering if he'll ever outgrow this foolish fear; and the star lady is nodding and smiling wanly to those who wish her luck. Then the music dies out. The actors and actresses shake one another's hands silently as they stand side by side waiting for their cues, the curtain rises and the young men who lolled over an invisible mantlepiece three weeks ago commence their dialogue in perfectly controlled voices, but with horror in their hearts.

When the novice enters she too finds her voice under better control than she ever had it before, and she finds herself thinking with wonderful clearness far, far ahead of the scene, and, as she follows the business given her, instinctively she adds certain deft touches, but she does not know that this is the "inspiration of the moment" of which she has heard so much, and which can be relied upon only when the tension is at its highest. As she exits she pitches her comedy line way out over the heads of the audience with what she would call frightful exaggeration, and there is a quick laugh from a quick woman in the front row, then a swelling up of chuckling appreciation from all over the house, and after she has left, more laughter and a spatter of hands, for the line has a double meaning and grows upon the audience.

The young men that are on the stage stand quietly until the laughter has died down a bit. Had they moved as though to speak, instantly the laughter would have ceased, for the attention of the audience would have been distracted. It is a cruel trick, and one never employed by generous men and women of the stage. It occurs more often on a *premiere* than on any other night, for one never knows until a comedy is played before an audience just where the "laughs" will come, and frequentliy the lines that are humorous to the actor pass unnoticed by the house.

The act proceeds, old favourites are welcomed, and the star receives a prolonged burst of applause. It is the tonic she has needed. She responds with every quiver of her nerves, for there is no

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sweeter music to an artist than the clapping of many hands. At the close of the first act the actors gather at the entrance for the calls. Like the play, they, too, have been rehearsed, and the company, then the principal members, then the star alone, quickly assemble between the rising and falling of the curtain. Many curtains are not encouraged by the management at the end of the first act, and the audience, who think they are fixing these matters to suit themselves, do not realise that their applause has been checked by the turning up of the lights in the body of the house and the dimming of the footlights.

Between the acts the "crew" of the theatre are having their innings. Like every well-organised body of men, there is something stirring in their attack upon their work, and the "striking," or taking apart, of one scene and the setting up of another in a New York theatre is a piece of "master building" that even Ibsen would admire.

Each man has his allotted flat or backing to seize as the word "strike" is given by the stage manager and echoed by the boss carpenter to his force. In a twinkling the ropes are loosened and the dissolving scenes are cunningly careened, the canvas resisting like a sail, and swept to their places against the wall. At a clap of the carpenter's hands the men in the flies lift the ceiling of the room, and, dropping the two front corners, carry it up like a drop curtain. The back drop is lifted at another clap, and the clearers with the property men having stowed the furniture systematically in some far corner, the stage is ready for its new setting.

The manager, with his watch in hand, and the playwright, who has emerged from his box, assist and exhort. The sweat pours from the faces of the carpenters. There is no noise save the dragging of the canvases, the slashing of the guy ropes as they bind the scenes together, and the thump, thump of many rubber-soled shoes. The property man refers constantly to his long-printed list that hangs in his room, and the electrician nervously re-reads his directs and cues for the dimming of the lights.

When the stage is set the act proceeds, for the actors *must* be ready, and the star is very sure to be. She knows the fretfulness of a waiting audience. All through the comedy the actors wait in their entrances, their faces the picture of misery until with the approaching of their cue, they assume a smile as unreal but quite as effective as the electric sun, into whose path of light they step.

At the end of the second act the curtain is run up and down with incredible swiftness considering two men are doing the work, and the number of calls are kept count of by the stage manager. The house lights are still down and these two *ruses* seem to arouse the unconscious audience to even greater enthusiasm. There is a call for the author, and after some pretty bowing and scraping he is prevailed upon to make the speech he has written and rehearsed a number of times. If he has not written one he talks badly, and one wishes that he had, but, good or ill, the company listens through cracks of the canvas and gather around to shake hands with him upon his exit. Every one is feeling very happy at the end of the "big act" on a first night.

It is when the curtain drops for the last time that the player finds she is weary, that her shoes have pinched her all the evening, that there is a hair-pin pressing against her skull. But as she clambers up the stairs to her room, her heart may be soaring to the flies, for her part "went well"! As she undresses, she reviews her lines to herself and recalls where were the "laughs," and how delicious were those bursts of unexpected applause. She is very, very happy, for she has made a hit. In the room next to her another woman may be silently disrobing, too proud to let the tears come —yet too broken to hide from her anxious maid the undisputable truth—that she has failed. On her dressing table, among all the messages of good luck, lies a hasty note from the management, formal—not unkindly—concise—"accept this as your two weeks' notice"—runs the note. Two weeks of salary after the months of waiting, the long rehearsals, the expensive wardrobe! She gathers up her telegrams and goes quietly home, and after she has cried a day or two she

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will begin to seek another engagement, for she is bound to the theatre with those ties of unquestioning affection that admit of no disputing and of no understanding.

One flight higher up the young lady of the Elite Dramatic Club is explaining to her friend just how she got that "laugh," and the friend, who thinks she taught her how to land it herself, nevertheless smiles indulgently. This is no night for hair splitting, the friend decides, just let her wait until she starts to understudy, and she'll find how much she has to learn. The thought is comforting, and together they descend the steps, and cross the stage to the street entrance. The great space is cleared again and dim in the light of a single lamp. Three weeks before the novice had found it so, with a nobility in its height and a dignity in its breadth and width which might well awe the newcomer. But she lifts her head with a proprietary air, eyes shining, and sniffs the musty odour of the work-shop.

Her "first night" is over, and she is on and of the stage.

A DUEL OVER SIMPLIFIED SPELLING

I

THE THRUST BY DR. BENJAMIN E. SMITH

January 16, 1907.

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN.

GENTLEMEN: In Professor Peck's views on the simplification of spelling I have no concern. His misstatements of facts, however, should not be allowed to pass unchallenged, especially when he impugns the good faith of honourable men. In an article in the January BOOKMAN, he says:

"Just one thing alone we find it difficult to forgive the faddists [namely, the members of the Simplified Spelling Board], and that is the misrepresentation of fact which they have allowed themselves. Many of them have asserted that the American Philological Association has given its approval to the list of three hundred spellings, whereas in fact the Association has done nothing of the sort. There are, indeed, only three members of that Association who take any active and pernicious interest in the thing. . . . Professor March is an aged scholar who is personally liked by his associates, and hence no one wished to hurt his feelings by burking a project which, after all, was far less radical than any which he would himself have fathered. And so the whole matter was quietly referred to a committee of the Association, in whose portfolio it will slumber peacefully and die still-born. This is the plain truth about a circumstance as to which too many Simple Spellers have gone beyond the bounds of strict veracity. A cause, indeed, is in a bad way when its advocates have to bolster up its pretensions by arrant fiction."

It is difficult to characterise this tissue of misstatements with moderation. If Professor Peck wrote it in ignorance of the fact that it is false, both literally and in its implications, the matter would be serious enough; but since it seems clear that with knowledge of the actual facts—for these are accessible to every one—he has distorted them in order to discredit the reform by bringing the charge of deliberate mendacity against men whose intellectual and moral standing should protect them from such gross assaults, the enormity of the offence is obvious. It can be fittingly described only in words which I am loth to use, but which every gentleman can supply.

As for the facts, his statement (upon which he bases his charge of mendacity) that "many of them [namely, the members of the Spelling Board] have asserted that the American Philological Association has given its approval to the list of three hundred spellings" is not

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only false but ridiculous. This list was selected last spring, while the annual meeting of the Philological Association has only recently occurred (in January). The list, as such, could not have come before the Association, unless in prophetic vision, at the time Professor Peck's screed was written and, of course, no one has asserted that it did. What has been asserted, and all that has been asserted, is that the list is in accord, as far as it goes, with the rules for simplification agreed upon by the Philological Society of London and the American Philological Association in 1883, and that most of the three hundred words in it are contained in the much longer list made under these rules and published in the *Transactions* of the American Philological Association in 1886—and this assertion is literally true. It must have been known to be true to Professor Peck, and his reference to "the list of three hundred spellings" must have been deliberately known to be misleading.

Equally false is his statement that, to avoid hurting the feelings of Dr. March "by burking a project which, after all, was far less radical than any which he would himself have fathered," "the whole matter was quietly referred to a committee of the Association, in whose portfolio it will slumber peacefully and die still-born." As it stands, it implies action by the Association upon "the list of three hundred spellings" and is, of course, "arrant fiction." But even apart from this implication it is erroneous. What are the facts? In 1876 the Association, as a result of long discussion, led by March, Whitney, Trumbull, Child, and Haldeman, adopted and published an emphatic declaration in favour of spelling reform, and in 1883, as I have said, agreed with the English society to recommend twenty-four rules of simplification. This, which really embodies "the whole matter," is the official action of the Association, action taken, as Dr. March has stated, *nemine contradicente*. It has never been rescinded or officially disclaimed. If the Association has done little since that time it is largely because, from its point of view, little more remained for it to do. The practical work had to be done by others. So far, then, from lying in the "portfolio" of a committee of the Association the "whole matter," essentially, lies spread upon its records. As for the London Society, I have in my hand a paper entitled "Partial Corections [*sic*] of English Spellings Aproovd [*sic*] of by the Philological Society" published for the Society, in simplified spelling, in 1881. The statement, accordingly, that the Spelling Board is trying to carry out the recommendations of the philological societies—in substance the only statement with regard to the matter which the Board has made—is perfectly correct; and its truth is not affected a particle by the attitude of certain present members of the Association. The guilt of mendacity does not lie with the Spelling Board.

Of Professor Peck's personal attack upon the members of the Board one or two things should be said. Professor March needs no defender; but I must confess that Professor Peck's patronising comments upon the most eminent of living American philologists strike me as particularly absurd. As a professor of Latin Dr. Peck has a certain reputation as a philologist to lose. If he is so unfortunate as to lose it—say thru such articles as that in the BOOKMAN—I may say that out of his superfluity Dr. March can give him a dozen quite as good and out of his goodness of heart will doubtless wish to do so. Dr. March is no doubt, as Dr. Peck slightingly intimates, advanced in years, but his activity as a spelling-reformer dates from his prime, when, it may be added, he had as his chief colaborers Whitney and Child, with his the greatest names in the history of American philology. Further, it pleases Professor Peck to refer to the members of the Board as "faddists." If by this he means that, in his judgment, spelling-reform is a fad, no one need object. But the implication of the word is that those who believe in simplification are weak-minded—"half-baked," as he elsewhere expresses it—and it is evidently used to throw discredit upon them. To this insult the names and, in many cases, the international reputation of the members of the Board are a sufficient reply.

Finally, the "collapse of spelling re-

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form" is not obvious to those who know anything about the practical side of it. I may admit that, while I long have been heartily in favour of it, I have been very pessimistic with regard to results. The practical—psychological—obstacles in the way have seemed to me to be too great to be overcome. It has appeared to me that Professor Skeat might be right in saying that the way to reform in spelling is permanently blocked "by the crass ignorance of an obstinate and indocile public, who not only do not know, but do not wish to learn." But during the past year I have become optimistic. The results of the Board's work during a few months have proved that the public is not wholly "obstinate and indocile." On the contrary, strong and active support has been received from the most intelligent portion of the community to an extent which is, to me, amazing. The cause of "simplification" was never stronger than it is to-day; and to-day it is a hundredfold stronger than it was a year ago.

BENJAMIN E. SMITH.

II

THE PARRY AND RIPOSTE BY PROFESSOR PECK

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

It was with peculiar pleasure that I read the letter addressed to you by Dr. Benjamin E. Smith. Ten years ago that gentleman and I had a slight controversy on the subject of Fonetik Refawrm—a controversy to which I have always looked back with satisfaction. It is interesting to find him once more in arms against me. Dr. B. E. Smith is a perfect model of everything that a controversialist ought not to be. Whenever any one displeases him, his gorge invariably rises; he sees all things red; and with closed eyes, he lowers his head and makes a wild, mad rush in the direction of his adversary. On reading his letter I experienced a sensation such as a seasoned *matador* must feel when he confronts in the arena a pawing, snorting, bellowing, rage-blinded Andalusian bull.

Dr. B. E. Smith quotes me as having said that the faddists claimed to have the support of the American Philological Association; and he goes on to explain that by "the faddists" I meant the members of the Spelling Board. How did he discover that? I did not say so. Unfortunately, there are other faddists in the field—a great many more than such as may belong to the Spelling Board. Dr. B. E. Smith is, or used to be, a student of philosophy. A good many years ago he wrote and published an appendix to Schwegler's History of Philosophy, and in this appendix he classed a Massachusetts thinker named Laurens P. Hickok with such world-philosophers as Schopenhauer, Hartmann, Comte, and Herbert Spencer—a fact which gives one a fairly good idea of Dr. B. E. Smith's perception of true values. Still, having studied philosophy, he ought to know something about logic, which is the handmaid of philosophy. Hence, he should understand that while all members of the Spelling Board may possibly be faddists, it does not logically follow that all faddists are members of the Spelling Board. Of course, there may be a Hickokian system of logic as well as a Hickokian system of philosophy; and by that system Dr. B. E. Smith's inferences may be possible. But if so, none save Dr. B. E. Smith has found it out.

As a matter of fact, I did not say nor did I mean to intimate, that any members of the Spelling Board had claimed that the American Philological Association has given its approval to the "three hundred words." My accomplished but misguided friend, Professor Brander Matthews, had assured me to the contrary. The faddists whom I had in mind were those poor, weak, wambling, witless creatures who would not be welcomed with cordiality even by the Spelling Board.

As to the attitude of the Association toward the Simple Spellers, it is better not to take the opinion of an unofficial person like Dr. B. E. Smith, but rather to go to the fountain-head for information. I should like, therefore, to insert at this point a letter written to THE

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BOOKMAN last October by that very erudite and accurate scholar, Professor F. G. Moore of Dartmouth College, Secretary of the Association, and the official custodian of its records. It is not strictly necessary to cite anything beyond the part which is printed in italics. But as the rest of the letter is extremely interesting, I give it *in extenso*. Professor Moore wrote as follows:

HANOVER, N. H.
October 2, 1906.

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN.

DEAR SIRS: In reply to your kind inquiry, I can not persuade myself that anything better than confusion is likely to result from the attempt to simplify the spelling of a given list of words this year, another list next year, and so on.

When asked why "through" is to be reformed, while "sigh" and "sight" and "thought," etc., are left alone, it is hardly satisfactory to answer that the Board is probably reserving that class of words for the campaign of 1910, by which time it will have become evident whether we can really endure "thru" or not. Spelling has, to my mind, nothing sacred about it; but practical uniformity is absolutely essential. A picturesquely varied spelling belongs to an age which reads deliberately, and has time to stop and apply the personal equation. The more conditions force us to skim over a large amount of printed matter every day, the more we shall object to every stumbling-block.

No one claims, I believe, that anything like uniformity of practice can possibly result from the present agitation, even on this side of the Atlantic. And certainly an increasing divergence from the English standard, at a time when the two countries are daily approaching each other, is something to be regarded with genuine alarm.

The argument that the grown-up world should sacrifice itself on the altar of infancy might have some weight, if one could believe that the schools would find a really profitable use for the time thus saved to the pupil.

In the newspapers it has been made to appear that the American Philological Association stands as sponsor for Simplification. The Association is, of course, interested in the problems of English spelling, but the present membership does not feel itself pledged to any method or reform, or even to the cause of reform itself. No action of recent date commits the Association to a policy in the matter, and its yearly volumes have never followed officially simplified spellings, except as individual contributors here and there saw fit to do so.

Very truly yours,
FRANK GARDNER MOORE.

This is strictly official. It is quite beside the mark for Dr. B. E. Smith to recall the fact that, thirty-one years ago, a majority of those who were then members of the Association expressed, in a purely academic and theoretical fashion, their approval of the simplification of our spelling. What I wrote quite obviously referred to the Association as it is to-day and to its views regarding the three hundred words over which the Spelling Board has made so much to-do. As a matter of pure theory, everybody believes in the simplification of English spelling. I believe in it quite as earnestly as does Dr. B. E. Smith. But I would wish to have it come about precisely as it has done in the past, naturally, slowly, and by the unconscious operation of phonetic laws; while Dr. Smith would have it wrought out through violence, by the use of the money of a millionaire and by the arbitrary edict of a President of the United States, who has no more right to dictate how any one shall spell than he has to issue an Executive Order against the precession of the equinoxes. When I said that the movement for Simplified Spelling had collapsed, I said so because it really has collapsed. Dr. B. E. Smith thinks otherwise; but the facts are all against him. The President has had to crawl out of the whole thing in a fashion that must have been most humiliating to him; and Dr. B. E. Smith himself, in the letter which is published here, has not the courage to use the kind of spelling which the Spelling Board approves, save in the case of a single word. His neglect to do so is to be explained, as he would say, psychologically. He knows perfectly well that had he followed his own rules in this matter, his indignant outburst would have appeared even more absurd than it does now. And I confidently submit to all THE BOOKMAN'S

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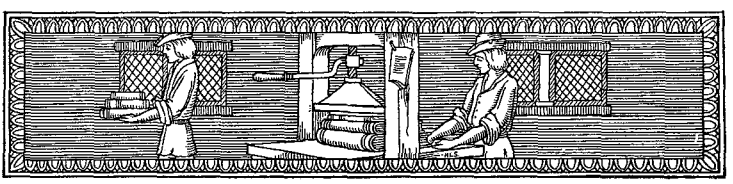
readers this question: If Simplified Spelling had not in reality collapsed and if its future were in reality so bright, would Dr. B. E. Smith have fallen into such a dreadful fit of temper?

One other question has been raised by Dr. B. E. Smith, and this is somewhat personal. He says that I have spoken in a patronising way of certain members of the Spelling Board, and that my manner was insulting when I wrote the sentence: "Professor Francis A. March is an aged scholar." Now when I wrote this, it did not seem to me to be insulting. Professor March undoubtedly *is* a scholar, and therefore I described him as a scholar. As he is in his eighty-second year, it seemed natural enough to speak of him as aged. But I see now that I was wrong. I should have written: "Professor Francis A. March is a blithesome youth." Yet how could I have known that this is what Dr. B. E. Smith regarded as desirable? Perhaps it will be said that in mentioning Professor March, I might have added that he is a gentleman of great distinction; but this seemed quite unnecessary, since everybody knows it; precisely as in mentioning Dr. B. E. Smith, it is equally unnecessary to add that, as a controversialist, he is bad tempered, illogical, and just a little bit ridiculous—for everybody knows that, too.

If, however, I had really been discourteous, it must strike the reader that Dr. B. E. Smith is not the proper person to call me to account. His letter would hardly be selected as embodying a fine example of the amenities of debate. When (not to put too fine a point upon it) he intimates that I am guilty of wilful falsehood, he seems to lack the essential elements of good breeding. But perhaps in this matter he has been influenced by the example of another conspicuous Simple Speller, Mr. T. Roosevelt, who is, I believe, an honourary member of the Spelling Board. Since the year 1904, Mr. Roosevelt has applied this term so freely as to make it less significant and less offensive than it used to be. In these days, *Theodoro consule,* when some one calls you "a deliberate and atrocious liar," it simply means that your opinions differ from his own. Indeed, Mr. Roosevelt has described so many of the wise and good as "liars," that the name is coming to be viewed, not as a deadly insult, but almost as a badge of honour.

Nevertheless, when all is said and done, Dr. B. E. Smith is, in my opinion, a good man. He cannot keep his temper; his gorge is always rising—a most unpleasant thing—and his intellectuals work strangely. Still, I repeat, he is undoubtedly a good man. I would even describe him as a blithesome youth, did his letter not make it so excruciatingly evident that he is not a bit blithesome at the present moment. It would not be difficult, however, to describe him as a youth; since he very plainly does not possess that poise and self-control and serene *urbanitas* which are, or ought to be, the attributes of a wise maturity.

HARRY THURSTON PECK.



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MR. HOWELLS AND AMERICAN ARISTOCRACIES

O much has been said about Mr. Howells's long line of novels as pictures of contemporary American life, they have been studied from so many varying viewpoints, individually and collectively, that it would appear as if no remote corner of the territory that he has made his own had remained unexplored. Still, in travelling over even the familiar paths, new angles of vision may be discovered, yielding new interest, suggesting new meanings, though the point of departure must ever remain that decisive event at the beginning of Mr. Howells's career, his migration eastward. Not the least important of the results of this early step was that preoccupation with the problem of American aristocracies which forms so important a part of the atmosphere of his urban novels. Born and brought up in the simple social environment of the Middle West in the first part of the last century, Mr. Howells discovered in the wider world that the American's fundamental determination to rise may be directed into a special channel, that of social aspiration; that, in other words, he possesses an "aristocratic instinct" which, in favouring surroundings, may grow as strong as it has ever been in the Old World. The growth of this instinct, and of its influence during half a century upon American life, may be traced in Mr. Howells's stories of Boston and New York, from *A Chance Acquaintance,* published in 1873, to *Letters Home,* which appeared thirty years later. Throughout these novels, to be enumerated presently, the interest centres, as in all Mr. Howells's fiction, in the East—is sectional,—the standard of comparison being that Middle West which, in his opinion, became what New England might have been. One finds, indeed, on passing in review these books, that the majority of their characters that count are taken thence, or from those parts of rural New England and western New York that may be classed with it in the older native simplicity of their social order. Basil March, Mr. Howells's fictional companion through life, it will be remembered, was born in Crawfordsville, and had lived in Minneapolis before Boston welcomed him and fashioned him into the Bostonian he became—a Bostonian ever qualified by the saving graces of his early environment, the "free, friendly manner of the West." Silas Lapham was a Vermonter, from the Canadian border; Lemuel Barker, in *The Minister's Charge,* was discovered by the Rev. David Sewell in Willoughby Pastures, which must be in Massachusetts. Wallace Ardith, in *Letters Home,* came from Iowa to seek literary fame and fortune in New York. The head of the "Cheese and Churn Trust," in the same novel, and his statuesque daughter, are from the same State. Jeff Durgin, who aspired to become *The Landlord at Lion's Head,* was a rural New Englander; his involuntary mentor in Boston, Joe Westover, was a son of the farm. The hero of *The World of Chance* is from the Middle West again, but when the author approaches cosmopolitan New York in good earnest, he takes the multi-millionaire, Dryfoos, from Pennsylvania Dutchdom, and, realist that he is, gives representation to the city's Southern contingent in both *A Hazard of New Fortunes* and *Letters Home.* But, on the whole, the South is not vitally represented in his studies of American life. The immigrant he employs but sparingly, Lindau in the earlier one of the two novels just mentioned, and Stoller in *Their Silver Wedding Journey* alone being worth mentioning.

A goodly company this of average Americans, all of them drawn direct from life. Hence their real significance to us, but hence, also, certain limitations in the size and depth of the canvases, since an artist who will depict only what he himself has seen and watched and understood, must needs leave unexplored much that

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lies beyond his direct field of observation. True to his gospel of realism, Mr. Howells has left untouched certain phases of the life he has depicted so well, apparently because he could gain no direct knowledge of them; and it would appear as if it were these very phases of the growing complexity of the society under consideration that by their absence have made his final pictures appear somewhat fragmentary. The upward struggle toward better things, material and of the spirit, that characterised the growth of the American East during the second half of the nineteenth century is mirrored in Mr. Howells's pages up to, say, the end of its eighth decade. The swollen, almost monstrous, proportions to which our material life has grown since then are not included in his studies. He has never known, he has certainly never sought to portray, the emperors of finance in whose honour the Kaiser orders out the guards; he has never found the opportunity to follow the present-day fortunes of all that body of stupendous wealth which, as he himself acknowledges in *London Films,* has "already flowered from a plutocracy into a patriciate." *Letters Home,* the last of these stories, marks the limit set by circumstance to Mr. Howells's opportunities of observation. It is not only the ambitious Miss Ralson who in its pages stands outside the blank wall of a well-entrenched patriciate of untold wealth. Mr. Howells stands beside her, frankly confessing that he knows no more than she—and even less—of the true inwardness of the life within.

II

The adventures of Mr. Howells's characters with the American aristocracy fall readily into three periods: a brief pre-, or rather anti-, Bostonese episode of plain Americanism undefiled and somewhat ruffled in *A Chance Acquaintance;* a long, fruitful and profitable period of appreciation of the Boston patriciate, to which we owe *The Rise of Silas Lapham, The Minister's Charge, The Landlord at Lion's Head;* and, finally, the New York period, in its inception a comparative one, with both Boston and the Middle West as the standards of comparison, which has produced *A Hazard of New Fortunes, The World of Chance, Letters Home* (wherein the vanishing Boston has its final reincarnation in the person of Mr. Otis Binning), and, as a protest against it all, the *Traveller from Altruria.* It is important to remember, in an inquiry into Mr. Howells's studies of our successive patriciates, that his New York period was also the period of his discipleship of Tolstoy and his philosophical socialism, for these books present fairly and clearly the successive phases of his attitude toward aristocracy and the competitive system of which it is alike the flower and the burden. The brief first stage presents the "plain" American's stern disapproval of all class distinctions. The second depicts appreciatively and at length the beauty of culture and of a "manner" perfected in the security of a position bought at the cost of withdrawal beyond competition—at the cost, that is, of inevitable ultimate extinction,—the charm of the old patriciate of Boston, guarding and fostering in payment for its consideration and privileges the cause of civilisation in its deeper sense, making a home for it in an otherwise inhospitable environment.

The third period is that of New York at the close of its era of crassest crudity, at the end of its thirty years of shoddy, coal-oil, natural gas, wildcat railroad and mining shares, the period of all the brutal wealth too rapidly gained in the four corners of a continent crowding into the city, and overtaxing even its robust assimilative powers, the three decades during which Gotham suffered most grievously from its undigested millionaires. The social aspect of this turmoil, contrasting so glaringly with Boston's repose, would have furnished the material for an immortal satire to Mr. Howells's mellow, sensitive humour, but behold, by this time Tolstoy and socialistic speculation had taken possession of him, and he saw only the ugliness and the cost. Here was a new patriciate in the earliest stages of its evolution, and they were repulsive: its origins were not yet hidden in the past. To many fortunes still clung tales of sharp dealing, rank dishonesty, low cunning, or troglodytic violence; to others, still newer, was ascribed the rise

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in prices of the necessaries of life of the poor. Mr. Howells saw the new wealth asserting itself aggressively, he heard the clamour for exclusiveness of a raw multitude, and the sight and the sound revolted him. Still worse, he saw it scrambling and struggling for ever more money and power, and this distressed him most of all, preoccupied as he had become with Utopian dreams.

The difference between the second and the third period of Mr. Howells's studies of American aristocracy is not only that between the resigned, well-bred expiration of an era of culture and the rude beginnings of one of power, it is also that between æsthetic appreciation and socio-economic disapproval. Yet there is nowhere in Mr. Howells's tales of New York life a trace of denial of the inevitableness of aristocracies as the crowning result of the competitive system; rather does he insist upon it, with unmistakable intent. *The World of Chance* is full of this social probing, this emphasis of the contrasts of indigence and luxury, of want and waste, this acute feeling of individual responsibility for the inequalities and hardships of a whole civilisation. The note is abandoned in *The Kentons*, while in *Letters Home* the impartial realist returns, for that story is as robustly individualistic in atmosphere as are the days of booming prosperity in which its scenes are laid.

III

It is rather curious that the first of Mr. Howells's "plain Americans"—the protagonist of *A Chance Acquaintance*—is a girl, Kittie Ellison, of Eriecreek, in northwestern New York, which, so long ago as 1873, when the story was published, no doubt resembled the Middle West sufficiently in the indigenous simplicity of its daily life to serve Mr. Howells's purpose. Kittie has learned from the uncle in whose household she has grown up to respect Boston as "a city where man is valued simply and solely for what he is in himself, and where colour, wealth, family, occupation, and other vulgar and meretricious distinctions are wholly lost sight of in the consideration of individual excellence"—a Boston, one sees, of American tradition haloed by abolitionist and transcendental repute, a Boston that is, in the last analysis, a glorified Eriecreek many times enlarged. It is, moreover, humanised for the girl, on her first venture from home, into a "jesting, easy, sympathetic Boston" by two travelling companions—Mr. and Mrs. Basil March. Then comes the chance acquaintance, whom she at first mistakes for an Englishman of rank, but later learns to know as Mr. Arbuton, of Boston, a man of much reserve and no little haughtiness, who talks of servants and classes as if Boston were in England, and makes Kittie feel as if she were "wanting in every civilised trait, and her whole life coarse and poor and all her associations hopelessly degraded." She judges him to be "Europeanised enough not to think much of America," though at the same time "she cannot find that he quite approves of Europe, and his experience seems not to have left him any particular country in either hemisphere." Mr. Arbuton considers March a not altogether "impossible" sort of a writer fellow, and succeeds, by his snobbery, when the girl meets some of the women of his own set and he cannot hide the fact that he is embarrassed by her provincialism of manner and rusticity of dress, in breaking the fascination that he has exerted over her. There is veiled satire in this picture of the Bostonese patrician of that far-off day abroad among his Philistine countrymen, every sensitive nerve of him set on edge by their speech, their manners, their dress, their tastes—by the "refinement" of Eriecreek,—but there is also a note of stern, open disapproval.

In *Out of the Question*, a comedy published in the following year, Mr. Howells returned to this problem of American social distances, but from the opposite pole, his heroine being the patrician, her wooer a plain American, a mechanic and inventor. They meet at the Ponkwasset Hotel, where "we are all on the same level. Our table girls teach school in the winter, and are as good as anybody. Mine calls me Lilly, and I am so small I can't help it. The cook's as affable, when you meet her in society, as can be." As for the inventor, he is "never ob-

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trusive, but he's as free and equal as the Declaration of Independence; and when you do get up some little perspective with him, and try to let him know, don't you know, that there is such a thing as a vanishing point somewhere, he is sure to say or do something so unconscious that away goes your perspective." Whenever Mr. Howells takes us away from the cities into the country, he makes us see how purely local an institution are our aristocracies, how dependent upon their urban environment for the maintenance of the reality, and even of its illusion. They can carry their patriciate with them a certain distance; they can "pay its way" by converting their summer resorts into smaller urban centres, they can command its recognition in gorgeous caravansaries in mountains or by the shore, but always collectively only. Individually they see it drop from them the moment they venture into the real American country, nor does their haughty clutch at it avail, in the presence of the perfectly natural and unconscious readiness of the native to admit them to a footing of self-respecting equality.

IV

In *The Rise of Silas Lapham* we enter the very palace of Boston's patriciate. Seen in its own proper environment, this aristocracy is indeed delightful. Its central figure, that of Bromley Corey, is worthy of preservation as a specimen of the class. Handsome, graceful, and gracious, cultured, witty and useless, a dilettante, humorously aware of his comparative failure in life, he represents a patriciate in the fragile perfection of its early decline. He knows the value of social leadership in Boston, but he also knows its price and the limits of its rule. "I am always saying," he observes, "that the Bostonian ought never to leave Boston. Then he knows—and then only—that there can *be* no standard but ours. But we are constantly going away, and coming back with our convictions shaken to their foundations. The Bostonian who leaves Boston ought to be condemned to perpetual exile." His son Tom has been away from Boston, and has returned with the "plain American" in him very much to the fore, under the fine polish of his breeding. All Mr. Howells's Boston aristocrats have excellent manners, be it observed. They are all and always scrupulously regardful of the rights and feelings of others, with a clearness of perception in the matter that endears them to the heart. Not so his later plutocrats.

Mr. Howells's observation runs all the gamut of attitudes toward aristocracies found in the American consciousness, urban and rural. The social unconsciousness of the Lapham women, mother and daughters both, the strange mixture of deference and defiance in Silas's own breast, the unreasonable disapprobation of Lemuel Barker, direct from the soil, yet himself already with one aspiring foot upon the ladder, the bewilderment of self-reliant Jeff Durgin, the pitiable floundering of the Dryfoos girls, the calm confidence of the Ralsons, father and daughter—the hostility and the adulation, the aspiration and the timidity, the desire for better things and the "mean admiration of mean things," it is all reflected in these stories, transcribed direct from life, whether expressed in action, boldly spoken, or whispered in the occasional frankness of self-examination. How true, for instance, are the words of the newspaper man, Evans, in answer to Lemuel Barker's railing: "Don't you think you're opposed to aristocracy because you don't want to be under? I have spoken to be a duke when we get an order of nobility, and I find that's a great relief. I don't feel obliged to go in for equality nearly as much as I used."

When, after his own and Basil March's hazard of new fortunes in New York, Mr. Howells returned to Boston in *The Landlord at Lion's Head,* it was but to chronicle the last stage of the decline of its *ancien régime.* In this book he sketches a society that is dying in a new environment, which does not even heed it sufficiently to invite it to adapt itself—in a new Boston, overrun by foreign elements, though still maintaining, if with increasing difficulty, its stamp as the most truly native of all large American cities. The aloofness of the patriciate has dwindled into dulness in the older generation, represented by Miss Lynde; its breeding, its manner, has deteriorated

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into smartness in the younger, in her niece, Miss Bessie; its ornamental idleness into mere dissipation in her nephew. Voluntary retirement from competition has achieved its work.

How modern is this Bessie Lynde, how "smart," how cosmopolitan. She is a descendant of the older Boston only in lineage and name; in spirit she is the daughter of her restless day, a stranger to treasured traditions, intolerant of them, contemptuous, restless. No traditional Boston type this, forsooth, in outward appearance or in spirit.

The external, the purely physical distinction of the patrician from the mass, is much insisted upon in this story. It is recognised elsewhere in Mr. Howells's books, but nowhere is it analysed so thoroughly as here. Jeff Durgin impressed Bessie Lynde as "so rude and strong, and he has such a primitive effect in his clothes, that you feel as if you were coming down the street with a prehistoric man that the barbers and tailors had put a *fin-de-siècle* surface on," while Jeff, on meeting of her brother,

> felt his injury increased by the disadvantage this young man put him at. Jeff was as correctly dressed; he wore a silk hat of the latest shape, and a long frock-coat; he was properly gloved and shod; his clothes fitted him, and were from the best tailor; but at sight of this young man in clothes of the same design he felt ill-dressed. He was in like sort aware of being rudely blocked out physically, and coarsely coloured as to his blond tints of hair and cheek. Even the sinister something in the young man's look had distinction, and there was style in the signs of dissipation in his handsome face which Jeff saw with hunger to outdo him.

Bessie persists in amusing herself with the "Jay" and his uncouthness. Then he kisses her—"as once she had happened to see one of the maids kissed by the grocer's boy at the basement door"—and there is revealed to her suddenly the fundamental meaning of the social distance between them. Her brother's subsequent horsewhipping of Jeff does not restore balances: the incident has, in the author's hands, a wider meaning than the merely personal one. The Lyndes, with all their kind, are returning to the level of the "average." Their patriciate no longer protects them from without, or sustains them from within.

Letters Home, the last of Mr. Howells's novels to be considered in this paper, is of greater significance in the history of his life work than has been generally recognised. It serves as the vehicle of a recapitulation of the conclusions reached by its author after forty years of observation of the decline of one American patriciate, and the rise of another, of quicker growth, in a golden soil.

V

That aristocracies have their uses as incentives to ambition in a competitive social organisation Mr. Howells acknowledges by inference in nearly every one of his stories; but then, he now disapproves thoroughly of that form of organisation itself. As for the cultural value of patriciates, he has recorded in *London Films* his opinion that they cost more economically (and sometimes morally) than they are worth æsthetically. His frank admission that they are inevitable in republics as in monarchies under our present system has already been referred to; he evidently sees no less clearly that, if they commit collective suicide by assuming a purely ornamental and critical attitude, and dropping productive activities, they but die to make room for newer aristocracies. Finally, the reigning American patriciate of the day, centred in New York, appears to him to have the element of perdurance in that its members continue to produce and acquire with unabated zest and industry long after the point has been reached where the older castes voluntarily retired from the struggle. It produces no dilettantes, it patronises the arts, but does not practise them; it has adapted to its own needs the rule that kept the feudal noble strong through centuries, of constant battle for the men, of the graces of life for the women. Says Mr. Binning, the last of the Bostonian patricians of yesterday, of the Ralsons, the New York aristocrats of to-morrow:

> "Their manner does not betray the delusion of so many parvenus that aristocratic people

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are refined people, instead of being people who on coming into their social advantages have known how to keep the rude force of their disadvantages; whose cooks, coachmen and lackeys have, generally speaking, always had better manners, because they have been obliged to have them. My Ralson, for instance, is no better behaved now than he was when he was beginning to make his millions; he is probably not so well behaved, for then he was trying by every art, even by his notion of politeness, to get on; but now his native rudeness has already a kind of authority, and in his presence I am amused by a forecast of distinction in him which society will recognise later."

Of the characters that play their parts in these stories, the millionaires are most easily analysed and classified, they and their women "folks"—the rustic word applies as truly to them as it fitted Jeff Durgin's people in Bessie Lynde's mocking mouth. There are but three of them that vitally concern us, and they are all three in early stages of their social development. With them Mr. Howells's analysis of our millionairedom stops, more's the pity.

Silas Lapham is the original, old-time, simon pure American self-made man, neither *parvenu* nor *nouveau riche,* once the pride of the country, respected for his achievements and his wealth, but without consciousness in him or in others of further social differentiation or distinction. His wife is his worthy mate, his equal in every way, his adequate companion through life, to whom rise in fortune has meant but an elaboration of rural comforts. The couple represents one class of Americans of the last half century with a rare perfection that will recommend them to later generations of literary and social students.

Dryfoos, the Pennsylvania Dutchman, is of a far lower type, but yet typically representative of another of the origins of our aristocracy. He is the money maker pure and simple, without cognition of the existence of aught but gold in this world worth acquiring, his civic ideals smothered by acquisitiveness, as little concerned with social climbing as is a child with a deed to a brick house. Mrs. Dryfoos, trembling amid all that splendour with the superstition inherited from her German peasant ancestry, ever expecting disaster to restore the balance upset by so much good fortune, is a pitiable figure—a type, it would appear, and not merely an individual, since Mr. Howells finds a sister sufferer of hers, though on a higher social and intellectual scale, in Mrs. Ralson, disconsolately longing for the comforts and neighbourliness of that stately Western home which her husband had built in the early days of their prosperity. She cannot adapt herself to the aggressive designs of husband and daughter; not for her is the brave assault upon New York's tolerant exclusiveness. She can neither covet social position nor imagine it. No ambitious, scheming, new-rich mother is included in Mr. Howells's gallery, owing, no doubt, to an accidental lack of opportunity for first-hand observation, but perhaps also to distaste of the study. Ralson belongs to the era of large combinations—more than a decade divides him from Dryfoos, and two or three from Lapham. He is of our own day still, fourteen years after his creation; he has outlived the environment in which Mr. Howells placed him.

VI

Of the quintet of daughters of these three couples of millionaires, America Ralson is the queen. Her ignorance is not the simplicity of Irene and Penelope Lapham; with the vulgarity of Christine and Mela Dryfoos these three have nothing in common. But the two unfortunate girls, unmanageable in the hands of their baffled chaperone, rank themselves in the memory, somehow or other, with Lemuel Barker's early acquaintances, 'Manda Grier and Statira Dudley, while, on the other side, these two unconscious little Bostonese vulgarians are far inferior to the helpless Bailey girls, stranded in New York by their father's misfortune instead of his rise. The grouping of all these characters is inevitable: each suggests the others in a chain that reaches from top to bottom of our urban life. It is so eminently well worth while to study the larger method

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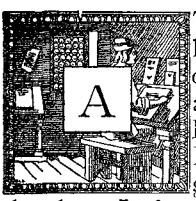
that links together Mr. Howells's *comédie humaine.*

The minor social figures sketched in so freely and felicitously, each delightful in the humour, the sharpness and precision of its outline—Mrs. Corey, Mrs. Sewell, Evans, Miss Vane, Mrs. Van Horn, the Van der Doeses, Binning, Miss Frances Dennam and her chum, Miss Custis Hally, "from the Soath"—these and many others filling in the background, or leading up to the centre of the composition, interpreting, illuminating, moralising, must be passed by with a mere mention, notwithstanding their important service in the creation of the atmosphere.

There remain, then, the literary adventurers. They necessarily bear a certain professional resemblance in personality and fortunes. In nothing are they so much alike, however, all differences of individuality being allowed for, as in the confirmation they give of Mrs. Atherton's assertion that the American artistic temperament is essentially aristocratic in its aspirations, and not in the least Bohemian.

A. Schade van Westrum.

LAFCADIO HEARN*



T the end of the first of her generous volumes one is inclined to protest at the title which Miss Elizabeth Bisland (now Mrs. Wetmore) has given to her work on the late Lafcadio Hearn, to say that this is not a "Life" nor are these "Letters." At the end of the second one has arrived, perhaps, at more understanding of the significance of one's protest, yet the protest itself stands. Biography or autobiography, which discloses to every casual reader the personality of the man, his affections, his emotions, his special and intimate characteristics as a human creature, is not here. Nor are letters, as one is accustomed to understand the word. These have all been sent by the post, properly stamped and directed, to a variety of addresses, it is true. But they have none of the earmarks of epistolary correspondence. They might be the first draughts of magazine articles or of lectures to the students of the Tokyo University, or even, one is inclined to say, pages copied from some scrap-book into which Hearn had pasted items clipped from his enormous reading. Indeed, there are long stretches in the volumes when one feels as if one were having a trip round the world on a "Seeing the Encyclopedia" car, while Hearn, brisk and interested, megaphone in hand, pointed out whatever roused his curiosity or pleased his taste.

At first one has a suspicion that a too scrupulous editor has suppressed with a free hand, and at sight of a line of asterisks sends one's imagination on wild flights, attempting to colour more highly the personal side of the biography. But later one feels that this impersonality, this elusiveness, is in fact the very soul of the man. "As to what is usually termed 'life,'" he says, "I have less than no knowledge, and have always been, and will always remain, a dolt and blunderer of the most amazing kind." His intimacies were warm and affectionate, yet somehow instinctively he retreated before them.

It was partly inborn shyness, the shyness of a man who feels himself forever queer in a strangely normal world; it was partly something else. Even before he was a man he was an artist, and the claims of his work were for him stronger than anything he knew in life. There are some curious letters toward the end of the second volume, in which are the warmest and most tender phrases of friendship to be found anywhere in the book, and these letters are to ask people

*Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn. By Elizabeth Bisland. Two volumes. Illustrated. 8vo. $6.00 net.

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who are very dear to him not to come near him for perhaps a year! There is something very moving in the way this little man, never strong, straining the one good eye left him till its sight began to grow dim, bent with fierce persistence over his work. The fear of blindness and the image of death were always in his mind, yet he hoped, like an honest workman, to finish his task before the sun should set.

Hearn was first of all things a literary worker, and the outward events of his life are unimportant compared with the adventures of his imagination, ranging the world for materials for composition. While he was in New Orleans, for example, he published a book of Chinese ghost stories, and one feels sure that there were a thousand other equally remote and recondite subjects which were tempting him at the same time. If his letters read like an encyclopedia of queer facts, it is not because they lack personal flavour, but rather because they mirror exactly his mind. If he wrote to Mr. Krehbiel, it was ordinarily not of the musical critic nor of himself, but of music itself that he discoursed. He collected Creole and Voodoo songs in New Orleans, he disinterred from unknown and forgotten books little bones of musical knowledge from every nook and cranny of the world, he fantastically proposed a collaboration in sixteen—or is it sixteen thousand?—volumes on exotic music. And Hearn himself was, as he repeatedly says, no musician. In similar fashion, as the tastes and interests of his friends varied, did he share with them what his gypsy mind brought home from its perpetual wanderings.

When a man declines to confine himself within any limits so ridiculously narrow as Shakespeare and the musical glasses, he runs the risk of being dull sometimes. The affectionate editor, venturing lightheartedly on comparisons with Stevenson, has perhaps found these letters of Hearn's more interesting than will any of her readers; still they are often interesting enough to make one forgive her. And in the end they disclose the writer's roving mind and something of his inner personality.

The outer facts of his life were picturesque and romantic, as if they had been a kind of shadow of the more adventurous inner existence. He was born in the Ionian Isles of a Greek mother and an Irish father, who had in addition, if tradition were to be trusted, a strain of gypsy blood. As a child he lived mostly in Wales with a rich aunt, a pious Roman Catholic, who lived "surrounded by eager priests and passionate converts." The history of those days is very misty. The boy went, it is said, to a Jesuit college in the north of France, and later to Ushaw, at Durham. But he only learned to fear and mistrust the Church. He quarrelled with his protectress, and for almost three years he existed, no one can ever know how, in the direst, completest poverty, with starvation always close at hand. At the age of nineteen he was in New York; at the end of two more years in Cincinnati. Here at last he found work which allowed him to live, though to the very end of his life it was a fight to make journalism or literature—he always thought of them separately—pay for his scanty living. He went to New Orleans for some years. Here the sun warmed him, and he found a city strange and romantic. But the tropics called him, and at last he made his way to Martinque. Necessity brought him back; that and chance finally sent him to Japan, where he was to spend the rest of his life and do his most important work in interpreting to the occident the exotic soul of this alien race. Yet at first he wrote, "Ah the tropics—they still pull at my heart strings. Goodness! my real field was there—in the Latin countries, in the West Indies and Spanish America; and my dream was to haunt the old crumbling Portuguese and Spanish cities, and steam up the Amazon and Orinoco, and get romances nobody else could find." Japan never seemed "inevitable" to him, yet it was strange and curious enough to hold him. He taught in the Japanese schools, and finally at Tokyo in the University. He married a Japanese girl, and became legally a Japanese citizen. His circumstances became a little easier, and with his children growing up around him he came to feel a little more in tune with the uni-

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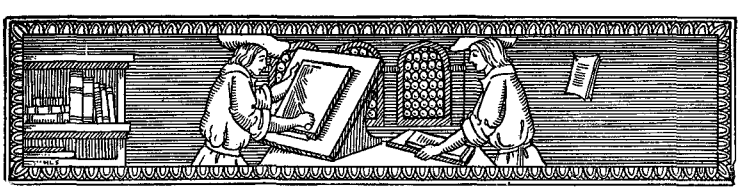
verse. (The most intimate, and perhaps the pleasantest thing in the volumes is an account of their domestic life by Mrs. Hearn, given in her incorrect, prettily childish English.) He was still at work, almost frantically, as the number of books he put forth will attest, and the result is so important a body of criticisms and experience of Japanese life that we must be glad that both his body and his imagination came to rest there for the last fourteen years of his life.

It is probable that in no country less "queer" than Japan could he have been at all at peace. "I would give anything to be a literary Columbus," he had written in the New Orleans days. "If I could only become a consul at Bagdad, Algiers, Ispahan, Benares, Samarkand, Nippo, Bangkok, Ninh-Bink, or any part of the world where ordinary Christians do not like to go! Here is the nook where my romanticism still hides. . . . I suppose I shall have to settle down at last to something horribly prosaic, even devoid of philosophic interest. . . . Alas! Oh, that I were a travelling shoemaker or a player upon the sambukes!" That was his passion in life, queer facts, queer stories, queer countries. (Pierre Loti was the modern writer he admired most.) Yet love of the strange and curious was with him always somehow sane and natural, with nothing of the weakness or the "degeneracy" which is apt to be found in modern lovers of the "queer." It would have been only if he had manifested an interest in—shall we say transportation problems in New York?—that the taste would, in Hearn, have seemed almost morbid and suspect. The road to the unknown, almost unknowable, Orient was for him the line of least resistance.

Perhaps, for the sake of Hearn's ultimate position as a writer of English prose, one might wish that on the way to his final style the line of least resistance had been through more of English literature, which for the most part he did not know nor appreciate. He is to all intents and purposes a foreign writer, happening oddly enough to use our language. Théophile Gautier remains his model from the beginning to the end, and the warmth of colour of Latin literature the thing he wishes to put into "the stone-grey and somewhat chilly style of latter-day English or American romance." In this he had some considerable success, and his style, though it may not always be quite "sound" from the severest Anglo-Saxon point of view, nevertheless has merits which compel attention. His real value, however, was behind the style, in the restless, sensitive, curious soul, which could bring back to more sluggish, stay-at-home imaginations the lovely loot of strange countries across the seas. In this service to art, and to us, he never spared himself. It is pleasant now, even though he is gone, to say that we are grateful.

Harrison Rhodes.



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SEVEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

M. Jusserand's "English Literature"*

In his preface to the first volume of *A Literary History of the English People,* published some dozen years ago, M. Jusserand excused his attempt to add to the already large number of books on the subject by saying: "I did this because I could not help it; I loved it so." Such an excuse is sufficient when an author has the knowledge, the wit and the charm of style that characterise the writing of the French Ambassador at Washington. Another Frenchman has written of English literature, and has written well; despite every objection which may be made to his deductions, there is much to be said for M. Taine's point of view. But M. Jusserand is a more sympathetic critic than his predecessor. He writes with a better understanding than some English critics have manifested. His familiarity with the byways as well as with the highways is beyond dispute. His book, as its title suggests, is more than a history of English literature. He has not lingered over "technicalities and æsthetic problems." He has endeavoured to interpret literature as the life of the people. With this end in view he has not hesitated to touch upon the political and religious phases of that life; for out of these, no less than out of the purely intellectual phases, is literature born. It is useful, of course, to consider literature simply as literature—to appraise it for what it is, and to take no account of the remoter sources of which the author himself is perhaps hardly conscious. Shakespeare would have been a great dramatist in any epoch; he was not for an age but for all time; his genius cannot be resolved, like a chemical compound, into its elements; and yet he bore the stamp of the Elizabethan epoch, and we must understand that epoch to understand him. The history of their literature, then, is an essential portion of the history of the English people. Indeed, in that ideal history of England no man is competent to write the story of the English nation, the English Church and the English tongue will be woven into one artistic whole.

M. Jusserand's task is obviously to be greater than he anticipated. His second volume has been divided into two parts, and this first part carries the reader only as far as Spenser, if we except a chapter on the Tudor novel. Shakespeare and his fellow-dramatists are left for the second part, although the volume, generally speaking, covers the whole Tudor period. The method adopted is not strictly chronological, nor does it involve minute examination of details. The chapter on the Renaissance, for example, which fills the first one hundred and fifty pages, is essentially a narrative of the intellectual development of the English people under the influence of forces from without acting upon the forces within. M. Jusserand glances from one writer to another, from More to Ascham, from Skelton to Lyndesay, from Surrey to Wyatt, indicating the place of each in the main current of literature, but not anxious to affix labels or to pronounce dogmatic judgment. Such a method has many advantages and a few disadvantages. A reader less acquainted with the way than he may be somewhat confused by the multiplicity of objects presented for inspection; the gait is so rapid that they fly by too swiftly. Again, some conclusions are drawn that seem rather too sweeping. The Renaissance was in fact a "new birth" of the human spirit, but it is easy to exaggerate the contrast with the Middle Ages, to depreciate the old learning unfairly in comparison with the new. It may be open to doubt, also, if Englishmen of the time of Henry VIII. were quite the paragons they are represented to be; we must not take contemporary praise too seriously. M. Jusserand certainly does not overpraise the pre-Elizabethan literature. "England has studied," he says; "she has

*A Literary History of the English People. Vol. II. From the Renaissance to the Civil War. Part I. By J. J. Jusserand. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

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perfected her stock of tools, improved her methods; but this England of the renewal has produced nothing as yet—nothing but a little nosegay, well arranged, very small, a single bunch which is being passed from hand to hand."

It is impossible to follow the literary development of the time without considering the religious. M. Jusserand is less happy in dealing with the Reformation than he is in dealing with the Renaissance. One may doubt if Henry VIII. was quite so indifferent to everything but power and pelf as M. Jusserand intimates, or if Cranmer was merely a time-server. Nor is it quite accurate to say that the persecuting policy of Mary was mainly responsible for the second lapse from Rome. The nation was Catholic at heart under Elizabeth, and only the folly of Rome in making Anglicanism and patriotism synonymous defeated finally and forever all hope of reunion. Indeed, the Protestantism of Elizabethan England was mainly political; the Anglican Church, despite the efforts of the extreme reformers, took great pains to preserve its Catholic heritage. M. Jusserand is in error, of course, when he calls the Anglican Church a "new Church." The English Reformation did not go so far as to uproot the old faith or the old ceremonies.

There are many great names in the period treated here. The greatest is that of Edmund Spenser. He had little of that lyric rapture which filled the Elizabethan anthologies; there is many an unknown poet who touches a note which he, with all his gorgeous music, did not attain. But the general judgment gives him a place next to Shakespeare among the Elizabethans, and the general judgment is the critical court of last resort. Spenser will probably never be popular. He is the poets' poet; "he numbers at this day many more admirers than readers." Perhaps his chief lack, after all, is his lack of sympathy; he was no Bunyan, to make allegory human. M. Jusserand hits upon the essential weakness of *The Faerie Queene*. "Spenser," he says, "has insisted much upon his moral; what is most characteristic in it is that, like all the rest, it is meant to suit the elegant and worldly readers for whom he wrote. It is an aristocratic moral, good to look at; a well-bred moral, that knows how to condone weaknesses without noisy curses, and without barring Heaven's gate to any of its friends. No Leicester will ever be excluded from Spenser's paradise. The readers were delighted to find the road to perfection so easy, so perfumed and flowery, and the company so pleasant." Perhaps in this brief quotation there is as good an example of M. Jusserand's style as the limits of a brief notice permit. It is painful to note, however, that the accomplished author sometimes is guilty of a split infinitive.

There are difficulties in reviewing any work piecemeal, particularly a work whose merits must be sampled in the gross, as it were. When M. Jusserand's task is ended a full estimate of its merits and defects will be more easy. Meanwhile, he may be heartily welcomed by every lover of English literature as a well-informed, sympathetic and brilliant critic.

Edward Fuller.

II

Mason's "The Romantic Composers"*

Mr. Daniel Gregory Mason is a critic of music whose deliverances one may not ignore. Since the appearance, four years ago, of his volume of studies in modern music, *From Grieg to Brahms,* he has been recognised as an uncommonly able commentator upon the most difficult and evasive of the arts. He has scholarship, he is penetrating and alert, and he is master of a style at once dignified and engaging, distinguished and precise. His output has been copious; for since his first volume (*From Grieg to Brahms*) he has issued two further collections of essays—*Beethoven and his Forerunners* (1904) and *The Romantic Composers* (1906)—studies of Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Berlioz, and Liszt. "This last volume," explains the author, "completes the series of studies of composers and of their music from Palestrina to the present day" which is begun in

*"The Romantic Composers." By Daniel Gregory Mason. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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Beethoven and his Forerunners. The two other volumes, he tells us, should be read in an order different from their publication. That is to say, *The Romantic Composers* should be read after *Beethoven and his Forerunners,* and *From Grieg to Brahms* last of all. Thus read, he observes, "the three books should serve as a commentary on the more important individual composers, æsthetic principles and historical schools in modern instrumental music." They are intended, he says further, "simply as guides to the music they discuss. If they lead the reader to the concert-hall, to the piano, to the library of scores; if they incite him to . . . study a symphony as alertly as he would study a painting or an essay, then only will they have justified their existence." It is thus, it will be seen, a large endeavour that Mr. Mason has undertaken in this series; how adequately, on the whole, he has accomplished it may not here be discussed, for I am concerned only with the concluding volume of the series—that in which estimates and elucidations are offered us of the art of those pioneers of musical modernity who flourished between the first and the final quarter of the nineteenth century.

Mr. Mason's critical method has somewhat the nature of a compromise. He does not write exclusively for those whose musical understanding may be taken for granted; nor is he of the flourishing tribe of "popularisers"—those who are prepared to tell us how we may acquire perception and appreciation by a diligent perusal of their glossaries and guides. Mr. Mason's manner of writing about music is a judicious and adroit blending of comment and exposition; yet his criticism is not too subtle nor his exposition too elementary to displease the taste of those whom he obviously and avowedly addresses—the large and growing class of inquisitive but uninstructed lovers of music. For these Mr. Mason is an almost ideal guide. His understanding of music and musicians is both accurate and comprehensive; his style is lucid, telling, and, as has been said, engaging. He has a vivid and felicitous way of setting forth an artistic trait or a proposition in æsthetics, and he has a very positive sense of humour. Moreover, he has that gift so greatly prized by an enormous and impressive body of readers—"sanity." Mr. Mason is nothing if not "sane." He invites us, in his discussions, to no perturbing reconsideration of long-settled estimates; he proposes no readjustment of hallowed standards, no revision of established values. One might denote as his supreme merit his faculty of rendering an undisputed estimate in a fresh and taking manner. Thus, Schubert is "essentially a lyrical writer," who "makes beautiful symphonies and quartets in spite of, rather than by means of, the natural conditions of these epic musical forms. His symphonies are expanded songs. . . ." Concerning Mendelssohn, we are reminded of his "Addisonian temperament," . . . "personal sentiment, self-revelation, the autobiographic appeal," we are told, "he avoids as the purist in manners avoids a blush, an exclamation, or a grimace." We read of Chopin's "subjective quality," his "intimacy of mood," his "delicate sensibility"; "not a giant like Bach, or Mozart, or Handel, or Beethoven," not a star "of the first magnitude," he yet shines with "a wondrously clear, white light, and, as he would have wished, in peerless solitude." Of Berlioz it is said that "he seems to make a religion of idiosyncrasy, and to shrink from nothing but the natural. He lives, speaks, writes, composes only in the interest of his carefully laid plot to be unprecedented." Again, "His music is almost always interesting rather than beautiful. . . . He cares less for purity than for pungency of style, and seems to be entirely unconscious of the large alloy of incongruity and anticlimax that adulterates his finest conceptions." Of Liszt we are reminded that his "keen wit discerned the principles of combined musical and dramatic form on which works intrinsically far superior to his own were later written by Dvorák, Smetana, Tschaikowsky, Saint-Saëns, and Richard Strauss."

It has been observed that Mr. Mason is persistently and conspicuously sane, and that no taint of the revolutionary, the iconoclastic, mars his pages. But not content with mere sanity, Mr. Mason choses

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to disclose himself in the comforting guise of a reactionary. He is, one feels confident, infinitely reassuring to those who look askance at the characteristic traits of the music of to-day. He will have none of "programme music"; "realism" is a menace and an offence, a tendency "mistaken and mischievous." For him the whole trend of modern music—that which is directing it toward an ever-widening humanisation, a more intimate connection with life—is abhorrent and calamitous. Most programme music is not only "incredibly trivial in intention," but it does the music lover "a positive injury"—it "distracts attention from what music can do supremely well to what it can only botch and bungle"—that is to say, the *Romeo and Juliet* fantasy of Tschaikowsky, for example, must be regarded as maleficent because it swerves us from the perception of "impersonal beauty" and causes us to dwell upon "the accent of private grief, aspiration, struggle," as "having a pathos we can understand." Therefore, Mr. Mason would have us set less store by such masters of subversion as Chopin, Schumann and Tschaikowsky, and seek true satisfaction, "solid reality," in "the impersonality of classic art." For Mr. Mason the essence of modern music would seem to consist in its utterance of what he calls "personal" emotion, and he grants the poignancy of this order of expression. But for him it is solely personal, "private," exclusive; and in this lies the prime defect, the prime limitation, of his critical standpoint. "In those hours," he observes, "in which we realise the pathetic incompleteness of all merely personal life . . . every utterance of our petty private griefs, and even of our nobler but still private joys, seems like a breath dissipated in a universe; we find true existence, solid reality, only in an identification of our interests with those of all mankind"; and we are, he tells us, to find escape from "this sense of the vanity of individual living" in "the impersonality of classic art." As this is the crux, seemingly, of Mr. Mason's attitude toward musical art, so it embodies that in it which is strabismic and misleading. He quite fails to realise that it is precisely through its intense and potent voicing of personal emotion that modern music may lay claim to a humanising power which was denied to the classicists because of that very "impersonality" celebrated by Mr. Mason. For does not Mr. Mason perceive that it is by virtue of the vivid communication of personal emotion that a sense of our common humanity is awakened? That, knowing that our brother grieves, we find in him ourself—that through the identity that has been established between ourselves, we become aware of the brotherhood of all those who, too, are human and who grieve?

That Mr. Mason so singularly misapprehends the essential significance of modern music seems little short of lamentable, for it vitiates what would otherwise be an influential and important body of critical writing.

Lawrence Gilman.

III

Professor Hyslop's "Borderland of Psychical Research"*

Like the short story of the current magazine, psychical research is considered to be chiefly of women, by women and for women. This book contravenes that low and fallacious opinion; while it deals with dreams, illusions and hallucinations, reveries, exaltations and ecstasies, its aim is cautious, its method conservative and its theme of absorbing interest. This present work, in fact, is not a sequel to the author's *Science and a Future Life* and *Enigmas of Psychical Research;* on the contrary, it rather leads up to them and may help to aid the understanding of them by indicating what the means of discrimination are between the normal and the abnormal, on the one hand, and between both of these and the supernormal on the other.

There are several groups of mental phenomena, lying on the borderland of both normal and abnormal psychology, having both a scientific and a popular interest, yet neglected by the one, as they

*Borderland of Psychical Research. By James H. Hyslop. Boston: Herbert B. Turner and Company.

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have proved fascinating to the other classes of mankind. How have these phenomena been treated? As soon as pathology took up the abnormal it resorted to a materialistic explanation of it and left out in the cold the spiritualist—in the old-fashioned, respectable sense of a believer in the soul as an independent, immaterial entity, capable of immortality. To the latter side does the author incline, but with certain limitations: he believes that the evidence for a future life is sufficient to make it the only rational hypothesis to account for the facts, but he does not believe that we have reached that amount of scientific proof which is necessary to make the belief general in the minds of the intellectual classes. The duty lies in further investigation, until its perplexities, which are many, have been removed. This is the necessary step in the establishment of a conviction that carries in its flux the destiny of the coming ages in their resurrection from the materialism of all our present life. But the fact that abnormal mental phenomena have to be considered as mental by the man who wishes to escape the materialistic interpretation of their source, while he insists on denying the materialistic theory, places him in an embarrassing position, as he has to admit a character for them which shows that he may not have the right to base the integrity of his spiritualistic view upon the distinction between the normal and the abnormal. Yet even if abnormal mental phenomena could be characterised as purely psychical in nature, like supposed molecular action of the nervous system, nevertheless the application, for example, of suggestion to therapeutics is the most striking illustration and proof of the opposite contention, for here the physician relies quite as much on the influence of the patient's mind as he does on the use of medicine. This contention is substantiated by the results of recent investigation; psychological experiments show that the mind itself, and not merely the nerves, supplies materials which go to explain the various departures from the normal. For instance, there are illusions which range from those of sight to those of hearing, from misinterpretations of aerial perspective to taking a squeaking door for a gibbering ghost. Here, says the writer, we are forced to recognise a subjective factor in our elementary states of consciousness and to acknowledge that we receive our knowledge by some form of indirect, influential, or implicative act of the mind about it.

This admission may appear to cut the ground from under the feet of the borderland investigator; in reality, it drops him down to a firmer foundation. Here experimental psychology stands related to psychical research as the pure food law to adulterants, for it enables one to detect all manner of pseudo-spiritualistic phenomena. A case in point is that of a physician who can see an apparition of his deceased son in the left of the field of vision, whenever he turns his attention to it or thinks of it. Nothing is apparently said in the case, and the apparition moves with the motion of the eyes; that is, the effort to focus on the apparition avails to cause it to move, showing that some organic disturbance, perhaps either in the retina or brain-centre, gives rise, with expectancy, to the apparition, which seems persistent. Here the most important characteristic of the hallucination is what is called its subjective state; at one time this conception of it assumed that it was a spontaneous production of the mind, but later investigation has shown that hallucinations have stimuli or causes as do normal sensations, but they do not have the same normal cause. The psychic researcher has divided these hallucinations into veridical and subjective or falsidical; this division, contends Professor Hyslop, is useful but not fundamental; it is better to divide hallucinations into those intra-organically initiated and those extra-organically initiated; thus, indigestion may cause nightmare, and discarnate spirits may cause apparitions of the dead!

But this is anticipating. The defendant of the "reality" of apparitions will have to admit the cogency of the objection that hallucinations are such subjective phenomena as to imply that no such reality is indicated as is superficially apparent. But against this, in rebuttal, may be put the fact that normal experience is quite as subjective as the abnormal, and is yet indicative of external

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reality in its own assumptions. The movements of a ringing bell have no resemblance to the ultimate sound of its ringing, so the antithesis between sensation and cause may be no greater than between hallucinations and their causes, as in the case of some friend's efforts to produce an apparition of himself by telepathy.

Here lies the crux of the book; leaving the highway of the physical, the author branches off into the metaphysical; to prove supersensibly initiated phenomena, like long-distance apparitions, it is necessary to make a double assumption: on the one side, telepathy as a means of communication; on the other, a metethereal or some similar superphysical medium of communication. But the one assumption is not proven by all the volumes of the S. P. R., nor the other by a pet term of its late president. Granted that in the collections of the *Phantasms of the Living* the numbers may seem great enough to exclude the application of chance coincidence, yet they can have no final supernormal explanation, if their initial value is defective. Mathematical considerations count for little when the original titles are insecure. So far as the reviewer is aware, no trained psychologist, possessing at the same time a thorough knowledge of the legal value of evidence, has scrutinised the primary accounts; otherwise there might be a fatal stoppage at source. In other words, considering the acknowledged illusions of sense-perception, the tricks of memory, the vagaries of the imagination, the lack of the power of critical attention and observation in the first recipients of the "visions," a psychological lawyer, if there were such a being, would have a hard time to defend the cause of telepathy. Nor is telepathy helped by arguments from the subliminal. There may be transmission of causal influence from subconscious states to the normal consciousness by very delicate agencies, yet the relation of the normal state to the abnormal is not necessarily that of the human subject to a transcendental spirit. Delicate Ariel may be a reality, yet it does not follow that he can come in by the cellar stairs; "beamy spirits may stream forth invisibly," but that the subconscious self, the secondary personality is the inlet of knowledge, is a dubious proposition.

This seems the great difficulty of the problem—to find some intervening medium of communication between the supposed spirit and the human recipient, for to express the thing in terms of X-rays and wireless electric waves is but to conceal mediæval conceptions beneath terms of the present day. While these are interesting speculations, they appear to overstep the borderland of psychical research; they tend to explain the phenomena only by explaining them away, turning the old materialism into a sort of dynamic spiritualism, refining matter almost to nullity by conceiving it as constituted of insubstantial points of force. In fine, despite his earlier strictures against metaphysics and materialism, the author has landed in both, for he comes to the conclusion that the transcendental metaphysics of modern physical science is a proof of his initial spiritualistic contention, it being but a light step from its ethereal background of nature into the realm of universal personality.

I. Woodbridge Riley.

IV

Mrs. Freeman's "By the Light of the Soul"*

Mrs. Freeman's courage has never been more convincingly displayed than in her latest story. She has essayed to treat a problem of unusual potentiality: the tragic effect on a woman's life of a concealed marriage, a mere technical bond, contracted in childhood, which never becomes in any sense a real marriage. The situation comes about thus: Maria Edgham, a girl of perhaps fifteen or sixteen, comes home from school one day to learn that her idolised baby half-sister is lost. Half-crazed with anxiety, she sets out for New York—her home is in a suburban town in New Jersey—to find the child. Two of her satellites, a shrewd but ignorant child of inferior birth, and

*By the Light of the Soul. By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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a boy, somewhat older than she, accompany her with a vague idea of protecting her from possible harm. Their search is fruitless (it may be interpolated that the baby turns up unscathed later) and they are delayed until, as they suppose, the last train for their home town has departed. Confronted with the necessity of remaining in the city for the night, the shrewd child of the people, Gladys Mann, declares that her companions will be compromised; people will talk about them. The only way out of the difficulty, she proclaims, is an immediate marriage. Both of the older children reject with indignation the idea, which has never before occurred to them. But Gladys persists. A clergyman is encountered in the street, and she appeals to him. His suspicions are aroused by the evasions and denials of the couple. Gladys lies glibly, supplying the necessary statistical information with a volubility that leaves the victims speechless. The clerical gentleman drags them forthwith into his house, marries them in spite of their horrified protests, and then turns them loose again in the street. They find their way home—there was a later train, after all—and separate after swearing eternal secrecy concerning the marriage that was, as it turned out, so unnecessary to the preservation of their reputations.

The situation is, as I have said, one of admirable possibilities for the novelist. The events which lead up to it are worth relating thus in detail, for in the whole range of fiction demanding serious notice it would be difficult to find anything more absurd. It may be that the writer lives or has lived who, given the facts I have set down, could construct a story remotely simulating plausibility; but assuredly that writer is not Mrs. Freeman. The nearest approach of this history to the known is its irresistible reminder of a classical situation in vaudeville farce.

But mere slavish fidelity to the probabilities is, of course, at best a mean virtue. An author may be forgiven almost any desperate expedient for projecting a character into a situation which makes possible an honest and searching study of motive. But in this book the whole action is of a piece with this crucial incident. Maria's development under the influence of her blighting secret is worked out in a series of mechanical triangulations, involving not only the frequent interposition of pure coincidence, but the frequent negation of character as well. This is not to say that the author may not in the beginning have conceived Maria Edgham quite clearly as an entity. Out of the tangled mixture of motives emerges a blurred, shadowy impression of a personality; but a personality that has been bent and twisted, lopped off and stretched to fit a Procrustean plot. It is indeed a cleverly coloured imitation of the real thing, and its artificiality is betrayed the moment its maker attempts to set it in motion. The futility of the whole scheme is apparent in one incident after another. The total effect of unreality is overwhelming.

In a lesser way the falsity of the book is shown by a carelessness of detail, a disdain of good workmanship that is something like an insult to an intelligent reader. The mere chronology of the tale, for instance, is hopelessly awry. Both Maria and her boy-husband are presented as more than ordinarily good students; yet their four years' academic course is stretched out to cover a period apparently of about six years. Maria, who develops into a tall, slim young lady, leaves home to teach when her half-sister cannot possibly be more than four or five; when she returns at the next spring vacation the child is "nearly as tall as Maria." And her maturity of mind is no less remarkable than her physical development. There is even one chronological slip that recalls the famous child's drama in which the heroine exclaims: "I, too, have not been idle." I know that Dickens and Thackeray and other very respectable novelists have made such slips. I suppose no one claims it as a merit in them, though they may be easily forgiven for the sake of better things. With the same grounds I should, I trust, be equally willing to forgive Mrs. Freeman. Of the inelegencies of phrase that may be found on almost any page it is not worth while to dwell. "Her large, high-coloured face was also distinctly pretty, but she did not seem to be cognisant of that to the result of any satis-

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faction." "She realised all at once how hard the separation had been from her sister." "It was savoured more of the absurd of tragedy than anything else." Such slipshod expressions are significant only as examples that might be duplicated in quantities.

These things are, of course, trifles. The subjective condition or attitude which they connote is, however, of importance to us all. If the book were the work of some newcomer it would be easy to throw it aside after reading a few dozen pages with a shrug of the shoulders. But the author who has signed the name of Mary E. Wilkins to some admirable sketches of New England life and character has given us the right to expect from her hand books worthy of serious consideration. In some years of novel reading I cannot recall a more complete disappointment than this book has given me. In the interest of her own good reputation it is to be hoped that Mrs. Freeman will be saved from another such mistake.

Edward Clark Marsh.

V

Mr. Vachell's "The Face of Clay"*

Artist life has always been a favourite theme in fiction. Thackeray touches most delightfully upon it in *The Newcomes,* and from that time, through a series of novels culminating, as far as interest and charm go, in *Trilby,* the life of the artist, particularly in France, has seldom failed to hold the reader's interest. The neighbourhood of Concarneau, in Brittany, is the scene of Mr. Horace Vachell's latest novel, *The Face of Clay,* and his characters are taken from the two classes of people for whom the place seems to exist, the artists and the fisher folk.

The introductory chapter describes with great power a storm on the Breton coast. Among the anxious women on the mole is a girl of fifteen, Téphany Lane, daughter of an English artist whose French wife has died after a brief married life. With Téphany is a young Cornishman, Michael Ossory, an artist of the greatest promise and a friend of Henry Lane's. He knows, although Téphany does not, that her father is out with the fishermen, and when the boat is wrecked and his body washed ashore on the following day, it is Ossory who takes charge of the child, and, accompanying her to St. Malo, sees her safely on the boat for England, where she is to live with an aunt. As the gangplank is being withdrawn Téphany flings her arms about Michael's neck and kisses him, and with that kiss there awakens in the minds of both, more strongly in Michael's, a recognition of what they may ultimately become to each other.

The next scene in the narrative occurs ten years later. Téphany has become a famous singer, but her voice has given out, and, complete rest being prescribed, has come with her companion to Pont Aven, partly because her Breton nature had always been yearned for the scenes of her childhood and partly to try and find out something about Ossory, who had dropped completely out of her life some years before.

After Téphany's departure from France she and Michael had corresponded until in one of his letters he had said, "In my next letter I shall have something very exciting to tell you. I have found what I have been hunting for for years. Between ourselves, my dear Téphany, I believe that I'm going to be prosperous; the broad highway to fortune is certainly in sight. I won't spoil an interesting story by dribbling it out in instalments. Wait for my next." That was the last. In vain Téphany wrote him; her letters were not returned, so she knew he had received them. When she felt sure that Ossory had no intention of answering her letters she wrote to Yvonne, the landlady of the inn at Pont Aven, and learned that he had left the place. Then, with a pang at her heart, she gave up and wrote no more. And now, when rest and quiet have been prescribed, Téphany turns naturally to the scenes of her childhood, with a longing to see the old places, the cemetery where her father and mother lie, and, strongest of all, a desire to find out what has become of Michael Ossory.

*The Face of Clay. By Horace Vachell. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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Pont Aven is little changed, and when Téphany makes herself known she is welcomed by her old friends. She asks Yvonne about Ossory and learns that he is in Pont Aven, that he is no longer poor, that he has money and does not have to paint for a living, but she also learns that he has never fulfilled the promise of his early years—he is a failure. More than this Yvonne will not say, though Téphany plainly sees there is something behind it all.

She meets Michael and finds him very much changed. She goes to his studio; he shows her first his pictures, in which there is no hint of failing skill, and then a plaster mask, the face of a girl, very beautiful, and with an elusive expression that baffles analysis. Téphany is convinced that the story of this mask contains the key to the change in Michael Ossory, but strong as is her desire that he should be frank with her, she respects his silence. It would not be fair to the reader to tell how she learns the secret or what it is, but the interest is well sustained; it is hard to lay down the book until the end is reached.

The story is delightfully written, and the people and places stand clearly before us. The subordinate characters are extremely well done, especially a couple of American artists who are summering at Pont Aven. Mr. Vachell has rendered their American slang with a correctness hitherto unknown among English writers, and which deserves commendation. Extremely vivid is his portrayal of the Breton temperament, its superstition, its love of the supernatural, its belief in the old legends, and all through the book is seen the appreciation and love of beauty which mark the true artist.

Mr. Vachell is best known in this country by his book about Harrow, called *The Hill*. It is only a writer of ability who can make the doings of schoolboys interesting to mature readers, but Mr. Vachell accomplished it. That *The Face of Clay* is as different as possible in theme and treatment only shows the great versatility of this author, who is beginning to take a place among the best writers of English fiction.

Mary K. Ford.

VI

Messrs. White's and Adams's "The Mystery"*

Among the innumerable weird and baffling tales of the ocean which are the common property of professional seafaring men, and which of nights are passed about the brightly lighted smoking rooms of transatlantic liners when the cry of the siren, biting into the fogs of the Newfoundland Banks, brings the talk round to the tragedies and disappearance of the sea—to the puzzling fates of the *City of Boston* and the *Great Queensland* and the *Naronic* and the *Huronian*—the story out of which grew this novel has held its own individual place. In its original form it is a yarn for which no explanation is offered, for which there is no theory that seems to fit, and which is presented frankly as an enigma. It tells how a merchant ship on the Pacific sights a strange vessel moving along with its sails set, but apparently deserted by its crew. A careful investigation shows absolutely no cause for the abandonment, so a crew from the merchantman is placed in charge, and the two vessels proceed on their way. During the ensuing night a storm springs up and the ships are driven miles apart. A day or two later the stranger is again sighted, but signalling brings from her no response, and a second crew that is sent aboard finds the fires still burning and the same terrible and inexplicable absence of human life. A call for volunteers brings to the front a few resolute spirits, who are installed on the mysterious vessel as a third crew. Again there comes up a storm, in which the stranger vanishes and is never heard of more. Add to this the phenomenon of a nebulous light on the horizon and you have substantially the problem which confronts the officers of the United States cruiser *Wolverine* in the opening chapters of *The Mystery*. In the work of elaborating this enigma into a well-rounded romance of some 70,000 words the authors introduce an adventurous reporter, a German savant and his

*The Mystery. By Stewart Edward White and Samuel Hopkins Adams. New York: McClure, Phillips and Company.

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secretary, a tyrannical sea captain, a crew of as picturesque scoundrels as can be found in the fiction of the sea, a volcanic island in the Pacific, and the discovery of a new form of energy by the *savant* that is to revolutionise the activities of the world, and compared to which radium is a child's plaything. Important as this pseudo-scientific phase is as offering a motive and supplying an explanation, it is far and way the least successful feature of the book.

The beginning of the story finds the *Wolverine* in a desert part of the Pacific, three hundred miles north of the steamship route from Yokohama to Honolulu, engaged in the laudable work of destroying such derelicts as add to the perils of sea travel. Of a June night the officers on watch see a glow on the horizon, which seems not unlike the electric glow above a city seen from a distance, although the nearest electric lighted city is a good eight hundred miles away. Another complication is the extraordinary behaviour of the *Wolverine's* compass. A few days later a strange ship is sighted and there begins the sequence of mysterious and terrible events which are unexplained until the journalist, Ralph Slade, is picked up from a dory, half dead and burning with fever, and is nursed back to intelligence to tell the story of the quest of Dr. Karl Augustus Schermerhorn, the long cruise of the *Laughing Lass,* its captain, Ezra Selover, and of his fate, and of the wild deeds of Handy Solomon, Thrackles, Pulz, Perdosa and the Nigger.

If, for a solution, the authors of *The Mystery* have resorted to agencies that are too *outré* and too much in the realm of theory, this will be regarded as a minor fault by those who read the book for what it should be read—the vigour and dash of the narrative, the direct, clear-cut English and the vivid characterisation.

For a sea scoundrel the like of Handy Solomon one must turn back to Stevenson's *Treasure Island.* The sinister steel hook that he wears in place of a hand dominates the whole story; and over the lash of the sea and the straining of the rigging there rises like a *motif* his rollicking chantey:

Oh, their coffin was their ship, and their grave
it was the sea:
Blow high, blow low, and what care we!
And the quarter that we gave them was to
sink them in the sea:
Down on the coast of the high Barbaree-ee.

Richard Hughes Remsen.

VII

Mr. Nicholson's "The Port of Missing Men"*

The habit of writing what is understood under the name of "popular" fiction seems to be as hard to control as the habit of gambling in stocks or at the card table. There is more than one writer of this sort of novel who has promised a really good book, a piece of work that is worth while, when once the other thing had set him on his feet financially and given him the leisure to write as he chooses. And more than one writer has evidently found it as hard to stop when he chooses as does the gambler who promises himself a retirement once his fortune is made. Meredith Nicholson, who won gold and a certain sort of name by writing *The House of a Thousand Candles* and *The Main Chance,* is on record as having promised his friends that his next book should be an attempt at something entirely different from the fiction which earned for him the prizes just mentioned. With this promise in view, some of Mr. Nicholson's readers will be sadly disappointed in his newest book, *The Port of Missing Men.* For this new book is frankly only a story of adventure builded on a shop-worn model, but very well done of its kind. It is the sort of book very many people will read through with pleasure in one or two sittings, but few will remember it later. The story moves quickly, event following event sharply with few pauses between, the mystery is well sustained. The reader who likes that sort of thing will not be disappointed, and will pass the book on to his friends after reading it with the recommendation

*The Port of Missing Men. By Meredith Nicholson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

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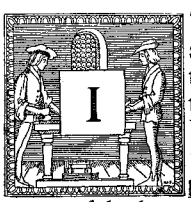
of a "rattling good story." But as aforesaid, it will be a disappointment to those of Mr. Nicholson's admirers who were waiting for the fulfilment of his promise to write the sort of book one does not give away, but keeps to read again. One thing must be mentioned to the author's credit, however. He has found a new hero for his story. Instead of the eternal Englishman or American, who figures in all sorts of impossible political adventures amid European kingdoms in books of this class, we have instead a young and handsome Austrian, of high birth, who figures in international intrigue of high politics, most of the scene of which is laid in America. It is true, the mysterious hero of *The Port of Missing Men* is very much the same sort of chap as the wandering Anglo-Saxon we have met before. But we are told he is an Austrian. That is somewhat new, and therefore worth mentioning.

And his marriage to the beautiful American heroine, who is brushed out from a well-worn stencil, is more within the bounds of possibility than the international matches in most such books.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

THE LEADING ROLES AND SOME RECENT BOOKS



IT would seem at first sight a superfluous task to give a definition of the term "leading rôle." You think of it as one of those obvious, self-explanatory phrases that may safely be taken for granted. Why, every story in fiction or in fact must have a certain number of leading rôles, an allotment of principal actors. "The play of *Hamlet,* with Hamlet left out" has become a formula, a convenient *reductio ad absurdum* of the drama without a leading part. And in the personal, intimate life of every man and woman there are just a few figures that stand out conspicuously from the rest of the world, just a few whose presence or absence makes a vital difference in each day's measure of joy or sorrow. You could not imagine, if you would, any story, any happening, possessing human interest, in which no single participant stood out above the rest, in which all the actors remained on the same dead level as the chorus of a comic opera.

But when we speak of the leading rôles in a play or a novel, we mean something more, and at the same time something less, than when we are thinking of just the few men and women who play the vital parts in our own intimate life histories. In real life, it does not matter in the least what the rest of the world thinks of a certain man who fills us with antipathy, a particular woman who rouses our admiration. That man and that woman will continue to influence our destinies, regardless of other people's opinions. We neither ask nor need the interest of the general public in our private affairs. How often one hears such comments as, "How did Tom Brown let himself be caught by that insignificant little Miss Jones?" or, "Why did Miss Smith throw herself away on such a worthless stick as Robinson?" And yet the Brown or the Robinson menage probably has quite as good a chance for happiness as some more favoured couple that meet with the approval of the onlookers. But behind the footlights or between the covers of a book, the leading rôles are vitally dependent upon public approval. What could more clearly or forcibly spell defeat for novelist or playwright than to fail to make their audience share their

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admiration for hero or heroine? When would *Vanity Fair* ever have needed to be reprinted had the reader thrown it aside with contemptuous wonder that any man had ever been attracted by Becky Sharp? How often would *Romeo and Juliet* have been enacted, had it left the spectators questioning whether any girl would ever have killed herself "for such a stick as Romeo"?

The truth is that there attaches to every "leading rôle" a certain element of artificiality, a degree of stage convention. Novelists and dramatists alike must make their leading men and women conspicuously different from the rest of the cast, more attractive in personality, with cleverer lines to speak and braver deeds to do. There must be no doubt in the spectator's mind which rôle is that of the hero. He need not appear in the first act or the opening chapter, but his coming must be foreshadowed. He need not, at the start, reveal any particular interest in the leading woman of the story; he may be indifferent, even hostile to her. But if the be-all and the end-all of the plot is their ultimate union, then in some subtle, unmistakable way his importance must be conveyed to the public from the moment of his first appearance, and their interest in him secured.

After all, when the maker of fiction or of drama deliberately exaggerates the importance of certain characters, merely for stage effect, he is not exceeding his rights. It is not a question of perverting the truth, but rather of diplomatically choosing the point of view. In real life, it is granted to few men and women to monopolise the centre of the stage; but it is always permitted to a photographer to adjust his camera so as to bring them into the middle of his lens. Indeed, the maker of pictures, whether he uses sensitised plates, or colour tubes, or the pigment of written words, if he fails to centre his group properly, is lacking in the very rudiments of his art.

Now, in regard to this question of grouping the central figures, it really is surprising to find how many different ways there are in which an author may blunder. To revert again to the parallel of the painter's art, it is not necessarily the figure which occupies the mathematical centre of the canvas, or the one which is placed in the nearest foreground, or the one possessing the greatest number of inches, that gives the picture its chief significance; but it is the figure towards which the painter's art at once carries the beholder's eye, the one towards which the natural lines converge, and on which the light falls clearest. It may be a mere speck on the horizon, a horseman half hidden in a moving cloud of dust; but if all the other figures in the painting are straining their eyes upon that same dust-cloud, if the stretching sweep and converging lines of the roadway carry your own gaze in the same direction, you know without being told that the galloping horseman is destined to play a leading rôle in the pictured drama. Similarly, in a novel, it is quite legitimate to take a character which through a dozen chapters has moved indistinctly along the outer edge of the story's action,—provided that in some subtle, unobtrusive way your attention is led in that direction, and you are made to foresee that when the time comes for him to gallop into the foreground, the crucial moment will have been reached.

But unless the author himself has a clear conception of which characters are to play the leading rôles, he will necessarily fail to focus your interest upon the right men and the right women, and as you close the book you will have a vague sense of having been unfairly mystified, if not deliberately cheated. Take, for instance, a plot after this fashion; a young man and a young woman are about to contract a marriage as unsuitable from a worldly point of view as the alliance which Arthur Pendennis purposed to make with the illustrious Fotheringay; and after the fashion of the crafty Major, their friends intervene and break it off. Now, such an episode may be treated in either of two ways: it may form a complete story by itself, or it may be treated as a prologue to a longer and stronger story. Any middle course must result in anti-climax. Yet every now and then one comes across a story in which the author, feeling that his hero or his heroine has been rather shabbily treated, and wishing to achieve the conventional

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"pleasant ending," marshals together all the unmarried characters who have even a speaking part in the story, picks out one whose presence the reader has perhaps up to this point scarcely been aware of, and spoils a good story by an unexpected and illogical proposal.

Or, again, take the case of several interwoven plots in one novel, two or three women, three or four men, whose affections are all in more or less unstable equilibrium. It is not enough to tell you that to-day Jack has a better chance than Tom of winning Mary; that Fanny has refused Harry because she prefers Dick; and that by to-morrow Kitty will intervene and alter the situation by monopolising all four men at once. There is something more important than the mere telling of what happens, and that is to make the reader feel a personal interest in it all; to make him care rather keenly whether Tom wins Mary, and Fanny loses Dick; and if in the end two couples are to be made happy and one miserable, to place him in a position to decide whether the author intended the book on the whole to be a tragedy or a comedy.

"The Sovereign Remedy"

The chief fault to be found with Mrs. Flora Annie Steel's new story, *The Sovereign Remedy*, is that, out of a rather confusing number of characters, it seems impossible to determine which ones she herself was personally interested in, and which she meant the reader to regard as the leading parts. This confusion mars what would otherwise have been a book of considerable strength. It has a definite, if not a particularly new, central theme: that money is responsible for a large share of the world's troubles, and will continue to be, so long as the world persists in regarding it as a universal panacea, a Sovereign Remedy. The point of departure, also, is clever and unusual. Four young men, all strangers to each other, meet by chance at a picturesque spot in the Welsh mountains: a narrow-minded preacher, a progressive young doctor, a millionaire nobleman and a clerk. There is a heated argument over a considerable sum of money, a hundred golden sovereigns, to be precise, which the millionaire has started to throw away into the waters of the lake below them, for reasons which enliven the chapter, but have no bearing upon the main plot. As a compromise, it is arranged that the money shall not be thrown away, but hidden in the cleft of a rock, to remain there until any one of the four finds himself in a position of such need as to feel justified in coming there, without notice to the others, and taking it. The story, in the main, is a chronicle of the events which lead each of those four men to make a secret pilgrimage to that mountain side, and in each case to find that some one else had been there before them. But to tell only so much of the book is scarcely to make a beginning of setting forth its complex and interwoven plot. The destinies of these four men, who meet so curiously by the wayside, intersect in strange and unexpected ways; there are several fine, rare, lovable women in the book: there is Aura, the unworldly, who passed her whole childhood without ever having seen a piece of money, and who finally missed her happiness because her great fear was to love too well; and there is Helen, the calm and practical, who almost let happiness pass her by, because she feared that she did not love well enough. There is no dearth of stirring episodes and sudden surprises; and yet it leaves the reader rather cold, rather out of sympathy with one and all the women and the men. He does not greatly care whether it is Ted the clerk or Ned the millionaire who wins Aura the unworldly, nor whether the unsuccessful suitor finally wins her back, in defiance of law and honour; he does not greatly care whether Helen finally takes pity on the progressive young doctor, or leaves him to die of blood-poison, alone in a foreign hospital; he does not even care to know who it was that took from its hiding place in the rock the hundred pounds which was to have been a Sovereign Remedy. In fact, the question seems so immaterial that it is not worth while even to feel resentful when in almost the last paragraph of the last page it appears that the hundred pounds were stolen by a man who has no leading rôle in the book, a man who comes into it only long enough to confess what he has done.

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"The Kinsman"

This story by Mrs. Steel and *The Kinsman,* by Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick, have at least this in common, that in both books a poor clerk and a millionaire are cousins, who have gone through life without having suspected each other's existence, until one day, when off for a jaunt in the country, they meet face to face. In *The Kinsman,* Bert Gammage and Roger Blois are not only cousins but they are astonishingly alike; so much so that, in meeting, each experiences the uncanny sensation of having met himself face to face. Their bewilderment leads to an explanation, a discovery of their family connection, a statement of Gammage's discontent with the small clerkship that he is too lazy to fill properly, and of Blois's recent return from Australia, where he has acquired a fortune. The sparkling waters of the Atlantic, just below the cliff where they meet, tempt Blois to take a swim, in spite of a warning that the currents are dangerous; and an hour later his new-found cousin returns to find that his clothes still lie on the shore awaiting his return. Evidently the wealthy Australian has been overcome by the tide and swept to sea; there is no one in England who knows him intimately; in view of their facial resemblance, it ought to be a simple matter, so the short-sighted, vulgar little cockney, Gammage, thinks, to step into his cousin's shoes, take possession of his fortune, visit the fashionable relatives whom Blois has casually spoken of, and maybe, who knows, end by marrying the girl whom Blois already had designs upon? There are just two rather serious obstacles to the success of this plan, suddenly conceived and rashly undertaken: first, that Blois is a gentleman, and his cousin neither is nor ever could be,—a difference which even Blois's casual acquaintances are bound to notice; and secondly, it happens that Gammage is overhasty in concluding that his cousin is dead, because it turns out that he is very much alive. And although fate throws numerous obstacles in the way of his proving his identity and ousting the impostor, yet when he finally does square accounts he does it very effectively. A distinctly amusing story, in which there is not for an instant any doubt which are the real hero and heroine.

"The Lone Furrow"

Mr. W. A. Fraser is one of those unreasonable authors who are not satisfied with having a distinct gift for doing a certain kind of thing, but insist from time to time upon trying to do something radically different, for which their particular talents do not in the least fit them. When he is writing up-to-date animal fables like *Mooswa,* or race-track stories like *Thoroughbreds,* or Hindoo tales with a touch of weirdness in them, Mr. Fraser is in his element. But a volume like *The Lone Furrow* is, to put it kindly, not one of his happy efforts. The theme of the story is as sombre as the title: the disappearance of a young, ardent, over-zealous Scotch clergyman, who one Sunday preaches a fiery temperance sermon, and the next day has passed out of sight and knowledge, leaving a bewildered congregation, and a heart-broken wife,—who, perhaps, holds the key of the situation, if she would only speak, but she will not. Chapter after chapter follow each other, full of the burden of weary waiting, varied with the gossip, the conjectures, the malicious accusations of the missing man's parishioners, who seem to have been as suspicious and evil-minded a congregation as ever a weak and erring minister ran away from. But in the end the secret is disclosed, and it proves to be nothing more and nothing less than the opium habit. That a clergyman could go on, month after month and year after year, ministering to the needs of his flock, and never once having his secret vice suspected, until the final intellectual collapse arrives, may be conceded, for the drug plays strange tricks. But when Mr. Fraser tells us that one of his characters has spent many years of his life in India and is familiar with eastern customs, and yet fails to solve the mystery, although the missing man's clothing and personal effects all reek with the clinging odour of opium smoke, he taxes our credulity too far. At the opening of the story, it was fair to presume that the Reverend Neil Munro was to fill the principal rôle; but really you can't call it a leading part where a character does not come upon the

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stage until just before the final curtain. But if Neil Munro is not the leading rôle, then it is a puzzling question who is, for the other characters seldom do anything more exhilarating than attend church or go trout fishing.

"The Secret of Toni"

In spite of the fact that *The Secret of Toni*, by Molly Elliott Seawell, is a rather thin, unsubstantial little tale, it arouses no resentment, but on the contrary a feeling of mild friendliness toward the earlier chapters, because they portray with an unaffected vividness the loyal friendship of two small French lads, and their rather precocious affection for two little French girls about, whom they build many a youthful air castle. Paul is some day to be an officer and win great battles, and make himself worthy of Lucie, who will have a fortune in her own right, when she grows up. Toni's ambition, like his station in life, is of a humbler sort. All he asks is some day to marry Denise, whose aunt keeps the cake shop across the way; and then he can live the remainder of his life in comfortable idleness, and have all the cake he wants, and Denise's love into the bargain. For, although the author did not mean it in that way, the reader soon interprets Toni's inmost secret to be an ingrained aversion to work of any sort; and this aversion follows him throughout a shifting and adventurous career. The later chapters are not nearly so entertaining; the years that Toni spends as bareback rider in a circus; the secret knowledge that he possesses of a mysterious murder, and his haunting fear that he will be unjustly accused of it,—all this savours of melodrama, and is curiously out of focus with the simple, natural narrative of the opening pages. But, as already said, one feels no resentment towards it, for the childhood portion is really quite enjoyable.

"Bob Hampton of Placer"

There are some authors who can always be counted on to do the expected thing, and Randall Parrish is one of them. If by chance you read *When Wilderness was King*, and did not like it, there would be small chance of your liking any of his later stories. But if, on the other hand, you did like it, then it is an equally safe wager that *Bob Hampton of Placer* is the sort of book you are looking for. An epitome of the plot, however, does the story injustice; it sounds so curiously familiar, so very much like a score of other volumes, of Ouidaesque flavour, in which an army officer is unjustly accused of another's crime, and under the shadow of suspicion passes out from his old life and drops lower and lower in the social scale, until finally the needed miracle happens to reinstate him. Randall Parrish has an undeniably clever touch, a trick of putting life and reality into rank melodrama,—for melodrama is unquestionably the right word for a large part of *Bob Hampton*. But there is a prelude to the story, a scene in a cañon, where a handful of men, and just one girl, are cornered by a band of hostile Indians, and hold them at bay for three days and nights, until food and water and ammunition fail, and the fever from their wounds consumes them,—and then at last, in the moment of the final massacre, Bob Hampton, the outcast, hits on a way to save the girl, a way so ingenious, so obvious, and yet requiring such strength and daring, that the detailed and graphic portrayal of it endows the book with a degree of strength and dignity that it would not otherwise possess. One would like to see the same quality of narration expended upon a simpler and more natural plot.

One other book remains to be briefly spoken of, a book so unusual, so foreign to occidental methods of thought and workmanship that it scarcely fits into any general article upon current fiction, either this month or any other. And yet it deserves to have attention called to it rather emphatically, because of the curious mystic poetry of its subject matter, and the exotic charm of its style. There is a promise of something unusual in the very name, *A Draught of the Blue;* and one turns curiously to the title-page, to discover that the contents are Hindoo love stories, translated from the original manuscripts by F. W. Bain, whose earlier industry gave us one other volume of real charm, *A Digit of the Moon*. To a reader who possesses anything more than

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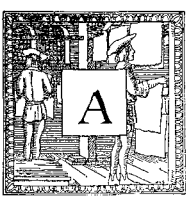
a mere smattering of knowledge of Hindoo life and Hindoo religious thought, there is a very genuine pleasure in reading the two curious tales that make up this new volume, because they are not only fascinating in themselves, as specimens of delicate and involved mysticism, but because they are so abundantly and unmistakably saturated with the spirit of the Orient, the imagery of the Vedic hymns, the music of all the soft, strange names of Brahman mythology. It would be more than a blunder to mar the charm by an inadequate retelling; but it is one of those rare volumes about which a critic feels that he cannot err in urging that it should be read.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

MISTRAL AND THE LANGUAGE OF THE TROUBADOURS



ARTEMUS WARD had an amusing device for hiding his ignorance of the work of the literary lights of his time. He wrote me a most diverting letter on the subject during his first lecture tour in the West, in which he said that when he visited the editorial offices out there and the boys greeted him heartily, saying, "Of course you know Reginald de Vere of the *Tribune?*" he immediately answered, "Oh, yes; he's a pew-rist." "Dick Follinsbee of the *Herald?*" "Oh, yes; he's a pew-rist." "Will Bickerstaffe of the *Times?*" "Oh, yes; he's a pew-rist." "I didn't know any one of them from a side o' sole leather," wrote Artemus, "but I immediately said he was a purist, drawling out the first syllable, and that satisfied them, and it ended in a laugh."

It is not impossible that some learned individuals of our own days may have little understanding of the literary status of Mistral, the poet of the *langue d'Oc,* beyond the vague idea that he is a "purist" of a certain kind, and a very unimportant kind, at that; but the old saying that "money talks" has been proved in the case of Frederick Mistral. The bestowal upon the famous Provençal poet of $20,000 from the trust fund of the inventor of dynamite, and Mistral's presentation of this sum to the Provençal Museum at Arles, have drawn attention to the man, his career and his wonderful language; and at the present day not to know who the author of *Mirèio* is, is indeed to argue one's self unknown.

Strange has been the destiny of the ancient tongue which this great poet has employed in the production of some of the most exquisite verses which ever were evolved in the brain of man. Provençal literature has flourished at two periods, with an interval between them of six hundred years, spontaneous revival being followed by rapid decline. Prior to the twelth century nothing foreshadowed the poetic movement of the Troubadours; and prior to 1850 nothing gave promise of the splendid blossoming of the masterpieces of the *Fèlibres;* for so great is the distance between Mistral and the petty poets in the *langue d'Oc* of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries that one fails to establish between them and the author of *Mirèio* any affiliation whatever. The name of *Fèlibres,* which the young Provençal poets, Mistral, Roumanille, Aubanel and others, took for themselves in the *Provençal Almanac* started at Avignon in 1854, was discovered by Mistral in an ancient Provençal prayer, although the founders of the *Fèlibrige* had nothing solemn about them. They introduced themselves in a delightful set of verses, each ending with a joyous and harmonious refrain, whose substance was to the effect that the writers were the gay Pro-

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vençaux *Fèlibres,* loving their dear Provence, and all loyal, happy, independent friends. Romanticists the world over gave a warm welcome to the youthful poets who made their bows in so modest and charming a manner. The *Provençal Almanac* still flourishes as the annual memento of the *Fèlibrèen* manifestations, and the study of its pages from its inception to the present time is indispensable to those who wish to learn the history of the Provençal *renaissance.* Many poems by Mistral, Aubanel and other masters of Provençal literature appeared there for the first time, before their later collection. Here are the beautiful Provençal poems of Paul Arène, which have never been printed elsewhere; Alphonse Daudet figures here also. Among other things, he wrote, in Provençal, one of his prettiest stories, *Mr. Seguin's Goat;* "a precious document," says a recent critic, "which reveals the secret of the style of the master-writer, showing the current at its source." It is in this almanac that Roumanille, the celebrated story-teller, has scattered from full hands the treasures of his mind, and his irresistible fun, whose broadness never exceeds the limits of decency. "Roumanille is a family Rabelais" is a popular saying.

The circulation of the *Provençal Almanac* reaches 15,000 copies, which means that its success remains great.

In English and in French there is a language of the streets and a written language; so also there is a spoken and a written Provençal. The literary Provençal language is the construction of the Fèlibres, and its orthography cannot be learned in schools. It was settled upon by Mistral, who is an eminent philologer and a clear and subtle grammarian, and has been codified by him in *The Treasure of the Fèlibrige,* a work which won for him the Ernest Reynaud prize from the Academy, and which must be followed by those Fèlibres who wish to write correctly. But it is rare that beginners possess perfectly the language and the spelling; their style is enamelled with gallicisms and feels too much the influence of French, unless it be simply phonetic. And the editor of a Fèlibrèen newspaper passes long hours, often from his sleep, in correcting defective terms, replacing them properly, and correcting the spelling.

The language of the Troubadours has abundant expression in the world of periodic literature. Mistral founded the Provençal paper, the *Aioli,* in 1890, which appeared three times per month, on the 7th, 17th, and 27th. Paul Arène, who wrote for it, called this a cabalistic periodicity; but this was not the first attempt by any means to put forth a journal in the *Oc* language. The Provençal press counts its seventy years of existence, and, dead and living, numbers some fifty papers, disseminated over various points in the Meridional territory. Many of these light publications are full of life and vigour and are eagerly sought by fun-lovers, while several highly dignified and grave periodicals give part place to the Provençal in their pages. Among those may be named the learned *Revue des Langues Romanes,* well known and much esteemed by *Romanisants* of the entire world, and founded in 1870; and *La Revue Fèlibrèenne,* which, founded in 1885, and still directed by M. Paul Marièton, yet appears from time to time.

To the reviews and journals of the *Langue d'Oc,* of which mention has been made, must be added the periodic annuals. There are about fifteen of these almanacs scattered over the Midi, and if there are certain ones which, because of their age, sell more than others, one may say that in the region where they appear they all have great success. Abounding in popular tales, in jokes a bit broad but never coarse, they are read with pleasure, even by persons who use French only all the year around; worthy burgesses who have given up the old local speech, but who know all the savour that that speech imparts to certain humorous stories.

How do the Fèlibrèen journals live? The *Alioli* was founded by Mistral at his own expense. The great resource of the press to-day is its advertising. The most important papers, it is well known, could not exist without their advertisers. This resource is but little cultivated by the journals of the *Langue d'Oc.* There are several causes for this. The journals only

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appear once or twice a month; their circulation is very small, and lastly, and above all, they are directed by poets, who everywhere are weak in the matter of business. The sale of the numbers also bring in little; in reality they only live by their subscriptions. One may therefore say that this interesting press has but a precarious existence.

As a language the Provençal no doubt gained in escaping the influence of the *Hotel de Rambouillet* and other literary *Salons,* as well as the torture instruments of the academies, and thus it has retained a freshness, a savour and an abundance of astonishing forms; but, forsaken by lettered persons, proscribed by the teachers, remaining in consequence foreign to the philosophic and scientific movement and to all foreign fertilisation, it has not been able to enrich itself from that special vocabulary without which it seems as if we could not to-day reason on abstract things.

One may indeed answer that Plato did not use a special vocabulary, that Cicero and Seneca wrote the Latin of all lettered persons; and that Bossuet, Pascal, Malebranche, philosophers of the eighteenth century and a good part of the philosophers of the nineteenth have used no other than the ordinary language. Yes; but the philosophic and scientific domain has become so greatly enlarged! And it is not only our discoveries which have extended it; it is our thought that has become richer.

It is true that Mistral in certain of his discourses, as well as other great writers of the *Langue d'Oc,* have succeeded in painting in Provençal the most peculiar aspects of modern life and in treating the most abstract questions of science. But it is a matter here relating only to the masters of the Provençal language, and in a few isolated works. The habitual contributors of the journals of the *Langue d'Oc* care little for grave, let alone serious questions. Gayety is the characteristic feature of these papers. It is a question among the editors as to whom shall find the most amusing story, and that is exactly what the public which buys the papers is looking for.

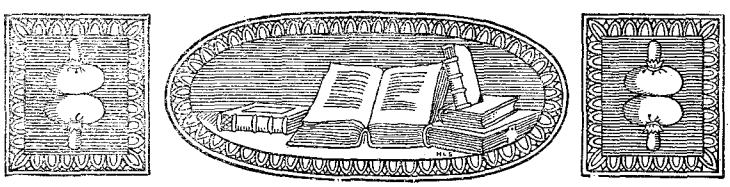
Will the language of the Troubadours die? The early demise of the *Langue d'Oc* has been often predicted.

The poetry of the Troubadours suddenly became extinct. Is the poetry of the Fèlibres also to disappear? and the admirable poems of the Mistrals, the Aubenals, the Roumanilles, and so many others, will they have been the supreme harmonies of a dying language? This is what bad prophets gravely foretell.

The friends of the Provençal language smile at this assertion; the funeral has been so frequently announced! Mr. Jules Vèran, to whose admirable researches full tribute of grateful acknowledgment for data is here made, says on this subject:

"For centuries the *Langue d'Oc* has resisted all assaults. To the ordinances of kings, to the anathemas of the Church, to the menaces of the Jacobin Revolution, to the scorn of Academies, the disdain of citizens, it answered one day by *Mirèio!* It will die, however, they say, because everything dies. But when? In a far distant future, doubtless; but a language is not dead while there remains somewhere in the mountains a shepherd who converses in it with the stars."

Olive Logan.



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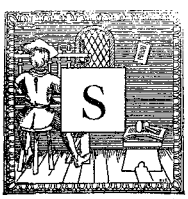
CHRONICLES OF THE IMP

BY JEFFERY FARNOL

VI.—"THE LAND OF HEART'S DELIGHT"



URELY there never was and never could be such another morning as this! Ever since the first peep of dawn a blackbird had been singing to me from the fragrant syringa-bush that blosomed just beneath my window. Each morning I had wakened to the joyous melody of his golden song. But to-day the order was reversed. I had sat there at my open casement, breathing the sweet purity of the morning, watching the eastern sky turn slowly from pearl-grey to saffron and from saffron to deepest crimson, until at last the new-risen sun had filled all the world with his glory. And then this blackbird of mine had begun—very hoarse at first, trying a note now and then in a tentative sort of fashion, as though still drowsy and not quite sure of himself, but little by little his notes had grown longer, richer, mellower, until here he was pouring out his soul in an ecstasy.

Ah! surely there never was, there never could be, such another morning as this!

Out of the green twilight of the woods a gentle wind was blowing, laden with the scent of earth and hidden flowers. Dewdrops twinkled in the grass and hung glistening from every leaf and twig, and beyond all was the sheen of the murmurous river.

The blackbird was in full song now, and by degrees others joined in—thrush, and lark, and linnet, with the humbler voices of the farmyard—until the sunny air was vibrant with the chorus.

Presently a man in a sleeved waistcoat crossed the paddock, whistling lustily, and from somewhere below there rose a merry clatter of plates and dishes; and thus the old inn, which had seen so many mornings, woke up to yet another.

But there never was, there never could be, just such another morning as this was!

And in a little while, having dressed with more than usual care, I went downstairs to find my breakfast awaiting me in the "Sanded Parlour," having ordered it for this early hour the night previously—ham and eggs and fragrant coffee, what mortal could wish for more?

And while I ate, waited on by the rosy-cheeked chambermaid, in came Master Amos Baggett, mine host, to pass the time of day, and likewise to assure me that my baggage should catch the early train; who when I rose, my meal at an end, paused to wipe his honest hand quite needlessly upon his snowy apron ere he wished me "Good-bye."

So having duly remembered the aforesaid rosy-cheeked chambermaid, the obsequious "Boots" and the grinning ostler, I sallied forth into the sunshine, and crossing the green, where stood the battered sign-post, I came to a flight of rough steps, at the foot of which my boat was moored. In I stepped, cast loose the painter, and shipping the sculls, shot out into the stream.

No, there never was, there never could be, just such another morning as this, for to-day I was to marry Lisbeth, and every stroke of the oar carried me nearer to her and happiness.

Gaily the alders bent and nodded to me; joyfully the birds piped and sang; merrily the water laughed and chattered against my prow as I rowed through the golden morning.

Long before the hour appointed I reached the water-stairs at Fane Court, and tying my skiff, lighted my pipe and watched the smoke rise slowly into the still air while I tried "to possess my soul in patience."

Sitting thus, I dreamed many a fair dream of the new life that was to be, and made many resolutions, as a man should upon his wedding morn.

And at last came Lisbeth herself, swiftly, lightly, as fair and sweet, and fresh

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as the morning, who yet paused a while to lean upon the balustrade and look down at me beneath the brim of her hat. Up I rose and stretched out my hands to her, but she still stood there, and I saw her cheeks were flushed and her eyes shy and tender.

So once more we stood upon the old water-stairs, she on the top stair, I on the lower; and again I saw the little foot beneath her skirt come slowly towards me and hesitate.

"Dick," she said, "you know that Aunt Agatha has cut me off—disinherited me altogether—you have had time to think it all over?"

"Yes."

"And you are quite—quite sure?"

"Quite! I think I have been so all my life."

"I'm penniless now, Dick, a beggar, with nothing in the world but the clothes I wear."

"Yes," I said, catching her hands in mine, "my beggar-maid; the loveliest, noblest, sweetest that ever stooped to bestow her love on man."

"Dick, how glorious everything is this morning—the earth, the sky, and the river!"

"It is our wedding morning!" said I.

"Our wedding day," she repeated in a whisper.

"And there never was just such a morning as this," said I.

"But, Dick, all days cannot be as this—there must come clouds and storm sometimes, and—and—O Dick! are you sure that you will never, never regret——"

"I love you, Lisbeth, in the shadow as well as the sunshine—love you ever and always." And so, the little foot hesitating no longer, Lisbeth came down to me.

Oh, never again could there be such another morning as this!

"Ahoy!"

I looked round with a start, and there, his cap cocked rakishly over one eye, his "murderous cutlass" at his hip and his arms folded across his chest, stood "Scarlet Sam, the Terror of the South Seas."

"Imp!" cried Lisbeth.

"Avast!" cried he in lusty tones; "whereaway?"

I glanced helplessly at Lisbeth and she at me.

"Whereaway, shipmate?" he bellowed in nautical fashion, but before I could find a suitable answer Dorothy made her appearance with the fluffy kitten "Louise" cuddled under her arm as usual.

"How do you do?" she said demurely; "it's awfully nice to get up so early, isn't it? We heard auntie creeping about on tippity-toes, you know, so we came, too. Reginald said she was pretending to be burglars, but I think she's going 'paddling.' Are you, auntie?"

"No, dear; not this morning," answered Lisbeth, shaking her head.

"Then you are going for a row in Uncle Dick's boat. How fine!"

"An' you'll take us with you, won't you, Uncle Dick?" cried the Imp eagerly. "We'll be pirates. I'll be 'Scarlet Sam,' an' you can be 'Timothy Bone, the bo'sun,' like you were last time."

"Impossible, my Imp," I said firmly. He looked at me incredulously for a moment, then, seeing I meant it, his lip began to quiver.

"I didn't think 'T-Timothy B-Bone' would ever desert me," he said, and turned away.

"Oh, auntie!" exclaimed Dorothy, "won't you take us?"

"Dear—not this morning."

"Are you going far, then, Uncle Dick?"

"Yes, very far," I answered, glancing uneasily from the Imp's drooping figure to Lisbeth.

"I wonder where?"

"Oh—well—er—down the river," I stammered, quite at a loss.

"Ye-e-s, but where?" persisted Dorothy.

"Well, to—er—to——"

"To the 'Land of Heart's Delight,'" Lisbeth put in, "and you may come with us, after all, if Uncle Dick will take you."

"To be sure he will, if your auntie wishes it," I cried, "so step aboard, my hearties, and lively!" In a moment the Imp's hand was in mine, and he was smiling up at me with wet lashes.

"I knew 'Timothy Bone' could never be a—a 'mutinous rogue,'" he said, and turned to aid Dorothy aboard with the air of an admiral on his flagship.

And now, all being ready, he unhitched the painter, or, as he said, "slipped our

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cable," and we glided out into mid-stream.

"A ship," he said thoughtfully, "always has a name. What shall we call this one? Last time we were 'pirates' and she was the *Black Death*——"

"Never mind last time, Imp," I broke in; "to-day she is the *Joyful Hope*."

"That doesn't sound very 'pirate-y,' somehow," he responded with a disparaging shake of the head, "but I s'pose it will have to do."

And so, upon that summer morning, the good ship *Joyful Hope* set sail for the "Land of Heart's Delight," and surely no vessel of her size ever carried quite such a cargo of happiness before or since.

And once again "Scarlet Sam" stamped upon the "quarter-deck" and roared orders anent "lee shrouds" and "weather braces," with divers injunctions concerning the "helm," while his eyes rolled and he flourished his "murderous cutlass" as he had done upon a certain other memorable occasion.

Never, never again could there be just such another morning as this—for two of us at least.

On we went, past rush and sedge and weeping willow, by roaring weir and cavernous lock, into the shadow of grim stone bridges and out again into the sunshine, past shady woods and green uplands, until at length we "cast anchor" before a flight of steps leading up to a particularly worn stone gateway surmounted by a crumbling stone cross.

"Why," exclaimed the Imp, staring, "this is a church!"

"Imp," I nodded, "I believe it is."

"But to-day isn't Sunday, you know," he remonstrated, seeing it was our intention to land.

"Never mind that, Imp; 'the better the deed, the better the day, you know.'"

On we went, Dorothy with the fluffy Louise beneath her arm and the Imp with cutlass swinging at his belt, while Lisbeth and I brought up the rear, and as we went she slipped her hand into mine. In the porch we came upon an aged woman busy with a broom and a very large duster, who, catching sight of Dorothy's kitten and the Imp's "murderous weapon," dropped first the duster and then the broom, and stood staring in open-mouthed astonishment.

And there in the dim old church, with the morning sun making a glory of the window above our heads, and with the birds for our choristers, the vows were exchanged and the blessing pronounced that gave Lisbeth and her future into my keeping; yet I think we were both conscious of those two small figures in the gloom of the great pew behind, who stared in round-eyed wonderment.

The register duly signed, and all formalities over and done, we go out into the sunshine; and once more the aged woman, richer now by half a crown, is reduced to mute astonishment, so that speech is beyond her, when the Imp, lifting his feathered cap, politely wishes her "good-morning."

Being come aboard the *Joyful Hope*, there ensued an awkward pause, during which Lisbeth looked at the children and I at her.

"We must take them back home," she said at last.

"We shall miss our train, Lisbeth."

"But," and here she blushed most delightfully, "there is really no hurry; we can take a—a later one."

"So be it," I said, and laid our course accordingly.

For a time there was silence, during which the Imp, as if in momentary expectation of an attack by bloodthirsty foes, scowled about him, pistol in hand, keeping, as he said, "his weather eye lifting," while Dorothy glanced from Lisbeth to me and back again with puzzled brows.

"I do believe you have been marrying each other!" she said suddenly. The Imp forgot all about his "weather eye" and stared aghast.

"'Course not!" he cried at last. "Uncle Dick wouldn't do such a thing, would you, Uncle Dick?"

"Imp, I have—I do confess it."

"Oh!" he exclaimed in a tone of deepest tragedy. "And you let him go and do it, Auntie Lisbeth?"

"He was so very, very persistent, Imp," she said, actually turning crimson beneath his reproachful eye.

"Don't be too hard on us, Imp," I pleaded.

"I s'pose it can't be helped now," he

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said, a little mollified, but frowning sternly nevertheless.

"No," I answered, with my eyes upon Lisbeth's lovely, blushing face, "it certainly can't be helped now."

"And you'll never do it again?"

"Never again, Imp."

"Then I forgive you, only why—why did you do it?"

"Well, you see, my Imp, I have an old house in the country, a very cosy old place, but it's lonely, horribly lonely, to live by one's self. I've wanted somebody to help me to live in it for a long time, but nobody would, you know, Imp. At last your Auntie Lisbeth has promised to take care of the house and me, to fill the desolate rooms with her voice and sweet presence, and my empty life with her life. You can't quite understand how much this means to me now, Imp, but you will some day, perhaps."

"But are you going to take our Auntie Lisbeth away from us?" cried Dorothy.

"Yes, dear," I answered, "but——"

"Oh, I don't like that one bit!" exclaimed the Imp.

"But you shall come there and stay with us as often as you wish," said Lisbeth.

"That would be perfectly beautiful!" cried Dorothy.

"Yes, but when?" inquired the Imp gloomily.

"Soon," I answered.

"Very soon!" said Lisbeth.

"Will you promise to be 'Timothy Bone, the bo'sun,' an' the 'Black Knight,' an' 'Little-John' whenever I want you to—so help you Sam, Uncle Dick?"

"I will, Imp."

"An' make me a long sword with a—a 'deadly point'?"

"Yes," I nodded, "and show you some real ones, too."

"Real ones?" he cried.

"Oh, yes, and armour as well; there's lots of it in the old house, you know."

"Let's go now!" he cried, nearly upsetting the boat in his eagerness.

"Oh! O Dick!" cried Lisbeth at this moment, "Dick—there's aunt!"

"Aunt?" I repeated.

"Aunt Agatha, and she sees us; look!"

Turning my head, I beheld a most unexpected sight. Advancing directly upon us was the old boat, that identical, weatherbeaten tub of a boat in which Lisbeth and I had come so near ending our lives together, the which has already been told in these Chronicles. On the rowing-thwart sat Peter, the coachman, and in the stern-sheets, very grim and stiff in the back, her lorgnettes at her eyes, was Lady Warburton.

Escape was quite out of the question, and in half a dozen strokes of the oar we were alongside and close under the battery of the lorgnettes.

"Elizabeth," she began in her most ponderous manner, ignoring my presence altogether, "Elizabeth, child, I blush for you."

"Then, aunt, please don't," cried Lisbeth; "I can do quite enough of that for myself. I'm always blushing lately," and as if to prove her words she immediately proceeded to do so.

"Elizabeth," proceeded Lady Warburton, making great play with her lorgnettes, "your very shameless, ungrateful letter I received last night. This morning I arose at an objectionably early hour, travelled down in a draughty train, and here I am out on a damp and nasty river in a leaky boat, with my feet horribly wet, but determined to save you from an act which you may repent all your days."

"Excuse me," I said, bowing deeply, "but such heroic devotion cannot be sufficiently appreciated and admired. In Lisbeth's name I beg to thank you; nevertheless——"

"Mr. Brent, I believe?" she said in a tone of faint surprise, as though noticing my presence for the first time.

"At your service, madam!" I answered with another bow.

"Then I must ask you to convey my ward back to Fane Court immediately; she and the children will accompany me to London at once."

"My dear Lady Warburton," I said, fronting the lorgnettes with really admirable fortitude, "it grieves me to deny you this request, but believe me, it is impossible!"

"Impossible!" she repeated.

"Quite!" I answered. "You here behold the good ship *Joyful Hope,* bound for the 'Land of Heart's Delight,' and we

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aboard are all determined on our course."

"'An' the wind blows fair, an' our helm's a-lee, so it's heave, my mariners, all—O!'" cried the Imp in his nautical voice.

"Dear me!" ejaculated Lady Warburton, starting. "Elizabeth, be so obliging as to tell me what it all means. Why have you dragged these children from their beds to come philandering upon a horrid river at such an hour?"

"Excuse me, aunt, but she didn't drag us," protested the Imp, bowing exactly as I had done a moment before.

"Oh, no, we came," nodded Dorothy.

"An' we've been getting married, you know," said the Imp.

"And it was all very, very beautiful," added Dorothy; "even Louise enjoyed it ever so much!" and she kissed the fluffy kitten.

"Married!" cried Lady Warburton in a tone of horror; "married!"

"They would do it, you know," sighed the Imp.

"And quite right, too," said Dorothy; "everybody always marries somebody, sometime; it's very fashionable at present. Mamma did and so shall I when I grow up, I suppose."

"Goodness gracious child!" exclaimed Lady Warburton.

"I s'pose you're angry 'bout it, aunt," pursued the Imp. "I was at first—just a weeny bit; but you see Uncle Dick has a wonderful house with swords an' armour, but empty, an' he wanted to keep somebody in it to see that everything was nice, I s'pose, an' sing, you know, an' take care of his life. Auntie Lisbeth can sing, an' she wanted to go, so I forgave them."

"Oh, indeed, Reginald?" said Lady Warburton in a rather queer voice, and I saw the corners of her high, thin nose quiver strangely.

"Beggin' your pardon, ma'am," said Peter at this moment, touching his cap, "I don't know much about boats, my line bein' 'osses, but I do think as this 'ere boat is a-goin' to sink."

"Then row for the shore instantly," said Lady Warburton firmly, "and should I never reach it alive"—here she brought her lorgnette to bear on Lisbeth—"I say if I *do* meet a watery grave this day, my epitaph shall be, 'Drowned by the Ingratitude of a Niece.'"

However, this gloomy tragedy being happily averted, and Lady Warburton safely landed, I, at a nod from Lisbeth, rowed to the bank likewise and we all disembarked together.

Now, as kind Fortune would have it, and Fortune was very kind that morning, the place where we stood was within a stone's throw of "The Three Jolly Anglers," and wafted to us on the warm, still air there came a wondrous fragrance, far sweeter and more alluring than the breath of roses or honeysuckle—the delightful aroma of frying bacon.

Lady Warburton faced us, her parasol tucked beneath her arm, looking very much like a military officer on parade.

"Dorothy and Reginald," she said in a short, sharp voice of command, "bid good-bye to your Auntie Lisbeth and accompany me home at once."

"No, no," cried Lisbeth, with hands stretched out appealingly, "you will not leave us like this, aunt—for the sake of the love I shall always bear you, and—and——"

"Elizabeth, I cared for you from your babyhood up. Ingratitude is my return. I watched you grow from child to woman. I planned out a future for you; you broke those plans. I might tell you that I am a lonely, disappointed old woman, who loved you much more than she thought, but I won't!"

"Dear, dear Aunt Agatha, did you love me so much, and I never guessed; you wouldn't let me, you see. Ah! do not think me ungrateful, but when a woman comes to marry she must choose for herself as I have done; and I am happy, dear, and proud of my choice—proud to have won the true love of a true man; only do not think I am ungrateful. And if this must be good-bye, do not let us part like this—for my sake and your sake and the sake of my—husband."

Lady Warburton had turned away, and there ensued a somewhat embarrassing pause.

"Elizabeth," she said suddenly, "if I don't mistake, somebody is frying bacon somewhere, and I'm ravenously hungry."

"So am I," cried the Imp.

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"And so am I," Dorothy chimed in.

"Then suppose we have breakfast," I suggested, and in almost less time than it takes to tell I was leading the way across the green with Lady Warburton on my arm—actually leaning on my arm. It all happened so quickly that Heaven and Lisbeth alone know how she got there.

And now who so surprised to see us as honest Amos Baggett, ushering us with many bows and smiles into the Sanded Parlour, where breakfast was soon ready; and who so quick and dexterous in attending to our wants as the rosy-cheeked chambermaid?

And what a breakfast that was! Never had the antique andirons on the hearth, the pewter plates and dishes upon the walls, the brass-bound blunderbuss above the mantel seemed so bright and polished before, and surely never had they gleamed upon a merrier company. To be sure, the Imp's remarks were somewhat few and far between, but that was simply on account of the blackberry jam.

"I suppose you are both ridiculously happy," said Lady Warburton, eyeing us over her coffee cup.

"Most absurdly!" answered Lisbeth, blushing all in a moment.

"Preposterously!" I nodded.

"Of course!" said Lady Warburton, and setting down her cup, she sighed, while I wondered what memories her narrow life could hold.

"Uncle Dick," said the Imp suddenly, "do you s'pose Scarlet Sam ever ate blackberry jam?"

"Undoubtedly, my Imp, when he could get it." This appeared to greatly relieve his mind, for he took another helping.

But all things must have an end, alas! —even such a breakfast as this, and presently we were out in the sunshine again, standing beneath the weatherbeaten sign whereon three faded fishermen fished with faded rods in a faded stream; while away down the road we could see Peter already approaching with the carriage.

"And now I suppose you are going?" said Lady Warburton.

"There is a train at half-past ten," I answered.

"An' we are going, too!" said Dorothy.

"Yes, we're quite ready, Uncle Dick," cried the Imp, thrusting his pistols into his belt.

"But, you wouldn't leave me all alone, would you, children?" asked Lady Warburton, and there was a certain wistfulness in her sharp face that seemed new to it.

"'Course not," sighed the Imp, "only——

"We must stay and take care of her, Reginald," nodded Dorothy decisively.

"Yes, I'll take care of you, Aunt, with lance, battle-axe, an' sword, by day an' night," said the Imp, "only—I should have liked to see Uncle Dick's wonderful house, with the real swords an' armour, in the Land of Heart's Delight—some day, you know."

"And so you shall," cried Lady Warburton, and she actually stooped to kiss him, and then Dorothy, rather 'pecky' kisses, perhaps, but very genuine kisses notwithstanding.

"Richard," she said, giving me her hand, "we shall come down to your wonderful house—all three of us next week, so be prepared—now be off—both of you."

"Then you forgive me, Aunt?" asked Lisbeth, hesitating.

"Well, I don't quite know yet, Lisbeth; but, my dear, I'll tell you something I have never mentioned to a living soul but you; if I had acted forty years ago as you did to-day, I should have been a very different creature to the cross-grained old woman you think me. There—there's a kiss, but as for forgiving you—that is quite another matter, I must have time to think it all over. Good-bye, my dear; and, Richard, fill her life with happiness, to make up for mine, if you can. Children, bid good-bye to your Auntie—and Uncle Dick!"

"You won't forget the sword with the 'deadly point,' will you, Uncle Dick?"

"I won't forget, my Imp!" Hereupon he tried to smile, but his trembling lips refused, and snatching his hand from mine he turned away; as for Dorothy, she was sobbing into the fur of the fluffy kitten.

Then I helped Lisbeth aboard *The Joyful Hope,* loving her the more for the

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tears that gleamed beneath her long lashes, and casting loose, we glided out into the stream.

There they stood, the two children, with the white-haired figure between them, Dorothy holding up the round-eyed "Louise" for a parting glimpse, and the Imp flourishing his cutlass, until a bend of the river hid them from view.

So Lisbeth and I sailed on together through the golden morning to "The Land of Heart's Delight."

THE END

A GRACE BEFORE SHAKESPEARE

("I own that I am disposed to say grace upon twenty other occasions in the course of the day besides my dinner. I want a form for setting out upon a pleasant walk, for a moonlight ramble, for a friendly meeting, or a solved problem. Why have we none for books, those spiritual repasts—a grace before Milton—a grace before Shakespeare—a devotional exercise proper to be read before reading the *Faërie Queene?*"—Charles Lamb: *Essays of Elia.*)

Weary and wishful of the woods, we hear
The whispers of the leaves of Arden stealing
Down the dull ways of sense with "Better cheer!"
Or strain to catch a sweet and tiny pealing—
The elfin bells of Puck and all his line,
And watch the lights of springtide clearer growing,
And smell the violet and the eglantine,
In love with Love, and fun and frolic flowing.
Darken our day-dreams, and the air strikes chill,
And shadows huge and formless go a-glooming,
And moments are when Life and Death stand still
Before Lord Fate's inexorable dooming;—
Shakespeare, or murmuring night or morning song,
Always thyself abideth, calm and strong!

—*George Herbert Clarke.*

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THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

American Book Company:

Animal Fables from the Dark Continent. By A. O. Spofford.

This is a new book in the Eclectic Reading Series and is intended for supplementary reading in the third year. It consists of thirty-four animal fables drawn from the folk lore of the negro race, both in Africa and in America. There are a number of full-page illustrations.

The Jingle Primer. By Clara L. Brown and Carolyn S. Bailey. 30 cents.

Containing selections from Mother Goose in jingles followed by stories using the same ideas and expressions.

High School Manual Training Course in Woodwork. Including Cost of Equipment and Supplies and Studies on Trees and Wood. Prepared by Samuel E. Ritchey.

Practical Zoology. An Elementary Text-Book Treating of the Structure, Life History, and Relations of Animals. By Alvin Davison, A.M.

Robbin's Plane Geometry. By Edward Rutledge Robbins, A.B.

A text-book in Geometry written from the standpoint of the pupil. It has numerous original exercises classified and graded.

La Mère Michel et Son Chat. La Bedollière. By Freeman M. Josselyn.

A text-book for a first-year French class.

American Publishing Company:

Practical Ideals in Evangelism. By C. H. Rust.

Containing "The Importance of Evangelism, The Ideal Evangelist, and Evangelism with the Individual."

American Unitarian Association:

Life's Enthusiasms. By David Starr Jordan.

"To do things because we love them, to love things because we do them," is the message of this volume.

Cap'n Chadwick. By John White Chadwick.

This little biography deals with the simple life of an old New England skipper and shoemaker, a man of remarkable memory and wonderful physical power.

D. Appleton and Company:

The Woman's Victory. By Maarten Maartens.

A collection of short stories.

The Second Generation. By David Graham Phillips.

Hiram Ranger, a wealthy mill owner, foreseeing that his wealth would prove a curse to his children by encouraging them to lead an idle and useless existence, makes his will in favour of a university. The development in the characters of the young man and girl thus disinherited forms the theme of this story.

The New Internationalism. By Harold Bolce. $1.50.

Reciprocity and free trade are advocated in this volume as aids to our country's future growth.

The Secret of Toni. By Mollie Elliott Sewall.

Reviewed elsewhere in this number.

The Diamond Ship. By Max Pemberton.

This is a story of adventure in which the hero devotes his life to running down a syndicate of diamond thieves.

The Artemisia Bindery:

The Hieroglyphics of Love. By Amanda Mathews.

A collection of Mexican stories. Some of these tales have already appeared in magazines.

Richard G. Badger Publishing Company:

Personal Recollections of Johannes Brahms. Some of his Letters to and Pages from a Journal kept by George Henschal.

"Intended to be a help toward a more complete understanding and appreciating the personal character of the Last of the Classics." A book of special interest to musicians.

Cobwebs. By Gertrude Rogers.

A small book of verse.

Songs from the Capital. By Clara Ophelia Bland.

The Baker-Taylor Company:

A History of Architecture. By Russell Sturgis, A.M., Ph.D.

The table of contents divides this volume into five books. Book One deals with Ancient Egypt; Book Two, Western Asia to 300 B.C.; Book Three, Greece; Book Four, Italian Peoples Be-

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fore Roman Control; Book Five, Roman Imperial Architecture. It has over three hundred illustrations.

A. S. Barnes and Company:

Love Songs and Bugle Calls. By Virginia Frazer Boyle.

Poems, many of which relate to the South. They are classified as "Love Songs, Bugle Calls, Miscellaneous Poetry," and "Dialect Poetry."

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The Port of Missing Men. By Clarence F. Underwood.

Reviewed elsewhere in this number.

Brentano's:

Decorative Art in America. A Lecture by Oscar Wilde, with Introduction and Notes by Richard Butler Glaenzer.

Sarah Bernhardt, Mrs. Browning, Joaquin Miller and Keats are among the personages analysed in these essays, or groups of letters.

Broadway Publishing Company:

Hearts and Spades. By Stella Beerburger.

A book containing sayings, such as "Twilight is the dreamland of life's day," edited with a mythological index.

The Waist of the World. By James Hampton Lee.

The Century Company:

A Book of Music. By Richard Watson Gilder.

A collection of poems relating directly to music and containing selections on the playing of Paderewski, Essipoff, and Rubinstein.

The Dangers of Municipal Ownership. By Robert P. Porter. $1.80 net.

This book designs to give a short history of Municipal Ownership in Great Britain, and shows some of the serious aspects of the municipal position there.

W. E. Chase Publishing Company:

Jonathan Upglade. By Wilfred Earl Chase.

Containing articles on "The Treatment of Animals, Church Discipline, Uplift Societies," and "Vivisection."

Robert Grier Cooke:

Papers and Addresses. By William Gilbert Davies.

This book is beautifully bound in red *de luxe* cloth stamped in gold and for the frontispiece has a choice print of New York in 1801. It contains historical studies and articles on matters connected with life insurance.

When Yesterday was Young. By Mildred I. McNeal-Sweeney.

A book of verse.

Through the Sieve. By Addison Ballard.

"A Group of Picked Sayings Shortly Told."

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

Henry the Fifth, and As You Like It. By Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke.

Companion volumes which are reproductions of the famous First Folio text of 1623, giving Shakespeare's original spelling and pronunciation.

Dana Estes and Company:

Young Folks' Nature Field Book. By J. Alden Loring.

A short nature story for every day in the year, giving the reader the appropriate seasons for the different beasts, birds, and flowers. Illustrated.

T. S. Denison:

Tableaux and Scenic Readings. By Marie Irish.

A book containing scenic readings, illustrated songs, pantomimes, and tableaux.

Humourous Monologues. By Mayme Riddle Bitney.

The Dolphin Press:

The Golden Sayings of Bl. Giles. By the Rev. Fr. Paschal Robinson. $1.00.

The maxims of a Franciscan monk edited by one of the Order of Friars Minor.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Old New England Churches and Their Children. By Dolores Bacon. $3.75.

The celebrated events associated with about forty of the old New England churches are considered in this book. The churches are treated, not from an architectural but a historical standpoint, and many references are made to the famous men who filled their pulpits.

The Privateer. By H. B. Marriott Watson. $1.50.

In this story the usual fortune-hunting conditions are reversed. The heroine is an Englishwoman of wealth, and the men who seek to marry her American railroad magnates.

Bettina. By Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd. $1.25.

A man is waiting at the ferry for an acquaintance. Suddenly his attention is attracted by a very pretty girl, who has mistaken him for a friend of her brother's. She grasps him by the arm

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and tells him to run for the boat. How he makes several attempts to undeceive her, is introduced to her friends at the depot as her brother's chum, and just when he really has a chance to explain, is involved in a train wreck and badly hurt, are the main points of the story.

Eaton and Mains Publishing Company:

Modern Poets and Christian Teaching. Lowell. By William A. Quayle. $1.00.

Lowell is discussed in this volume as Lowell the Puritan, the Religious Poet, His Moral Atmosphere, His Moral Passion, His Gospel of Nature Love.

Elliott Stock Company:

A History of the Revised Version of the New Testament. By Reverend Samuel Hemphill, D.D., Litt.D.

A practical work pointing out the incongruity between the Revised Version of the New Testament and the Revised Version of the Old Testament.

R. F. Fenno and Company:

Letters of a Business Woman to her Niece. By Caroline A. Huling.

Advice to women in the business world is contained in these "Letters." Some of the points touched on especially are, choice of a vocation, employer's affairs confidential, and how to dress well and in good taste on fifty dollars a year.

Funk and Wagnalls:

Where the Rainbow Touches the Ground. By John Henderson Miller. $1.00.

The native Kansan is depicted in this book in all his quaintness of speech and practical wisdom of character.

The Old Darnman. By Charles L. Goodell. 40 cents net.

The singular story of a well-known New England character. A young man engaged to a very beautiful girl receives the news of her sudden death just as he has attired himself for the bridal. The shock unhinges his mind and he begins his wanderings, which last all his life. The only aid he ever solicits is needle and thread to darn his one-time wedding garments, and on account of this habit he becomes known all over the countryside as the Old Darnman.

Charles Gibson:

The Spirit of Love and Other Poems. By Charles Gibson.

The Grafton Press:

A Daughter of the Gods. The Story of Helen of Troy. By Lea Donald.

A sketch containing a collection of the different sayings about, and references made to, Helen of Troy. A limited edition.

Harper and Brothers:

The Squaw Man. By Julie Opp Faversham.

Adapted from the play of the same name. A story with England and America as scenes of action.

By the Light of the Soul. By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. $1.50.

Reviewed elsewhere in this number.

Norman W. Henley Publishing Company:

Modern Plumbing. Illustrated. By R. M. Starbuck. $4.00.

A practical work on plumbing with the important questions of drainage and sewerage given prominent positions. It is intended to be a guide to plumbers in their actual work, and has numerous scale drawings, illustrating every imaginable question which might confront the plumber, architect, or sanitary engineer.

Henry Holt and Company:

The Poems of Victor Hugo. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Arthur Graves Canfield.

A German Primer. By Lewis Addison Rhodes and Lydia Schneider.

An elementary German text-book.

The Investment of Life Insurance Companies. By Lester W. Zartman. $1.25 net.

The purpose of this volume is twofold. Firstly, it analyses the earning power and assets belonging to the life insurance companies, and secondly, it discusses the relation of the investment to social welfare.

The Development of Standard English Speech in Outline. By J. M. Hart.

This book represents Cornell's aim and method, and is the outcome of lectures delivered to pupils in Middle English.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

Christ and the Human Race. By Charles Cuthbert Hall.

The Lodging House Problem in Boston. By Albert Benedict Wolfe. $1.50.

A monograph on the lodging-house problem.

American Statesmen. John Sherman. By Theodore E. Burton.

B. W. Huebsch:

The New Art of an Ancient People, The Work of Ephraim Mose Lilien. By M. S. Levussove.

An appreciation of Lilien's drawings.

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John Lane and Company:

Actæon and Other Poems. By John Erskine. $1.25.

The Soul's Progress and Other Poems. By Louis V. Ledoux. $1.25.

A book of verse from the author of *Songs from a Silent Land.*

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Balzac. By Ferdinand Brunetière.

This volume by the distinguished French critic, Monsieur Ferdinand Brunetière, is an exhaustive biographical study of Honoré de Balzac. It is the second of a series which "aims to do for French literature what has already been done for English men of letters."

The Flight of Marie Antoinette. From the French of G. Lenotre. By Mrs. Ralph Stanell.

A story in detail of three tragic days in the life of the unfortunate French Queen, a heroic figure surrounded by her children and dependents. This volume contains many illustrations of the people and places concerned.

Little, Brown and Company:

Enoch Strone. By E. Phillips Oppenheim.

A Sleeping Memory. By E. Phillips Oppenheim.

The Malefactor. By E. Phillips Oppenheim.

The hero, an English baronet, spends ten years of his life in prison on the false charge of murder rather than save himself by disclosing some evidence in his possession which would ruin the reputation of the woman he loves. How he repents of his quixotic motive during his incarceration, plans and executes his revenge, is the plot of the story.

Longman, Greens and Company:

American Problems, Essays and Addresses. By James H. Baker, M.A., LL.D.

The problems are discussed under three heads. Ideals, Sociological Problems, and Education.

John W. Luce and Company:

The Canterville Ghost. By Wilde.

A fanciful tale of the tribulations of a noble English Ghost when his family mansion is bought by the American Minister to the Court of St. James.

A Bachelor's Cupboard. By A. Lyman Phillips. $1.00.

A book suggesting suitable house-furnishings for a bachelor's apartment, giving directions for the proper care of clothing, and containing a collection of recipes gathered from all corners of the globe.

The Renaissance of English Art. By Oscar Wilde.

A lecture delivered by Oscar Wilde when on his visit to America.

Recollections of Oscar Wilde. By Ernest La Jeunnesse, André Gide, and Franz Blei. Translation and Introduction by Percival Pollard.

The recollections are written by one Frenchman and two Germans as they knew Wilde in different phases of his existence.

The Marriage of Heaven and Hell. By William Blake.

Containing "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell, the Voice of the Devil, Proverbs of Hell," and "A Memorable Fancy."

The Macmillan Company:

Business Organization. By Samuel E. Sparling, Ph.D.

Divided into "Principles of Organization, Organization of Manufacturing, and Organization of Distributive Industries."

Mars and Its Canals. By Percival Lowell. $2.50.

This book contains knowledge pertaining to Mars, several of the chief points being as follows: that Mars carries on a system of irrigation by canals for agricultural purposes; that the inhabitants possess a superior intelligence in mechanical matters; and that war among them is an unknown thing.

The Fair Hills of Ireland. By Stephen Gwynn. $2.00.

A topographical history of Ireland, containing much information, historical, architectural, traditional, archæological, social, economic, and literary. It embraces descriptions of the "Fair Hills," also of famous rivers, towns and ruins, and is a book designed to interest especially prospective travellers in Ireland.

The Tariff and the Trusts. By Franklin Pierce. $1.50 net.

This treatise shows the prevailing condition of the tariff and trusts, tells how the tariff system reached its present form, and analyses the effects of the Dingley tariff upon the consumer.

Playright and Copyright in all Countries. Showing How to Protect a Play or a Book Throughout the World. By William Morris Colles and Harold Harvey. $2.50 net.

In three parts. The first part takes up the "Countries Within the Copyright Union," the second part, "Countries Outside the Copyright Union," and the third part is "Miscellaneous and General."

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Life in Ancient Athens. The Social and Public Life of a Classical Athenian from Day to Day. By T. G. Tucker. $1.25 net.

Federal Power Over Carriers and Corporations. By E. Parmalee Prentice.

"In this book Mr. Prentice has examined the constitutional aspect of the position taken by the present administration with reference to the regulation by Congress of corporations which had previously been left to the control of the States."

Costume Fanciful, Historical, and Theatrical. Compiled by Mrs. Aria. Illustrated by Percy Anderson.

A dissertation on dress beginning in Classic times and embracing that of Foreign and British peasants, Oriental dress, Fancy dress, Dancing dress, and Theatrical dress.

Elkin Mathews, London:

A Book of Masks. By Wilbur Underwood.

McClure, Phillips and Company:

The Mystery. By Stewart Edward White and Samuel Hopkins Adams.

Reviewed elsewhere in this number.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

The Religion of Cheerfulness. By Sara A. Hubbard.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

The Works of James McNeill Whistler. By Elisabeth Luther Cary.

This elaborate work contains many Whistlers that have never heretofore been reproduced in any way.

Wireless Telegraphy. By A. E. Kennelly. $1.00.

An elementary treatise on wireless telegraphy, tracing its course from inception to the latest developments.

The Humour of Love. By Tom Masson.

In two volumes, one in prose and one in verse, written by such authors as Artemus Ward, Thackeray, Josh Billings, James Russell Lowell, Bret Harte, and Tom Masson.

Morgan, Shepard Company:

Ibsen, the Man, His Art, His Significance. By Hildane Macfall.

This book is marked by its distinctly personal quality and gives an impressionistic picture of Ibsen.

John P. Morton and Company:

Songs of East and West. By Walter Malone.

"Omar in Heaven, Pasadena, Beside the Danube," and "At the Paris Morgue," are some of the titles of the poems that Mr. Malone gives us in this, his new volume of poetry.

Neale Publishing Company:

Mosby's Men. By John H. Alexander.

An account of the famous Mosby Rangers by one of them, who was but a boy of sixteen when he joined that corps of irregular Confederate cavalry. The Guard Hill Raid, The Expedition Across the Potomac, and the Greenback Raid are entertainingly described in these chapters.

The Life of Doctor Samuel A. Mudd. Edited by Miss Nettie Mudd. $3.00.

This story tells by means of official reports, court testimony, orders and letters, how Doctor Mudd was implicated in Lincoln's assassination. On the morning of April 15, 1865, Doctor Mudd was aroused by a man asking him to aid a friend who had broken his leg. Doctor Mudd not only set the leg, but took the stranger into his home and cared for him. The strange man was John Wilkes Booth. By false witnesses, and on false testimony, Doctor Mudd was compelled to go through an ordeal of imprisonment and shame, from which he emerged some years later a broken man, both physically and mentally.

Alexander Wilson, Poet and Naturalist. A Study of his Life with Selected Poems. By James Southall Wilson, Ph.D.

A biography of our first ornithologist, presenting Jefferson's letters about birds, a study of the Scotland of Burns's and Wilson's period, and an analysis of Wilson's character and poetry. "The Invitation," "Watty and Meg" and "On American Blue-birds" are included in this volume.

Beverages and Sauces of Colonial Virginia. 1607-1907. By Laura S. Fitchett.

A collection of the recipes for beverages and sauces used in Virginia for the last three hundred years.

The Life and Services of John Newland Maffitt. By Emma Martin Maffitt.

The biography of an officer in the United States Navy who gave up his commission at the outbreak of the Civil War to join the Confederate forces. He commanded various Confederate battleships, among which were the *Cecile*, the *Gordon*, the *Florida*, and the *Albermarle*. President Davis said of Captain Maffitt, "that he always exceeded what was expected of him," and Admiral Dewey calls him "the bravest of the brave."

Nusbaum Book and News Company:

General Lee. His Campaigns in Virginia,

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1861-1865, with Personal Reminiscences by Walter H. Taylor.

A history of the war between the States from the point of view of Colonel Taylor, whose relations with General Lee were of the closest and most intimate kind, both personally and officially. Beginning with the events leading up to the war, it carries the reader through four years of the bloody struggle and throws a light on the many disadvantages with which General Lee had to contend. The book is illustrated with maps of the principal battle-fields of the Army of North Virginia.

The Outing Publishing Company:

Fishing and Shooting Sketches. By Grover Cleveland.

A collection of the papers on outdoor life which Mr. Cleveland has contributed to various magazines and papers since 1901. The titles of some of the chapters are, "Rabbit Shooting, Quail Shooting, The Serene Duck Hunter," and "The Mission of Sport and Outdoor Life."

Oxford University Press:

The Medea of Euripides. Translated by Gilbert Murray.

A tragedy of ancient Greece.

L. C. Page and Company:

The Pipes of Pan. By Bliss Carman.

Containing, "From the Book of Myths, From the Green Book of the Bards, Songs of the Sea Children, Songs from a Northern Garden, and from a Book of Valentines."

The Pilgrim Press:

Hero Tales of Congregational History. By Grace T. Davis.

Concerning the Pilgrims and founded on historical material with imaginary conversations and deeds.

A Year of Good Cheer. Delia Lyman Porter.

A little book of quotations for every week in the year, "Showing how the reader may learn the secret of a year of good cheer."

The Main Points and Other Homilies. By Charles R. Brown, D.D.

A discussion of the chief points of Christianity, embracing such topics as "The Divinity of Christ," "The Atonement," and "The Work of the Holy Spirit."

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Shelburne's Essays. Paul Elmere More.

The fourth series containing "The Vicar of Morenstow, Fanny Burney, John Keats, Walt Whitman, and the Letters of Horace Walpole."

The Patriot. By Antonio Fogazzaro. $1.50.

Written with a dim historical background, the characters natives of Albogasio Superiore. A romantic young Italian marries against his aunt's wishes. She promptly disinherits him. The discovery of a lost copy of his father's will proves the young man to be the true heir instead of the aunt, but his pride prevents him from claiming the inheritance. His wife, however, thinks otherwise, and amid the domestic misunderstandings ensuing, his slumbering patriotism is roused and he joins the Cause of Italian Unity. Some of the Piedmont underground work is revealed in this part of the volume. During his absence from home the death of his child occurs, and this causes him to return to his wife, and at the eve of his departure on more perilous adventure a reconciliation is effected between them.

The Heart of Hamlet's Mystery. By Karl Werder. Translated by Elizabeth Welder, with an Introduction by W. J. Rolfe.

This is the first appearance of this essay in English and will interest especially Shakespearean students.

Princesses and Court Ladies. By Arvède Barine.

Among the royal ladies described in this book are Christina of Sweden, the Margravine of Baireuth, Marie Marcini, and the Duchess of Maine. The most interesting character is that of Marie Marcini, the beautiful and accomplished niece of Cardinal Mazarin. Frederick the Great, Philippe of Orléans, Madame de Maintenon, and Voltaire, also frequently appear in these memoirs. The book is well illustrated.

The Censorship of the Church of Rome and its Influence upon the Production and Distribution of Good Literature. By George Haven Putnam.

"A study of the History of the Prohibitory and Expurgatory Indexes, together with some Consideration of the Effects of Protestant Censorship and of Censorship by the State." Emphasis is laid on the influence of the prohibition exerted by the Censorship of Rome on the various undertakings of authors and publishers in the European countries where the regulations of the Index were authoritative.

Romance of the Italian Villas. By Elizabeth W. Champney.

A combination of art, history and romance, containing legends and stories connected with many old Italian villas.

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It is beautifully illustrated from reproductions of attractive paintings.

The Heart of a Woman. By Almon Hensley.

Poems classified under the heads of love songs, nature poems, and poetry typifying maternal love.

The Ethics of Wagner's Ring of the Nibelung. By Mary Elizabeth Lewis.

A Literary History of the English People. From the Renaissance to the Civil War. By J. J. Jusserand. Volume II., Part I.

Reviewed elsewhere in this number.

The Riverside Press:

Tiles from the Porcelain Tower. By Edward Gilchrist. $1.25.

Verse.

Silver, Burdett and Company:

A First Book in English for Foreigners. By Isabel R. Wallach.

A book designed to give foreigners a working vocabulary of the English language, giving prominence to the simpler idioms and conversational forms. It contains other information concerning marketing, hygiene, politeness, history and government.

The Rational Method of Reading. Additional Primer. By Mary A. Ward, assisted by Madelene D. Barnum. 36 cents.

This "Additional Primer" is intended to supplement the regular "Primer" of "The Rational Method Series" and contains in the first part twenty-two stories composed from a list of one hundred words. The second part deals with phonograms and the sight words employed in part first. Illustrated from drawings by Ruth Mary Hallock.

Smith and Lamar Publishing Company:

The Story of Camp Chase. By William H. Knauss.

A story of Ohio's military prisons and prison life there during the Civil War.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Novels, Stories, Sketches, and Poems of Thomas Nelson Page.

The Plantation edition of the works of Thomas Nelson Page are books depicting the typical life of the South. They come in twelve volumes and are as follows: In Ole Virginia, The Burial of the Guns, On Newfound River, Red Rock, Gordon Keith, The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock, Santa Claus's Partner, Bred in the Bone, Pastime Stories, Poems, Two Little Confederates, Among the Camps, Two Prisoners, and The Old South. Each volume contains three illustrations by well-known artists, and on the cover is a conventionalised tobacco plant.

Real Soldiers of Fortune. By Richard Harding Davis.

Mr. Davis's new book, *Real Soldiers of Fortune,* contains incidents and adventures as exciting as his ideal *Soldier of Fortune.* It is a chronicle of the exploits of such men as Major-General MacIver, Baron Harden-Hackey, Winston Spencer Churchill, Captain McGiffin, General William Walker, and Major Burnham. This book has already been discussed in our January issue.

Brand. By Henrik Ibsen. With Introduction by William Archer. $1.00.

The third book in a series of the collected works of Henrik Ibsen, which are copyright in eleven volumes.

The Cambridge Apostles. By Mrs. Charles Brookfield.

Sketches of the lives of such apostles as were the friends of the late William Henry Brookfield. Intended "to choose those which should reveal, not so much the intellectual mission of the man, as the humanity of the intellectual missionary."

Napoleon's Last Voyages. Being the Diaries of Admiral Sir Thomas Ussher, R.N.K.C.B. (on board the *Undaunted*), and John R. Glover, Secretary to Rear Admiral Cockburn (on board the *Northumberland*). With Introduction and Notes by J. Holland Rose.

A daily journal concerning the habits and character of the fallen Emperor of the French. Ussher was in command of the vessel that conveyed him to Elba, and the *Northumberland,* Cockburn's ship, carried him to his last resting place.

The Peter Pan Alphabet. By Oliver Herford. $1.00.

Oliver Herford's new humorous volume has a verse and a drawing for every letter in the alphabet, illustrating and describing the different characters in the play of Peter Pan.

Literary London. By Elsie M. Lang.

The information contained in this book is drawn from a wide variety of sources and is arranged alphabetically under the names of different streets and districts. It is illustrated with forty-two photographs.

Queen Margot. By H. Noel Williams. $7.50.

The life story of one of the wittiest and most beautiful women of the sixteenth century, the daughter of Catherine de Medici and the one time wife of Henry of Navarre and France. Not only her follies and indiscretions, but

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her kindness of heart and piety are introduced in this narrative.

The Lombard Communes. A History of the Republics of North Italy. By W. F. Butler, M.A. $3.75 net.

The rise and fall of the republics of Northern Italy, covering a period of nearly two hundred and fifty years, 1100-1336, is the theme of this book. It is a story of "ceaseless intrigue and constantly recurring warfare."

The Great Days of Versailles. By G. F. Brady. $1.75.

A picture of French society at Versailles in the later years of Louis the Fourteenth, and containing sketches of Madame de Maintenon, Monseigneur, the Grand Dauphin, Duc d'Anjou, and Duc de Berry.

The Bridge Blue Book. A Compilation of Opinions of the Leading Bridge Authorities on Leads, Declarations, Inferences, and the General Play of the Game. By Paul F. Mottelay. $1.50.

"The purpose of this book is to point out clearly for the teacher, advanced student, and the beginner, how the most frequently occurring and important combinations of cards are treated by different leading authorities."

Four Aspects of Civic Duty. By William Howard Taft. $1.00.

The duties of citizenship viewed from the standpoint of a recent graduate of a University, from the standpoint of a Judge on the Bench, from the standpoint of Colonial Administration, and from the standpoint of the National Executive.

Stanhope Press:

Sonnets and Poems. By William Ellery Leonard. $1.00.

Francis D. Tandy Company:

The Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln. By John G. Nicolay and John Hay.

The Gettysburg edition contains the "Introduction, Bibliography, Anthology, Chronological Index and General Index."

University of Chicago:

Sex and Society. Studies in the Psychology of Sex. By William I. Thomas.

These stduies have been published in various journals at former times and appear here in a revised and expanded form.

Thomas Whittaker:

Seven Steps to the Cross. Being Seven Meditations Suitable for Lent, and more Particularly for Good Friday. By Reverend Ernest Bradley.

These meditations are entered as "The Last Supper and the New Commandment, Gethsemane, Caiaphas, Herod, Pilate, Out by the Jaffa Gate," and "Golgotha."

The John C. Winston Company:

Wittenburg and its Reformation. By Reverend C. E. Sehlbrede.

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of January and the 1st of February.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Mystery. White and Adams. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
3. Shorty McCabe. Ford. (Kennerly.) $1.50.
4. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Far Horizon. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Second Generation. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN.

1. The Far Horizon. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Privateers. Watson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Sovereign Remedy. Steel. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Bunce Miller. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN.

1. The Far Horizon. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Mystery. White and Adams. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. Are You a Bromide? Burgess. (Huebsch.) 75c.
6. The Privateers. Watson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

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ATLANTA, GA.

1. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
3. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Princess Maritza. Brebner. (McBride.) $1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
3. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Jewel Weed. Winter. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Far Horizon. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Mystery. White and Adams. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
5. The Guarded Flame. Maxwell. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Far Horizon. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Mystery. White and Adams. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
4. By the Light of the Soul. Freeman. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
6. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
3. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Far Horizon. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Light of the Soul. Freeman. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Bob Hampton of Placer. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, O.

1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
3. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Leader. Dillon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Undertow. Knowles. (Revell.) $1.50.
6. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Joseph Vance. De Morgan. (Henry Holt & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
4. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Bishop of Cottontown. Moore. (Winston.) $1.50.
6. Montlivet. Smith. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. From a College Window. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.25.
6. Upton Letters. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.25.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Far Horizon. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Mystery. White and Adams. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
6. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.

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DALLAS, TEX.

1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Hearts and the Cross. Kramer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
5. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
3. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Bob Hampton. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Privateers. Watson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Privateers. Watson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Mystery. White and Adams. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Second Generation. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Dragon Painter. Fenollosa. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. The Viper of Milan. Bowen. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Joseph Vance. De Morgan. (Henry Holt & Co.) $1.50.
5. Uncle William. Lee. (Century.) $1.00.
6. Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn. Bisland. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $6.00.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Mystery. White and Adams. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Far Horizon. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.

MILWAUKEE, MINN.

1. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Far Horizon. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Privateers. Watson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
5. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. By the Light of the Soul. Freeman. (Harper.) $1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Mystery. White and Adams. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Far Horizon. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. The Bishop of Cottontown. Moore. (Winston.) $1.50.
3. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Trusia. Brinton. (Jacobs.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Opened Shutters. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Saint. Fogazzaro. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.

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NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Far Horizon. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. General Lee. Taylor. (Nusbaum Book & News Co.) $2.00.
3. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
5. The Mystery. White and Adams. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Spinner in the Sun. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
3. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century.) $1.00.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Mystery. White and Adams. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Second Generation. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Puck of Pook's Hill. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Princess Maritza. Brebner. (McBride.) $1.50.
6. The Squaw Man. Faversham. (Harper.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. The Mystery. White and Adams. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. By the Light of the Soul. Freeman. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Mystery. White and Adams. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. Daniel Sweetland. Philpotts. (Authors' & Newspapers' Asso.) 50 cents.
5. The Chief Legatee. Green. (Authors' & Newspapers' Asso.) 50 cents.
6. Doubloons. Philpotts. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. By the Light of the Soul. Freeman. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Far Horizon. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Second Generation. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Saint. Fogazzaro. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. The Sovereign Remedy. Steel. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Privateers. Watson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
3. The Mystery. White and Adams. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Privateers. Watson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Far Horizon. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Opened Shutters. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
4. Blindfolded. Walcott. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Romance Island. Gale. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Far Horizon. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Second Generation. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. "Pigs is Pigs." Butler. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) 50 cents.
6. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

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SEATTLE, WASH.

1. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
3. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Second Generation. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

1. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. McDonald of Oregon. Dye. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. Rosemary in Search of a Father. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Soul of Rafael. Ryan. (McClurg.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. By the Light of the Soul. Freeman. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Far Horizon. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, O.

1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. "Pigs is Pigs." Butler. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) 50 cents.
5. Chippinge Borough. Weyman. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Far Horizon. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. Half a Rogue MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Impersonator. Taylor. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Far Horizon. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Princess Maritza. Brebner. (McBride.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Mystery. White and Adams. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Far Horizon. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Puck of Pook's Hill. Kipling. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS
A book standing		1st	on any list	receives	10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50	244
2. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50	196
3. The Malefactor. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50	138
4. The Far Horizon. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50	128
5. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50	107
6. The Mystery. White and Adams. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50	102

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